INDICATIONS.

GENERALLY FAIR TONIGHT AND SUNDAY.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A SUGGESTION.

WHAT WE MOST NEED IN LIFE IS SOME ONE TO MAKE US DO THE BEST WE CAN.
—Emerson.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27, 1910. 28 PAGES—5 CENTS.

SOLDIERS SUFFER FIGHTING FLAMES

Freezing Weather in Far Northwest Caught Them in Summer Togs.

WORST OF FOREST FIRES NOW PAST

Falling Rain Helps Much—More Tales of the Big Calamity.

Washington, August 27.—With the temperature below freezing and the soldiers clad in the light uniform worn in the military maneuvers from which they were suddenly withdrawn, much suffering from the cold was today reported to the war department from the troops fighting forest fires in the northern Rockies. Captain Frazer, of the Fourteenth infantry, who is in command of a camp about 18 miles north of Delton, Mont., reported that the snow and rain which had fallen, however, helped greatly in subduing the fires. The need for troops, he reported, was about passed, provided the foresters and rangers did their duty.

Five fires are now burning on the Yakima Indian reservation in Washington, according to a telegram received at the Indian bureau today from Superintendent Young.

CUT OFF BY THE FIRE.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 27.—A special from St. Joe, Idaho, says many homesteaders and some railroad employes perished. Walter Hess, a homeseeker who was a member of a fire fighting crew on Big Creek is quoted:

"Saturday afternoon thirty of us were stationed about 12 miles up Big Creek, under Warden Christy. Below us about two miles was another small crew and together we were working to control a small fire. We had worked for some days in this way and had the fire pretty well surrounded. About 2:30 p. m. we heard a terrible roaring up on the ledge just south of us and before we realized it the fire had cut off our retreat. Warden Christy ordered us out but said:

" 'Boys, it's up to you; each man for himself.'

"The thirty men at the upper end of the fire all escaped but all the poor fellows below were killed. Five of the men were killed by falling trees and seven were suffocated and burned in a small cave where they sought protection. Of the seven in the cave five were homesteaders, the others being government fire fighters.

"Our cook, Harry B. Luson, left our camp in the morning to go to the government camp and has not since been heard from. For the first hour after leaving our station at Big Creek, we ran for our lives. We followed the draws and kept as close to the water as we could. For twelve hours we fought our way through smoldering fires, some times running some times lying down in the streams while a particularly strong gust of wind went by."

DR. WILEY WILL BE HERE WITH STATE DOCTORS

Noted Pure Food Chemist of Washington in Address September 29.

One of the features of greatest interest in connection with the meeting of the Indiana State Medical society here on the 29th and 30th of September will be the presence of Dr. H. W. Wiley, the noted pure food chemist of the agricultural department at Washington, D. C. Dr. Wiley will deliver an address at the Masonic Temple theater on the evening of the 29th and following that the regular vaudeville performance will be given for the enjoyment of the physician guests.

The Allen County Medical society is making arrangements to entertain about 500 physicians from every section of the state. Many of these will bring their wives with them, it is thought, and several social features are to be arranged for the ladies.

The banquet room of the Anthony hotel has been engaged for the surgical section of the state association and the Elks club rooms for the medical section.

A FREAK OF THE LIGHTNING.

Destroyed Forty Rods of Barb Wire Fence Near Roanoke.

Lightning played an unusual prank on the far mof Michael Hine, three miles north of Roanoke, in Huntington county, during a severe electrical storm Wednesday afternoon. The bolt, as seems probable, first struck a butternut tree near a barb wire fence of six strands, and running along the wire literally tore it to bits. Some of the wire was completely fused and fell in small globules like bird shot. Other parts of it were subjected to almost complete combustion and still other parts were broken into pieces from a length of a quarter of an inch to a foot. For a distance of forty rods the fence was wholly destroyed, and al that marks where it was are the posts and the charred, melted and broken scraps upon the ground along the line of the fence.

WILD WEST GIVES TEDDY GREETING

Colonel Roosevelt Central Figure at Cheyenne's Big Blowout.

COWBOYS, INDIANS AND ALL WELCOME

Picturesque Reception for Ex-Rancher—Soldiers Receive Him.

Cheyenne, Wyo., August 27.—Wyoming today extended to Col. Roosevelt the first of a series of demonstrations planned for him in the far west. From all over the state came men and women to join in welcoming the colonel back to the country with which he became acquainted over a quarter of a century ago. Memories in which the old and new life of the western land were prominent, were planned for his entertainment.

Col. Roosevelt arose early today and when approaching Cheyenne sat on the rear platform of his private car viewing the long stretches of cattle ranges.

Insurgent Senator to Greet Him.

At the station to meet him were Gov. B. B. Brooks, Senator Warren, of Wyoming; Senator Borah, of Idaho, one of the insurgent senators who has been in close relations with Col Roosevelt and many men prominent in the political affairs of the state.

Drawn up in front of the station as an escort of honor was the Ninth cavalry U. S. A., the negro regiment which co-operated with the Rough Riders at Santiago. Some of the men who were in the Cuban campaign came forward to meet Col. Roosevelt, one of them who was warmly received by him having carried a message at San Juan hill ordering a portion of the Rough Riders to lie down while the gatling guns were allowed to play upon the Spanish forces.

Colonel Heads Parade.

The parade through the streets of Cheyenne, headed by Col. Roosevelt in an automobile, began the day of festivities.

Everywhere there were crowds of men, women and children, cowboys and cowgirls on horse back and straying Sioux Indians awaiting to see the visitor. The new city rising amid small cabins that had survived the transformation of the city from the crude settlement of the early days, greatly interested the colonel. He responded with cordiality to the greeting of the throng as he passed along.

Reaching the reviewing stand erected for the occasion in the center of the city, Col. Roosevelt reviewed the troops, the detachment of cowboys and cowgirls, a remnant of the Sioux and the various organizations taking part in the parade.

As Col. Roosevelt took his place in the reviewing stand the head of the parade swung by, led by Charles Irwin, of Cheyenne, who forced his mount up to the railing for a grasp of Roosevelt's hand. Following the frontier day's committee came Brigadier General Ralph Hoyt, commandant at Fort D. A. Russell, at the head of a battalion of the Eighteenth infantry, which was followed by the mountain batteries of the Fourth field artillery and the colored troopers of the Ninth cavalry under Col. Dyer.

Cowboys the Feature.

Then came the feature of the parade. With their band playing Auld Lang Syne, 1,500 cow punchers, each on his best mount and headed by the best rough riders of the world, flashed by the stand in a gallop with waving hats and shrill cowboy yells as greeting. The steady pace of the regulars was too slow for the range riders and they urged their sweating mounts past the stand in a gallop with yells of "Hello, Teddy," and flashes from silver mounted saddles, from the cloud of dust.

Close behind the cowmen rode 200 Sioux and Shoshone braves, squaws and papooses; braves in black and red war paint and war bonnets. The war cry that once made the resident of Cheyenne feel for their scalps, burst out as they passed and Goes Along, squaw of Charles Two Bonnets, blew a kiss to Col. Roosevelt. A team of buffalo driven to a wagon plowed stolidly past the stand, wearing trotting boots like a park team.

Japs Shout "Banzais."

The Japanese delegation closed the parade. It halted in front of the stand, shouted three "Banzais," while the colonel smiled and waved his hat.

Col. Roosevelt watched the parade with the closest attention. When the Indians rode by yelling their war cry, the colonel waved his hat at them and turning to Governor Brooks, said:

"Twenty-seven years ago we shot one of these Sioux in a brush on the plains and the Indians shot a cow puncher. I stood off seven of them for two hours."

The colonel liked the cowboys, but he did not think they looked quite as they used to when he lived in the west.

When the parade was over Col. Roosevelt said: "It was very fine; I enjoyed it very much indeed."

Quickly taken to the Interocean hotel, where a suite of rooms had been reserved for him, Col. Roosevelt took luncheon with Gov. Brooks, Senators Warren, Borah, James Garfield and the members of his party.

Col. Roosevelt left the hotel in an automobile at 12:30 o'clock for frontier grounds, a mile and a half north of the city, where thousands of spectators were waiting to hear the colonel's speech and participate in the afternoon sports.

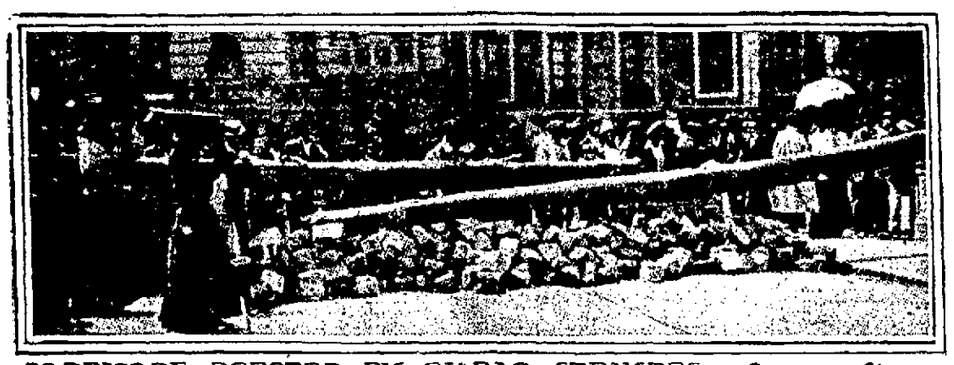
The Colonel's Address.

Colonel Roosevelt spoke as follows:

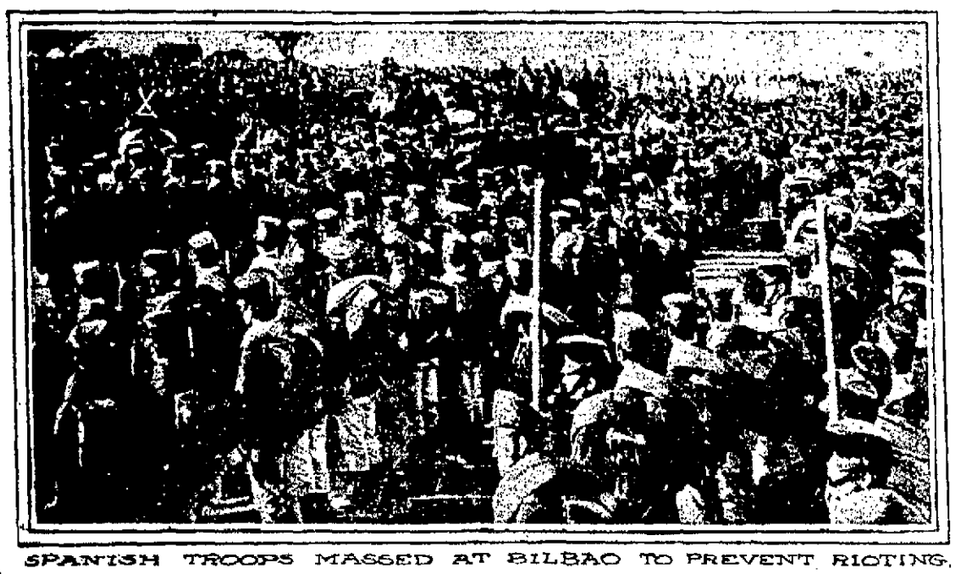
"When, at the close of my hunting trip in Africa, I reached the borders of civilization, the first invitation I ac-

[Continued on Page Two.]

HOW FORCE HELD RIOTERS IN AWE DURING SPANISH CRISIS.



BARRICADE ERECTED BY BILBAO STRIKERS.



SPANISH TROOPS MASSED AT BILBAO TO PREVENT RIOTING.

While the Spanish ministry was asserting its independence of the clericals the national quietude was still further disturbed by the strike of miners at Bilbao, the great iron ore exporting center of northern Spain. The striking miners held a meeting at the mining village of Gallarta and decided on a general strike if their grievances against the owners were not settled within three days. At many of the principal towns large collections were made at bull fights on behalf of the strikers.

The masters and strikers later met in the audience chamber of the consul general at Bilbao, and the minister of the interior, who presided, proposed the formation of a scheme by which the working day would be reduced by half an hour pending the opening of the Cortes, to which a proposal would be submitted regulating work in the mines. The masters accepted the proposal, but the men rejected it. Senor Canalejas, the premier, having advised the mine owners to postpone the resumption of work, it was decided not to reopen the mines for a brief period. General Weyler was given a free hand and by the timely display of force prevented serious riots. The pictures, from the London Sphere, show how the troops were massed at Bilbao to keep order and some of the difficulties the authorities had to contend iwth.

BOTH PARTIES ARE LINING UP FOR CAMPAIGN

Chairman Johnson Preparing Committees—Republicans Organizing.

Further steps are being taken by the leaders of both the democratic and republican parties today in preparing for the comnig campaign.

W. A. Johnson, chairman of the democratic county committee, whose home is in Eel River township, spent the greater part of Saturday at the democratic headquarters in the Saengerbund building meeting the party workers and discussing future affairs of the party. "Everything democratic" is the slogan adopted by Chairman Johnson and he is imbuing those about him with the same idea. Mr. Johnson says that he will not be ready to announce for sevedal days his executive committee, committee on speakers or various sub-committees.

Announcement is made that Congressman Cline will be the speaker at the Labor Day exercises at New Haven.

Republican County Meeting.

Chairman Lee Hartzell conducted a meeting of the county republican central committee in the city hall this afternoon and present at that time was John E. Reed, of Muncie, the candidate for state auditor. Mr. Reed had been sent out by the state committee to assist in furthering the work of organization in this district. Outsiders were not allowed at the meeting this afternoon, but it is believed the only work done was that looking towards township organization.

ARRIVED AT LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool, Aug. 27.—The steamer Megantic, carrying Dr. Hawley H. Crippen and Miss Ethel Leneve brought back from Canada on a warrant in connection with the supposed murder of Dr. Crippen's wife, Belle Elmore, was sighted off the port here shortly after noon today. Great crowds gathered in the vicinity of the landing stage during the morning and stood waiting for hours in the hope of catching a view of Dr. Crippen and the young woman whose romantic flight with him across the ocean in the disguise of a boy had made her not the least interesting figure in the supposed crime. Strong barricades, however, had been erected about the landing stage especially to prevent any one approaching the ship.

Dr. Crippen and Miss Leneve, in the custody of Inspector Dew, Sergeant Mitchell, and the wardresses who came from England to take charge of Miss Leneve, disembarked at 2:15 p. m., at the regular landing stage. Officers of the local police were on hand to assist the Scotland yard officials.

Inspector Dew with his prisoners immediately boarded the train for London.

MAY SOON LEAVE HOSPITAL.

Thomas Harper, driver for the Consumers' Ice company, hurt in an elevator fall Thursday afternoon, is recovering very satisfactorily at St. Joseph's hospital and will be able to leave within a few days.

KAISER'S SPEECH EXCITES GERMANY

Empire Almost a Unit in Protesting Against Divine Right Claim.

MONARCHIST PRESS IN PART HOSTILE

Attention of Parliament to be Called to This Latest Utterance.

Berlin, Aug. 27.—The now famous speech of Emperor William at Koenigsburg, with its openly expressed belief in the divine right of the Prussian king and his choice, not by people's assemblies, but by God, continues to be the theme of most excited discussion in the newspapers. The monarchist organs of the press are divided in their views of the emperor's utterances, some of them taking a stand in opposition to his view, so that quite fourfifths of the German press are united in criticism of the sovereign.

Widespread Disapproval.

Every shade of disapproval is voiced from mild regret to mockery of the alleged absolutist pretentions of the emperor. The opinions expressed in the minor German capitals appear to make no distinction between the sovereign's position as emperor of Germany and king of Prussia and they aver that his responsibility to the empire as a whole precludes declarations as king of Prussia, which are inconsistent with the headship of the empire.

Inquiry is everywhere raised, whether the imperial chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, knew in advance of the emperor's purpose to deliver a speech of such a nature.

Urge Parliament to Take Action.

The press generally comments also on the necessity of the German parliament's taking some action upon the subject when it meets.

The chancellor is at his country place at Hohenfinow, and the excitement over the speech has not caused him to break silence. The emperor reviewed an army corps at Danzig today and was cheered by enormous crowds there.

MOONLIGHT DANCE.

Robison Park Dancing Patrons to Be Entertained by Mr. Trier.

Dancers who have been spending their summer evenings at the park in this delightful amusement and pastime will have an opportunity next Thursday night to trip the light fantastic in the light of the moon and stars. Mr. Trier is arranging an electrical display which will throw a light over the entire dancing pavilion representing the light of the moon and stars. As this dance will be one of the last big Thursday socials before the opening of the "Minuet" the following week every patron and dancer is likely to be on hand next Thursday. A special program of music has been arranged for the occasion.

The regular meeting of the board of directors of the Commercial club occurred at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. There was nothing of special importance transacted.

STATE RELIES UPON SAME LINE OF TESTIMONY

Prosecution Has Nothing New to Offer in the Miller Case.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

Auburn, Ind., Aug. 27.—That the state will rely upon the same line of evidence that convicted Herman Miller, John Stout and John Baker, of the murder of Marshal Columbus Croy at Woodburn in their first trials has been demonstrated in the two days that have been consumed in hearing evidence.

Judge R. K. Erwin, of the defense, has taken a new tack in insisting that the state elect upon which of the three counts of the indictment against Miller it will prosecute upon but twice has Judge Best overruled this motion. It was renewed during the hearing today.

Late this afternoon it is expected that the most important testimony outside of that to be given by Fred LaDuke will be introduced. Mrs. W. L. Wearly and Mrs. R. M. Johnson, who discovered the burglars at work and who notified the marshal of the robbery of the Faulkner saloon, will be put on the stand. They are expected to testify that one of the men was a broad-shouldered fellow wearing a slouch hat and that in their opinion it was John Baker.

They also heard the words "hait, stand back there, I say," spoken just before the shooting and are expected to testify that Stout was in the habit of using the words "I say" in ordinary conversation. On the previous trials they said they recognized the voice as that of Stout. In testifying before the coroner they said they did not recognize the voice.

Effie Heltzel was on the stand this morning and her evidence was for the purpose of showing that Herman Miller was not present at his home the night before the murder when she and Mrs. Wearly spent the evening with Mrs. Miller and her daughter. Theodore Woebbeking stated that he heard Miller say he would get even with Croy before his term was out.

William Kelker, from whose machine shop the tools were stolen that were used in committing the burglary, testified that Miller was familiar with his plant and that in entering to procure the tools the only window which was unobstructed by machinery was selected. Judge Erwin tried to show that a man familiar with the surroundings would have picked out a window on the opposite side as that portion of the building was in the shadow but Keller said all of the others were blocked.

Herman Messman and William Kelker, father of the owner of the machine shop, were also on the stand during the day. They said they had examined the marks on the window and the door at the Faulkner saloon and that in their opinion they were made by a left-handed man. This is to incriminate John Baker, who is left-handed.

Baker is in jail here to give his evidence for the defense. He was brought back last night from the Michigan City prison.

KOREAN ROYALTY IS WELL SOPPED

Japan Will Confer High Titles on Them and on Some Others.

EVERY EFFORT TO MAKE THEM HAPPY

Resident General Talks of Approaching Change in Hermit Kingdom.

Seoul, Korea, Aug. 27.—Lieutenant General Terauchi, Japanese resident general in Korea, and negotiator of the convention of annexation, which it may be stated, will be officially promulgated next Monday, said today in a statement to a correspondent of the Associated Press regarding the annexation:

"No stone will be left unturned to make the Koreans and the world feel that Japan's rule in Korea is a beneficent thing. It will and must imply no degradation for the natives, who under the annexation, will enjoy exactly the same rights as the Japanese. It is the wish and command of the emperor of Japan that every effort be made to make the Koreans feel no humilitation, but rather relief at the annexation.

"The policy of Japan in administering the new portion of the empire will be directed towards a steady improvement of conditions and the development of the resources of Korea."

Tariff Will Be Undisturbed.

It may be stated with authority that although the treaties of Korea with foreign powers lapse with the annexation, the present customs tariff of Korea, which is much lower than that of Japan, will be continued for an indefinite period under Japanese rule.

Interesting details of the negotiations leading to the annexation are made public. The assent of Emperor Yi-Syok and of his precedessor, Yi-Heut, to the annexation was given willingly, it is stated, the only hesitation shown when the terms were being discussed being in regard to the titles which will hereafter be borne by the former emperors.

The original Japanese terms proposed the title of grand duke, but the emperor of Korea insisted upon being styled "whang" or king, to which Japan assented. The princes of the Korean imperial house would, it is conceded, be treated as Japanese princes and an annuity of $750,000 was granted them. The royal family will be allowed to reside where they please and will probably remain in Korea.

Will Be Made Peers of Japan.

Members of the imperial family and some of the high dignitaries of the kingdom will be created peers of the Japanese empire, substantial grants of money being awarded to them. Koreans will also be appointed privy councillors.

The upper classes of the Koreans are now generally acquainted with the facts of the annexation and appear satisfied with it. The attitude of the resident general is regarded as generous and no apprehension of protest or disturbance when the details of the annexation are published is entertained. These will not be promulgated before Aug. 29.

It is expected that Resident General Toruchi will remain in Korea as governor general for several months, after which he will probably be succeeded by Baron Simpoi Goto, Japanese minister of communications.

SEVEN DEAD IN THE DURAND WRECK LATEST

Remains Identified as of One Woman Claimed by Other's Husband.

Durand, Mich., Aug. 27.—At least seven persons lost their lives in the Grand Trunk wreck near Durand. This was established late last night when H. I. Jeffers, of Washington, identified the supposed body of Mrs. Catherine Squires as that of his wife. It is known that Mrs. Squires perished and the identification of the body of Mrs. Jeffers adds one more to the death list. Coroner S. C. Hatchet believes that two or three others were killed in the wreck besides those whose bodies were recovered. It is said the bones contained in a sack which were tossed into a corner of the morgue and overlooked until last night are of varying sizes, indicating that they are not all those of one victim.

The injured at Hurley hospital in Flint are resting comfortably, with the exception of Bert Mitchell, engineer of train No. 14, whose condition today occasioned the attending physicians grave concern.

Clinton A. Davis, of Montreal, who is being cared for at Durand, also was reported to be not so well today.

ABOUT MARDI GRAS RATES.

General Agent of Pennsylvania Conferring With Shriners.

J. M. Chesbrough, general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania lines with headquarters in Pittsburg, is spending the day in the city conferring with a committee from the Mizpah Shrine temple in regard to railroad rates for the Mardi Gras on the 5th and 6th of October. It is expected that all the railroads will offer low fares to this city for that event.

VICTIM OF AUTO HAD NO WARNING

Mrs. Fred Tresselt Did Not Sound Horn or Slack Speed.

DEATH OF CHILD CHARGED TO WOMAN

Coroner Kesler Makes His Return in Irene Cox Case.

Little Irene Cox, who was instantly killed last Saturday night by being run down by an automobile in charge of Mrs. Fred Tresselt, had no warning of the approach of the machine, according to the finding of Dr. A. J. Kesler, county coroner, who rendered his verdict in the case a day or two earlier than he had expected to.

In the verdict the coroner states that evidence adduced by him in the examination of witnesses goes to show that the driver of the machine did not slacken her speed either before or after the accident and that it was being driven at between twenty-five and thirty miles an hour instead of twelve, as claimed by Mrs. Tresselt. The verdict is as follows:

I, A. J. Kesler, M. D., coroner of Allen county, state of Indiana, after having heard the evidence and examined the body, do find that the deceased, Irene Cox, came to her death by reason of injuries received by being struck and run over by a new Overland, model 38, 25-horsepower automobile, driven by Mrs. Rose Tresselt. I further find that said automobile was being driven in a reckless manner and at the time of the accident was running at a speed between twenty-five and thirty-five miles per hour. I still further find that before the approach of said automobile to the place of the accident there was no signal given by the horn or by other appliances of said automobile to warn pedestrians of its rapid approach, and no effort was made by Mrs. Rose Tresselt to slacken the speed of said automobile either before or after the accident.

A. J. KESLER.

Railroad Men Testify.

Before rendering his verdict Dr. Kesler examined a number of railroad employes who are familiar with speed and obtained estimates from them and he said today that there is no doubt in his mind that the automobile was being run at top speed, which the maker says is about thirty miles an hour. His duty in the matter ends with the finding and placing in the hands of Prosecutor Albert E. Thomas the testimony upon which it is based. No further steps will be taken in the matter until Sept. 12, the date set for a preliminary hearing on the affidavit filed by Chief of Police Ben Elliott, charging Mrs. Tresselt with involuntary manslaughter.

Twenty-five witnesses were examined by the coroner and eighteen of these said that the machine was, in their opinions, being operated at an unlawful speed, while the other evidence was confined to the details of the accident. He does not make any attempt to show whether or not the child was killed by the impact of the machine or by being crushed after her body had been thrown twenty feet ahead of it.

Witnesses testified that Mrs. Tresselt pulled down her veil after she struck the child to prevent being recognized and that she made no move to stop and did not as much as look back to see what had become of the little girl.

Mrs. Tresselt has made no statement and just what defense she has is the property of herself, her husband and her attorney, S. L. Morris, who appeared for her when she was formally arrested, has advised her against talking of the matter and in this respect she is following strictly the injunction of her lawyer.

Is Not a Conviction.

This find is not equivalent to a conviction. It is the duty of the coroner in all cases of violent death to investigate and ascertain the cause and in this instance the testimony leads him to the belief that Mrs. Tresselt was criminally careless.

If she is held by the judge of the city court after a preliminary hearing the evidence will be submitted to a grand jury and upon the finding of this body the future action of the state will be determined. If an indictment is found she will be brought to trial, but she cannot be prosecuted on an affidavit and grand jury action is demanded by the law.

FRANCHISE IS GRANTED.

Traction Company Promises to File Bond In Sixty Days.

In the commissioners' court the Fort Wayne and Toledo Electric Railway company proposes to build a line to Toledo by the way of Bryan, O., was granted a new franchise with the provision that it furnish a bond of $3,000 within sixty days to insure the completion of the work. The terms are the same as those under the first grant which the company forfeited through its failure to furnish bond.

THE WEATHER.

Washington, Aug. 27.—Indiana—Generally fair tonight and Sunday; slightly warmer in south and central portions, light to moderate southwest winds.

Lower Michigan—Generally fair tonight and Sunday, slightly warmer in southeast and central portions tonight; light to moderate to southwest and west winds.

Ohio—Fair tonight and Sunday; slightly warmer tonight; light to moderate south and southwest winds.

Illinois—Generally fair tonight; warmer in northwest portion; Sunday fair and warmer.

CANDIDATE GAVE UP MONEY AND GOT A FINE

He Wanted to Fight Out a Case in Court—The City Docket.

Candidate Arthur Burns, who aspires to be a member of the county council of the socialists have any success at the fall elections, wanted to make a fight in the city court today against a charge of petit larceny filed against him because he failed to return to the owner two five-dollar bills that he found, but there was little ground for the belief that he could hire a lawyer without money and his case was disposed of. He drew a fine of $10 and costs and was given ten days which the judge suspended.

A short time ago he found some money belonging to George Milliman, a fellow boarder, and declined to give it up. This morning he changed his mind and surrendered the money and at last accounts was trying to raise funds enough to settle with the state.

Bridgeman Is Acquitted.

Harry Bridgeman proved that he had given his wife $110 in the last two months, had paid a grocery bill of $27 and had sold his diamonds to raise money. The judge thought he had done all that was required of him and acquitted him of the charge of wife desertion filed yesterday.

Hansen Had a Fit.

Harry Hansen, charged with taking $7 that he had collected for the Fitzgerald employment agency, had an epileptic siezure during court and in falling from his chair struck his head against a spittoon. Dr. George Studer sewed up two gashes in his scalp and his case was continued until Monday morning.

Stella Krantz, the woman with whom he was arrested, collapsed last night at the police station and was sent to the Lutheran hospital until she recovers. She said she was abandoned by her husband at Chicago after which her child died and she then went to live with Hansen without having been married to him.

The Other Cases.

Peter Joyce came from Wheeling to get a job and got drunk instead. He was fined $5 and costs.

Tom Hunt was too drunk to try and his case went over until Monday morning.

William Flannagan got drunk and rode into town on a Pennsylvania blind baggege. He drew $1 and costs.

Louis Springman, arrested for "hopping" a Pennsylvania train, was let go with a warning.

Joe Hess and John Smith, two traveling men who raised a disturbance in the red light districts, paid fines of $10 and costs each and jail sentences of ten days were suspended. Both paid.

Paul Linton, a lad who snatched a bag containing $3 from Miss Ida Ratcliffe and spent the money taking a girl to Robison park, was fined $5 and costs and given thirty days.

Friel Miller, for indecent exposure, was fined $5 and costs.

MRS. BRIDGEMAN IS GOOD AND SORE AT ALMA

Forces a Retreat Under Escort of a Police Sergeant.

Mrs. Harry Bridgeman is good sore at Alma Kaade and at the conclusion of her husband's trial in the city court this morning she wanted to tell Alma all about it and was so demonstrative that she forced her retreat under the escort of Detective Sergt. Pappert.

As the two women came out on the street from the city court room Mrs. Bridgeman seized Alma by the arm and told her she wanted her to leave her husband alone. She was just about to tell her some other thing when Chief of Police Elliott led a charge and flanked the attacking party and explained that it was unladylike to fight at headquarters and strictly against the rules of the department.

Then the sergeant took the Kaade girl under his protecting wing and started to take her home but Mrs. Bridgeman detoured and prepared for another attack on Berry street, near the postoffice. She was threatened with a ride in the patrol wagon before she finally withdrew.

Alma Kaade is the witness who could not be located during the Bridgeman trial in the divorce court and she was summoned to appear this morning but did not testify. Mrs. Bridgeman accuses her of having alienated the affections of her husband.

THE BANK CLEARANCES.

Total This Week Falls Below Mark of a Year Ago.

The bank clearances for the past week amount to $778,937.11, falling below the mark of a year ago by over $15,000. The clearances by days follows:

Monday	$147,612.52
Tuesday	142,660.21
Wednesday	122,551.00
Thursday	161,016.21
Friday	119,666.05
Saturday	145,071.29

The clearances for last week were $810,277.75 and for a year ago, $856,922.85.

FORTY-FOURTH'S OFFICERS.

At Reunion at Waterloo, Next Place of Meeting Also Chosen.

Besides enjoying a most profitable day, the ninety-two remaining members of the old Forty-fourth Indiana Volunteers of the civil war who met in reunion at Waterloo Friday, selected the new officers of the reunion association and named Roanoke as the next place of gathering in the last week of August, next year. The officers are: President, A. J. Hiser, Roanoke; vice president, J. N. Cress, Fort Wayne; secretary and treasurer, Frank W. Willis, Waterloo.

WANTED—Six or eight first-class cigar makers. Coney Bayer Cigar Co.

MULFORD WINS BIG EVENT ON ELGIN ROADWAY

With Lozier 50 He Puts the Cracks of the Game to Bad for Trophy.

The Elgin National Trophy.

Distance, 305.63 miles, 36 laps.

No.	Car.	Driver.
1.	National	A. W. Greiner
2.	Black Crow	P. Stinson
3.	Lozier	R. Mulford
4.	Marmon	R. Harroun
5.	Simplex	G. Robertson
6.	Alco	H. Grant
7.	National	M. Livingstone
8.	Simplex	H. Sayner
9.	Kissel Kar	H. Endicott
10.	Marmon	J. Dawson
11.	Matheson	C. Basle
12.	Knox	B. Oldfield
13.	Jackson	E. E. Schleifer

Elgin, Ill., Aug. 27.—Ralph Mulford, driving a Lozier, 50, at the average rate of 62½ miles an hour for 305 miles won the Elgin national road race today over such pilots as Robertson, Grant, Oldfield, Livingstone and Harroun. He stopped but once, then for gasoline.

Livingstone was second, 5:04:10.90. Greiner was third, 5:13:23.30.

Oldfield, Robertson and Sayner still running.

An endless stream of machines laden with enthusiasts occupied the roads between here and Chicago. They began arriving at daylight, gay with flags and pennants, and their occoparts muffled against the morning chill. Cuts made in the 8½ mile track yesterday were filled in over night and a light coat of top dressing applied where needed. Thirteen cars were scheduled to start.

At 10 o'clock the cars were sent away in the order given, at thirty seconds intervals, Greiner being the first and Schiefler last, 6½ minutes after the leader. The stands overflowed with spectators and the entire course was lined with them.

Mulford made the first lap in 8:18 and passed Stinson. Grant did it in 8:12 and Greiner in 8:26. Grant's was the best time. Robertson took 8:20 and Oldfield 8:32. At the start of the third round, Robertson and Livingston were tied at 16:26 for second place, Mulford was 8 seconds ahead of them and in the lead. Chadbourne had trouble and lost a lap for repairs.

Grant twisted his clutch and withdrew from the race. Mulford made the second and third laps in eight minutes flat. Robertson covered the same distance in 8:06 and 8:08 and Livingstone 8:02 in both instances. At the start of the fourth lap the leaders were Mulford, first; Livingstone, second, and Greiner, third, only seconds apart. Greiner lost 40 seconds replenishing his radiator.

Harroun withdrew with a broken piston rod.

Robertson threw a front tire on the tenth lap and limped in on the rim. It cost him the lead, which was taken by Mulford.

Basle's car broke a wheel in the twelfth lap and Endicott's radiator gave out in the tenth and both retired.

Basle, after breaking a wheel, resumed and completed the eleventh lap but had to quit for good in the next, leaving eight cars in the race.

The first 100 miles left ten cars in the race. Harroun, Grant and Basle were out of it.

Jackson swerved into a telegraph pole four miles from the judges' stand and was out of the race. The occupants were not hurt according to a telephone message.

The leading cars stood as follows at the end of 211 miles:

Mulford, 3:22:59.
Livingston, 3:30:03.
Greiner, 3:32:48.
Dawson, 3:37:09.

Stinson, Robertson, Oldfield and Sayner still running, but were laps behind.

Dawson's machine broke a connecting rod after covering 225 miles and withdrew, leaving seven cars in the contest.

With forty miles more to go, Mulford led by thirteen miles. Stinson's car lost a wheel in his 186th mile and was out. None hurt.

EAGLES ELECT OFFICERS.

John S. Parry, San Francisco, Chosen Vice President of Order.

St. Louis, Aug. 27.—John S. Parry, of San Francisco, was elected vice president of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. Secretary, Conrad H. Mann, Kansas City; treasurer, Finlay McRae, Helena, Mont.; grand worthy conductor, E. R. Fuller, Richmond, Va.; grand worthy chaplain, A. B. Duncan, St. Louis, Mo.

Thomas F. Grady, of New York, was automatically advanced from vice president to president under the constitution of the order. Prizes for exemplification of ritual were announced as follows:

First prize, $450, Indianapolis aerie team.

Second prize, $300, Oak Park team, of Richmond, Ind.

Third prize, $250, San Francisco aerie team.

The report of the committee, which tried and convicted four former grand officers on charges of diverting funds of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, was made public in part today. It brings into the case a new name—that of John S. Dodworth, of the Topeka, Kan., aerie, who was charged with having handled $9,100 in connection with the purchase of perforating machines by local aeries throughout the country. Upon his own confession the report states he was found guilty and his expulsion recommended.

The report says that Edward P. Keyanse, of Wilmington, Del., past president, was convicted of having received $4,200 and his expulsion from the grand aerie recommended. Martin Gray, of New Haven, Conn., is alleged to have received $400, while the report states Thomas C. Hayes, of Newark, N. J., got $500 for keeping still about what he knew of the alleged deal.

It is further stated in the report that Bernard D. Monaghan, of Philadelphia, had knowledge of the affair, but had not profited by it. No action was taken in his case.

The Independent Spiritualist church will begi nits fall services Sunday afternoon and evening, September 4, at the K. of P. home on Washington street. Mrs. Crossfield, of Muncie, Ind., a noted lecturer and test medium, will preside.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY

Chapman Family Reunion.

The members o fthe Chapman family met in their fifth annual reunion on August 25 at the home of C. L. Chapman, six miles south of Monroeville. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a large number of the family descendants were present who enjoyed the bountiful dinner and the excellent program prepared for the occasion.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kickley, of 2733 Hoagland avenue, are going to Winona Lake tomorrow to spend a week with their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bowser, at the Bowser cottage.

The members of the Ashley and Griswold families will hold their annual reunion at the home of George Ashley, of the St. Joe road, on September 5. About one hundred and fifty are expected to attend. When the reunion was held a year ago there were but seventy-six present owing to a heavy rain at the time. Officers of the society are Joseph Griswold, president, of Fort Wayne; vice president, Edward Ashley, of Ravenna, N. Y., secretary, Samuel Harris, of Antwerp, O.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Granger and Miss Lida Woodworth have returned from an outing at Lake James.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McConnell, of 2030 Walton avenue, announce the approaching marriage of their daughter, Blanche Louise Bowers to John D. Koch, which will take place at the Cathedral, September 14, at 9 o'clock.

WILD WEST GIVES TEDDY GREETING

[Continued from Page One.]

cepted was this, to visit the capital of Wyoming on the day when the people of the frontier came together to commemorate their achievements; I was glad it was so, because I have a peculiar feeling for the men and women of what used to be called the 'Far West,' and especially for those of the cattle country. For a number of years I lived on a ranch on the Little Missouri, sharing work and play, good fortune and bad fortune, with my neighbors; working on the round-up, serving as delegate from the Little Missouri round-up district to the Montana Stock-growers' association, and even at times acting as deputy sheriff at my end of the county. I count those years as among the most valuable of my life, because nothing breeds such community of feeling as to work with one's fellow-men at their life tasks, and to learn to know their feelings by actually sharing them.

Man of the West a Type.

"The man of the west, throughout the successive stages of western growth, has always been one of the two or three most typical figures—indeed, I am tempted to say, the most typical figure—in American life, and no man can really understand our country and appreciate what it really is and what it promises unless he has the fullest and closest sympathy with the ideals and aspirations of the west. The prime reason for this is to be found in the fact that the westerner is so good an American. He is an American first and foremost; for this is the great lesson, friends, that all of us need to learn and to keep, the lesson that it is unimportant whether a man lives north or south, east or west, provided he is genuinely and in good faith an American, that he feels every part of the United States as his own, and that he is honestly desirous to uphold the interests of all other Americans in whatever sections of the country they may dwell.

The West of the Rockies is New.

"A hundred years ago, when men spoke of the west they meant the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. Fifty years ago the white man's west took in Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas, and then skipped across to California and Oregon. The country of the great plains and the Rockies, the country in which you whom I am now addressing lead your lives and do your work, has grown up within my own lifetime. I myself saw and took part in the closing years of the pioneer period, and it was my great privilege to work side by side with the pioneers—the ranchmen, the miners, the cow-punchers, the mule-skinners, the hull-wackers—who actually opened up the country.

"I have seen the herds and flocks of the cattlemen and sheepmen supplant the game; I have seen the fortunate movement by which the small farm has tended gradually to take the place of the great unfenced ranch. I now travel in every comfort on railways across lands which when I first rode across them, were still the home of the Indian and the buffalo; and I find cities where one can obtain not merely comfort, but luxury, in the places where thirty years ago there was not a building beyond a log hut or a dubie house. The men who did this work were engaged in the final stages of conquering the continent; and it was their privilege to do one of the great works of all time, to do their part in the performance of an epic feat in the history of the progress of mankind.

West Stands for Progress.

"I have used the word progress. The west stands for growth, for progress. So must the whole American people stand. A great democracy must be progressive or it will soon cease to be either great or democratic. No nation, no state, no party, can stand still. It must either go forward or go backward; and it becomes useless if it goes backward. Therefore I greet you, men of the west, and I stand for progress as all men must stand who are progressive.

"The pioneers and their immediate successors won victory only by proving that they possessed the great, masterful qualities which lie at the foundation of national greatness. There are certain well-meaning men of intellectual cultivation, but lacking mental and mortal robustness, who complain continually that they find American life, and especially the life of those American communities emerging from the pioneer stage, crude and without genius or beauty. Genius is a fine thing for a nation, but character is a still finer thing, and though beauty is good, strength is an even greater good.

Have Had the Heroic Virtues.

"The men who have made this great republic of the west what it is, and especially the men who have turned it into a continental commonwealth, have possessed in the highest degree the great virile virtues of strength, courage, energy, and undaunted and unwavering resolution. Their typical leaders—of whom Abraham Lincoln, though the most exceptional, was the most typical—have possessed keen intelligence, and a character not merely strong but lofty, a character exalted by the fact that great power was accompanied by a high and fine determination to use this great power for the common good, for the advancement of mankind. The pioneer days are over, save in a few places; and the more complex life of today calls for a greater variety of good qualities than were needed on the frontier. There is need at present to encourage the development of new abilities which can be brought to high perfection only by a kind of training useless in pioneer times; but these new qualities can only supplement, and never supplant the old, homely virtues; the need for the special and distinctive pioneer virtues is as great as ever.

"In other words, as our civilization grows older and more complex, while it is true that we need to develop men whose lives are devoted wholly to the pursuit of special objects, it is yet also true that we need a greater and not a less development of the fundamental frontier virtues.

Old Frontier Fellowship.

"These virtues include the power of self-help, together with the power of joining with others for mutual help, and, what is more especially important, the feeling of comradeship, of social good-fellowship. Any man who had the good fortune to live among the old frontier conditions must in looking back, realize how vital was this feeling of general comradeship and social fellowship. There were good men and bad men in the new communities just as in the old communities, and the conditions on the frontier were such that the qualities of the good and bad alike were rather more strikingly manifested than in older communities; but among the men who tried to lead hard-working, decent lives, there was a feeling of genuine democracy, which represented an approach to the American ideal which we certainly should do everything in our power to preserve. We did not try to say that men were equal when they were not equal, but we did our best to secure something like an equality of opportunity and an equality of reward for good service; and, moreover, each man expected to be received, and, on the whole, was received wherever he went, on the footing that his merits warranted.

Social Betterment of All.

"Now, so far as possible these qualities and the conditions that bring about these qualities should be kept in the great states which are growing out of the old frontier communities. We need to strive for the general social betterment of the people as a whole, and yet to encourage individual liberty and set high reward on individual initiative up to the point where they become detrimental to the general welfare. In continually and earnestly striving for this betterment of social and economic conditions in our complex industrial civilization, we should work in the old frontier spirit of rugged strength and courage, and yet with the old frontier spirit of brotherly comradeship and good will. I do not mean that we should refrain from hating wrong; on the contrary I would preach fiery wrath against wrong. But I would not preach such wrath against the wrong-doer; save in those cases where his wrong-doing really is due to evil moral attributes on his part, and not to a wrong or false system, of which he is almost as much the victim as the beneficiary. Sometimes a wrong represents the deliberate wickedness of the wrong-doer, in which case the remedy is to punish him; but sometimes it represents the effects of a false social system, in which case the right course is to alter what is false in the system. Both principles need to be kept in view as guides to our conduct and it is necessary sometimes to work in accordance with one and sometimes in accordance with the other.

Periods Have Lacked Artists.

"Before ending I wish to say a word on something which I believe should especially interest all men who live in the open country and especially all men who during the past thirty years have lived and worked on ranches, or have done their life work in the wilder parts of our land, on the great plains or among the mountains. The phase of our national life in which the stockman, the mining prospector, the frontier farmer and their associates were the chief character, was not only a very important one, but also a very picturesque phase. Often such a phase passes without any great artist arising to commemorate it. The old time backwoodsman, for instance, the man of the back country who lived in the eastern forests through which the waters ran eastward to the Atlantic and westward to the Mississippi, passed away without any painter or sculptor arising who possessed at once both the keenness of vision to see what a vital and picturesque figure the backwoodsman was and the genius adequately to present that figure. The artists who saw the picturesqueness of the backwoodsman lacked the genius adequately to commemorate it; while the artists of real ability unfortunately had their eyes turned toward Europe, and lacked the robust originality—which the novelist Cooper showed—to see where their chance lay to do a great work.

Remington Saved Frontier Types.

"But in our generation, for our good fortune a great artist arose who was capable of seeing and of recording the infinite picturesqueness of the life of the plains and the Rockies. Of course I speak of Frederick Remington. He was one of those Americans who by his achievements distinctly deserved well of America; he worked with pencil, with brush, with chisel; he was both a painter and a sculptor. His pictures and his few bronzes are equally good. When my own regiment, a typically western regiment, recruited mainly from the men of the great plains and the mountains, was disbanded at Montauk Point, the officers and enlisted men joined in giving me Remington's bronze Bronco Buster; a gift which I thought peculiarly appropriate coming from such a body of men. In Remington's pictures all the most vivid and characteristic features of the western pioneer life, which is just closing, were set forth, and he has commemorated forever the men of the plains and the mountains as they actually were. The cowboy is his favorite type, but the mining prospector, the frontier farmer, the man who guides ox-wagon or mule team, the soldier, the Indian—all appear.

Would Have Monument.

"Now I wish very much that these men themselves would in turn provide a monument for the great artist, the sum of whose activities represents such a feature of American achievement, and, above all, represents the commemoration of some of the most interesting figures that have ever appeared on the stage of American life. A statue should be raised to Remington by some really first class artist. Here at Cheyenne in this gathering many hundreds of the men have come together who were themselves typical leaders in, and representatives of, the very life which Remington so portrayed that it will always live. I hope that these men will join together, arrange the appointment of a committee and start to raise funds for the erection of such a statue.

NEWS ITEM FILLED TRACTION LINE FORCES

Superintendent Raver Says It Pays to Advertise Wants.

Supt. Edward M. Raver says its pays to make your wants known through the newspapers and he can prove it by the fact that his depleted force of Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company employes was filled in a few days by a news item that appeared a few days ago.

He has plenty of men now as he took on eighten Thursday and he said today that just as soon as the item appeared applications began pouring in and he had no difficulty getting all of the conductors and motormen he needed. The eighteen he took on Thursday afternoon were hired in two hours. Thursday is the regular day for receiving and acting upon applications.

Mr. Raver also said that the cars on the South Wayne, Pontiac and East Creighton avenue lines will be operated under the railroad tracks at Calhoun street tomorrow. All of the cars will run to Main and Calhoun only where passengers will be transferred, but this will obviate the transfer at the tracks.

PUBLIC WORK SLOW AND BOARD HAS MEETING

Contractors Called in and Told They Must Hurry a Bit.

Members of the board of public works held a session today at which a number of contractors engaged in public improvements were warned that they have been going too slow and were warned that they must hurry a bit.

The season has been unprecedented in the history of the city and the members of the board fear that unless the contractors are kept going at top speed much of the work will be unfinished when cold weather comes around. There has been a disposition in the last week to lag and the board wanted to nip this in the bud. Contractors told the board that they would hurry. If the weather remains good Calhoun street as far north as Lewis will be thrown open to the public.

Short Session of Board.

The board of works had a short session last night at which the assessment roll for paving Division street was confirmed. It was decided to hold up the construction of cement sidewalks on Harrison street and Fairfield avenue until next summer.

Municipal Notes.

At a meeting of the city council on claims it was decided to offer Mary Brophy $200 in settlement of her claim for $500 on account of personal injuries.

A petition will be presented at the next meeting of the city council asking that the levy of 7½ cents for the lighting plant be continued. A committee of twenty-five business men have taken the matter up and will urge that the tax be assessed and a committee has been appointed to secure signatures to the petitions.

THE DEATHS.

DEARDORFF.

George W. Deardorff, a former resident of New Haven, died Thursday at his home near Bryan, Ohio, at the age of 61 years, following an illness of more than a year from lung trouble. The remains were brought to New Haven Saturday morning.

The widow and one son, the latter being Bert Deardorff, of Fort Wayne, survive the deceased. Mr. Deardorff was a member of the Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows lodges, of New Haven, under whose auspices funeral services will be held Sunday morning from the Methodist church at New Haven.

POWELL.

William K. Powell, a railroad engineer living at Delphos, Ohio, died this morning at the Hope hospital following an operation for cancer performed Thursday afternoon. The deceased was 46 years of age. Remains were shipped to Delphos Saturday morning.

BAKER.

Isaac Baker, 80 years of age, died Friday afternoon at 3:40 o'clock at the county infirmary, where he had been removed two days previously from St. Joseph township, his home for many years. Death was due to infirmities of old age.

BAKER.

Isaac Baker, aged eighty years, died Friday afternoon at the county infirmary from the infirmities of old age. He was taken to the infirmary two days ago from St. Joseph township, where he had resided for some time. A son survives him.

The remains were taken to the Scheumann & Ulmer morgue, where word is being awaited from relatives of the deceased.

FUNERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Roach.—The funeral of James W. Roach, who died in a Detroit hospital, will be held Sunday at Evansville, Ind., under the auspices of the Scottish Rite Masons, lead by William Geake, of this city.

Israel.—The funeral of Edward Isreal will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. John Hoerner, 1245 Huestis avenue, and at 2:30 o'clock from the Emmaus Lutheran church.

THE BIRTH RECORD.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pageler, of Madison street, twin sons.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Cloyd T. Woodruff, 21, teamster, and Alice V. Aman, 21.

Joseph Freeland, 22, stone cutter, and Grace Englehart, 16.

Sol D. Bayless lodge, No. 359, F. and A. M., will confer the Master Mason degree next Monday evening.

George A. Dehm has gone to New York to purchase a stock of millinery for the season.

WANTED—Six or eight first-class cigar makers. Coney Bayer Cigar Co.

MR. C. H. WILLIAMS, Mgr., Robison Park Who Will Entertain the Children.

CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL

--- AT ---

Robison Park

Wednesday, August 31st.

Special Round Trip Fare of 10c for This Day Only for All Children

Do Not Lose Extra Coupon Attached to Carnival Ticket

Kills the Dandruff Germ Stops Falling Hair

Others Imitate and Make Similar Claims, but the Genuine and Original Dandruff Germ Destroyer is

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

The discovery of the dandruff germ as the cause of all hair troubles is not a recent event. Prof. Unna gave the germ theory to the world in 1887 and two years later Sebouraud by his experiments with a rabbit proved beyond a doubt the actual existence of this germ.

On the heels of this establishment of the germ theory came the discovery of Newbro's Herpicide. This was the first and only remedy for the destruction of the dandruff germ.

There have been other preparations alleged to kill this germ, stop falling hair and itching of the scalp. But Newbro's Herpicide really does these things. For this reason it has long been known as the **Original Remedy** and the only one that is genuine.

Don't be fooled by preparations which are trading upon the marvelous success of Herpicide. Remember you take no chances with Newbro's Herpicide. It is absolutely guaranteed.

For sale by all druggists.

Applications at good barber shops.

The Herpicide Company of Detroit, Mich., Dept. 38B., will send a sample bottle and booklet upon receipt of 10c in postage.

Bradley Bros.
Special Agents.

Miss Hankers

School for Dancing

216-18 Berry Street West.

OPENING DANCE

Tuesday Evening, September 6th.

Beginner's Class will be formed Wednesday evening, September 7th. Hours 7 to 10.

Beginner's First Lesson, Thursday, September 8th, at 8 P. M.

Beginner's Class for Married People, Wednesday, September 14th, at 8 P. M.

Master's and Misses' Classes:
14 to 18 years, Wednesday, September 14th, 4:30 P. M.
10 to 14 years, Monday, September 19th, 4:30 P. M.
4 to 10 years, Saturday, September 24th, 2 P. M.

Class for Clog Dancing, Monday, September 19th 8 P. M.

Application for Special Classes should be made at an early date. The formation of the classes is to be under the exclusive control of the organizers.

Private Lessons in all branches of dancing.

For particulars call the school or phone 2028.

DO IT NOW
DON'T WAIT

until tomorrow before you investigate our method of treating Drug, Liquor and Tobacco addictions with Dr. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets.

We remove desire of patients, we accept for treatment, if directions are followed, and do it without pain or suffering. Can be given secretly without the knowledge of the patient. Testimonials SENT FREE. Give it a Trial.

Price $1.00 per package. Sold and recommended in Fort Wayne at the three stores of

Meyer Brothers Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. C. Peltier
UNDERTAKER
Both Phones No. 25
117 WEST WAYNE ST.

Week with the Players

MAJESTIC THEATER

MAJESTIC THEATER.

This Evening — "Our New Minister."
Next Week—The Nancy Boyer Stock Company.
Monday Night—"The Woman's Hour."
Tuesday—"Pals."
Wednesday—"The Political Boss."
Thursday—"The Richest Girl."
Friday—"Between Love and Duty."
Daily Matinees.
Coming, Mrs. Fiske.

"OUR NEW MINISTER."

"Our New Minister" will be seen at the Majestic this evening. The comedy is by the authors of "The Old Homstead." It is a humorous tale of life in a small New England village. Hardscrabble is the name of the settlement. It is in New Hampshire. The fun of the play is evolved from the quaint ways, sayings and doings of a score of rustic characterizations. It is a very funny story that carried the country folk through the play; the ministerial element is the least of the play's factors. The comedy in a word is a broad inlook at the quaint people of a small country town. Among the many amusing types shown are a country constable who imagines himself a great thief catcher, and a skinflint known as the meanest man in Hardscrabble, and another Hardscrabbler known as the best informed man in Hardscrabble, the postmaster, a veritable encyclopedia of names, dates and general information. The boy from New York, the busy town tattler, the old minister, also the new minister. Then too are presented a Hardscrabbler just released from a term in the county prison, his daughter, the minister's sister and others. Part of the town doesn't want the released prisoner back in its midst, another part welcomes the ex-prisoner's return. This creates the frictions that move the situations. The scenes are mostly comic, although, as in the other big success by the same pair of authors, "The Old Homestead," there is an underlying current of seriousness. It is generally conceded that at least four or five of the characters of the comedy are big enough interest to be called star parts. The comedy roles are in the hands of competent players. The comedy is in three acts, the first showing the postoffice and country store in Hardscrabble; the second, the sitting room at the parsonage, and the third the worship of the prison ex-inmate.

The attraction is under the same management as "Under Southern Skies," which is a guarantee of the magnitude of the production.

NANCY BOYER.

To Play a Stock Engagement at the Majestic Next Week.

Popular priced audiences are demanding better performances each year. Impossible situations are now laughed at, where formerly they were applauded to the echo. The popular priced public wants as legitimate entertainment as those who seek the higher priced theaters, and more than that, they demand that the performances be presented with such attention to detail in scenery and "atmosphere" as will make them forget that it is popular priced and not the highest priced entertainment that they are witnessing.

It is just this educated sentiment which is responsible for the success of Nancy Boyer and her splendid company, which comes to the Majestic next week.

The company is selected with a nice regard for "types" and consists of Miss Boyer, Miss Pauline LeRoy, an Indianapolis girl; Patti McKinley, Jane Tarr, a character woman of wide experience; Arthur Chatterdon, formerly of the David Belasco companies; Henry Testa, Clifford Hyde, James Ryley, John J. Lynch and Edward Barton.

"The Woman's Hour" will be presented Monday and on Tuesday "Pals" will be the offering. Matinees will be presented daily.

MRS. FISKE TO PRESENT "BECKY SHARP."

One of the most remarkable plays of the better kind which the American stage has known is "Becky Sharp," in which Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company are to appear at the Majestic on September 7. It seems hardly necessary to say that "Becky Sharp" is a dramatization by Langdon Mitchell of William Makepeace Thackeray's novel "Vanity Fair."

The original announcement of the production of "Becky Sharp" created widespread interest. This was due to the popularity of the novel, the fact that it had never been successfully dramatized and the public faith in the ability of Mr. and Mrs. Fiske to give it a discreet and adequate treatment. Langdon Mitchell, son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, executed the manuscript and gave Mrs. Fiske the part of "Becky," which is considered by a majority of her admirers the greatest character she has ever created. She has made it "the immortal Becky."

The play itself proved such a sensation that it started a perfect craze for the dramatization of novels and marked a point in the development of the American stage which showed an actual advance in many ways. It may truthfully be called an epoch-making drama. The production of the play proved a triumphant moment for the modern idea of naturalness in acting. Mrs. Fiske had long been the master of this advanced idea in art, but up to that moment had displayed it principally in emotional roles such as "Toss of the D'Urbervilles." It was therefore a sensational moment when this distinguished actress applied her unfailing art to the intricacies of perfect comedy and won a complete triumph. Since then "Becky Sharp" has been a standard play of the American stage. Probably no play has ever proved more financially successful and it is the most popular play that Mrs. Fiske has ever produced. That it will receive a splendid production at the hands of Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company, as at present constituted, there is no room for doubt. The company has been fairly compact for several seasons. Most of its members have been with Mrs. Fiske during the two years of "Salvation Nell," and those who understand the value of the careful training which Mr. and Mrs. Fiske give the members of this company there is every guarantee of a perfect performance. It is well in this connection to cite from the criticism which was written by William Winter, the dean of dramatic critics, for the New York Tribune. He said:

"Mrs. Fiske's impersonation of 'Becky Sharp' revealed a distinct ideal and it was remarkable for its physical as well as mental brilliancy, its clear and pure verbal utterance, and its splendid energy of sustained yet thoroughly concealed artistic effort. The element in 'Becky's' character which is chiefly fascinating, is her sprightly and refreshing intolerance of stupid conventionality. This shows itself in scornful satire of pumps and prigs, of arrogant conceit, of empty ostentation, and of pretentious folly. This attribute of the character was made delightfully clear by Mrs. Fiske, and the actress also consistently maintained a certain feverish buoyancy and glittering excitement. It would be useless to make 'Becky Sharp' as callous and as flippantly frivolous on the stage as she often is in the book, for that would defeat dramatic purpose. Mrs. Fiske furnished what the dramatist omitted—Becky's idea of herself—justification; for very artfully she laid a strong emphasis on the memory of Becky's ill-treated and misguided childhood and also on her inherent inability to escape from the blight of evil ways. The performance, moreover, had wonderful variety—its demeanor fluctuating from demure gravity and sweet candor to mordant bitterness, and its moods of feeling ranging from icy sarcasm and merry banter to passionate excitement and frenzied despair. The personality commonly denoted as the woman of the world has not, in our day, been better portrayed; and as a general judgment on this play and this performance, it may with truth be said that Mr. Mitchell has got more out of the book of 'Vanity Fair,' for dramatic purposes, than anybody else that ever touched the subject, and that Mrs. Fiske has given to one of the most truthful, brilliant and wonderful creatures of fiction a visible, beautiful and lasting form and presence. Her success was great."

Included in Mrs. Fiske's supporting company are Holbrook Blinn, whose wonderful performance of the regenerated bar-room sot in "Salvation Nell" was such a vital and striking feature of that extraordinary production; Henry Stephenson, Harold Russell, Edward Mackay, Sheldon Lewis, Frank McCormack, Wilfred Buckland, Robt. V. Ferguson, R. Owen Meech, Alice John, Florine Arnold, Merle Maddern, Veda McEvers, Mabel Reed, Helena Van Brugh and numerous others.

Scene from "Our New Minister," at the Majestic This Evening.

QUEER PET CARRIED BY NANCY BOYER.

Tortoise of Familiar Variety Is Constant Companion of Popular Actress Who Will Be at the Majestic Theater Next Week.

It is a well-known fact that people of the stage, and especially those of the gentle sex, are given to making pets of all kinds of animals. Fitzsimmons for several seasons carried a lion, which was a source of dread and terror to his entire company. Other well-known stars have carried about everything from snakes to crocodiles, not to mention the vast army of dogs, principally of the poodle variety. Miss Boyer, of the Nancy Boyer company, not behind in this matter, has adopted as her pet and protege, a turtle, one of those brilliant colored fellows that we as boys and girls love to hunt for in the creeks and ponds, which to explore, was the joy of our childhood days. Melchizdeck, as Miss Boyer has named her pet, is perfectly harmless and not in the least dainty in his food. A little cornmeal, a few flies, and, like pets of most kind, he is no trouble to carry, especially since the ladies carry the enormous shopping bags now so popular.

Miss Boyer makes her pet earn his living, however, and he appears at each performance of "The Girl From Out Yonder," and while his name does not always appear on the program, he plays quite an important part, though silent, in this beautiful and very interesting drama.

Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp."

CURED MY BABY OF ITCHING ECZEMA

First Came when 3 or 4 Weeks Old. Used Everything Imaginable. Nose and Eyes Nothing but Sores. Two Cakes Cuticura Soap and One Box Cuticura Ointment Cured.

I can't tell in words how happy the word "Cuticura" sounds to me, for it cured my baby of itching, torturing eczema. It first came when she was between three and four weeks old, appearing on her head. I used everything imaginable and had one doctor's bill after another but nothing cured it. Then the eczema broke out so badly behind her ear that I really thought her ear would come off. For months I doctored it but to no avail. Then it began at her nose and her eyes were nothing but sores. I had to keep her in a dark room for two weeks. The doctor did no good, so I stopped him coming.

For about two weeks I had used Cuticura Soap for her every day, then I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and began to use that. In a week there was a marked improvement. In all I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my baby was cured of the sores. This was last November; now her hair is growing out nicely and she has not a scar on her. I can not praise Cuticura enough, I can take my child anywhere and people are amazed to see her without a sore. From the time she was four weeks old until she was three years, she was never without the terrible eruption but now, thanks to Cuticura, I have a well child.

(Signed) MRS. H. E. HOUSEHOLDER,
May 10, 1910. 2004 Wilhelm Street, Baltimore, Md.

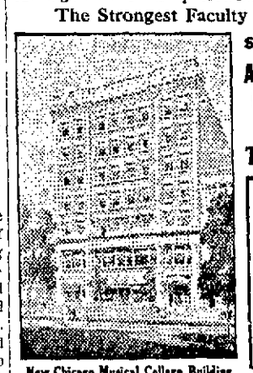
Sufferers from torturing, disfiguring eruptions of skin and scalp should read the latest 32-page Cuticura Book, free of Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 131 Columbus Ave., Boston.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE

Now In Its New Home Facing the Lake Front Park

The finest building of its kind in existence. Housing the largest and most thoroughly equipped of all institutions of Musical Learning. Containing Music Hall and Theatre, offering students unsurpassed facilities for practical training and public appearances.

The Strongest Faculty Ever Assembled in any Musical College.



New Chicago Musical College Building 246-7-8-9 Michigan Boulevard Chicago

School of ACTING OPERA — All Branches of MUSIC — School of EXPRESSION MODERN LANGUAGES

A Significant Recognition by The Metropolitan Grand Opera Co. of New York

To DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President: It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in recognition of the services rendered by the pupils of the Chicago Musical College to us during our last season's stay in Chicago in connection with our "Parsifal" performances, have awarded the opera school of the Chicago Musical College two free scholarships, for which I beg to enclose check for $1,000.

I am very glad to add my personal acknowledgment of the good work you have done towards the development of music in your city, and assure you of our good wishes.

Yours very truly,
ANDREAS DIPPEL, Administrative Director.

Founded 1867 — 45th Season Begins Sept. 12th.

DR. F. ZIEGFELD, Pres.

NOTE—Applications for all (47 free and 150 partial) Scholarships will be received until Sept. 1st.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG MAILED FREE

Life Is a Blank When Sight Is Gone

TOO LATE TO GRIEVE THEN!

Now is the time for action—now, when you can come to us for **Consultation** and get our advice and information about your eyes.

THERE IS DANGER IN DELAYS — GRAFFE 916 CALHOUN — FORT WAYNE INDIANA

DAVENPORT & TRACY PIANO

Best German strings,
Best German hammerfelt.
Best workmanship.
Sweetest tone.
Lightest action.
Best value in America.

Sold By
S. A. KARN MUSIC CO.
719 Clinton Street.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY

Fort Wayne People Are Doing All They Can for Fellow Sufferers.

Fort Wayne testimony has been published to prove the merit of Doan's Kidney Pills to others in Fort Wayne who suffer from bad backs and kidney ills. Lest any sufferer doubt that the cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills are thorough and lasting, we produce confirmed proof—statements from Fort Wayne people saying that the cures they told of years ago were permanent. Here's a Fort Wayne case:

Arkinson A. Jenkins, 1902 S. Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind., says: "It gives me pleasure to confirm all I said regarding Doan's Kidney Pills when I publicly endorsed them in 1908. For two or three years my kidneys were disordered and I had but little control over the secretions from these organs. My back ached intensely and my entire system was run down. The contents of one box of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Meyer Bros. Co.'s Drug Store, corrected my trouble and proved of benefit in every way."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name — Doan's — and take no other.

Dr. L. L. GARDNER

Announces he has opened an office in suite

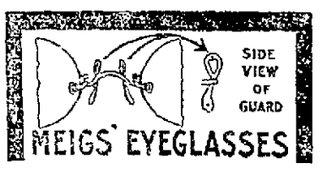
306-307-308 Shoaf Bldg.

Practice limited to diseases of the Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office phone 342. Residence, The Portland, Phone 2317.

CITY PROPERTY and garden tracts within driving distance of our new market house, a specialty as well as farms.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,



MEIGS' EYEGLASSES

APACE WITH THE TIMES.

Only a slender band across the nose. "On and Off" with one hand. Guaranteed to fit your eyes and nose COMFORTABLY.

Eyes Examined Without Charge.
C. A. MEIGS,
Eyesight Specialist.
Lyric Theater Building.

DR. RUSH THE REGISTERED OSTEOPATH.

Graduate From Several Schools.

TWELFTH YEAR IN FORT WAYNE

Suites 48, 50, 51, Pixley-Long Bldg. Diseases Cured. Examination free. Home Phone 589. Residence 2218.

"Cured me with his wonderful scientific treatment."—Mrs. G. Childers, Garrett, Ind.

TAKE NOTICE and pay what you owe Dr. Rush, or have the money ready when Ralph calls on you with the statement as business requires quick action.

Bradley Bros.

CUT RATE DRUG STORE.

"Goods delivered to any part of the city—Phone 303."

50c Benzion Almond Cream	34c
75c Pompeian Massage Cream	50c
50c Pompeian Massage Cream	38c
75c Acme Massage Cream	39c
50c Balm of Almond Cream	39c
25c Colgate's, Williams', Mennen's Talcum Powder	15c
25c Colgate's Tooth Powder	15c
$1.00 Colgate's Toilet Water	75c
75c Colgate's Toilet Water	50c
50c Colgate's Toilet Water	38c
25c Mum—destroys the odor of perspiration	19c
25c Shaving Sticks	18c
25c Colgate's Rapid Shave Powder	18c
25c Tetlow's Face Powder	19c
A. D. S. Imported Olive Oil—Guaranteed Pure—per bottle, 25c and	75c
Daisy Fly Killers	2 for 25c
$1.00 Swamp Root	83c
50c Swamp Root	45c
$1.00 D. D. D. Eczema Cure	83c
$1.00 Root Juice	83c
50c Antiphlegistine	45c
50 Doan's Kidney Pills	45c

Bradley Bros.

THE OLD WAGNER DRUG Store.

"Prescriptions Filled at a Saving."
627 CALHOUN ST.

WE ARE EQUIPPED to handle all of your insurance. No policy is too small to be appreciated at this agency, and no line of insurance is too large for us to take care of for you in a satisfactory manner.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
We Not Only Sell the Earth But Insure Everything on It.

—D. C. FISHER—
Insurance. Real Estate and Loans.
—No. 128 West Wayne Street.—

50 cents each SPECIAL 50 cents each

Sterling Silver Tea Spoons, $3.00 for Set of Six

807-809 Dallas F. Green Calhoun St.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY

By E. A. K. HACKETT.

Daily, 10c per Week. Weekly, per car. $1

Entered at the Postoffice, Fort Wayne, Ind., as second-class mail matter.

VOL. LXXII.....NO. 24

OUR TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms.....650
Counting Rooms.....173

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1910.

TONIGHT.

Amusements—"Our New Minister" at the Majestic; motion pictures at Lyric, Gaiety, Fairy, Pearl, Hippodrome, Star, Casino and Robison park theaters.

Fraternities—Hive No. 27, Ladies of Maccabees; Minerva council, 69, D. of P.; Old Fort lodge, Carmen; Pythian Sisters.

Miscellaneous — United Commercial Travelers; Iron, Tin and Steel Workers, No. 17.

AS A MORAL FORCE.

If Theodore Roosevelt has set out with a purpose to force the elements of the republican party to coalesce upon principles of morality for both the conduct of politics and business he is going to have his way. He has brought the president to a change of front and he has driven the gangsters in his own state to find refuge in explanations and criminations. His text for most of the extempore speeches he has scattered from the rear platform of his car en route to the west has been crooks and crookedness in politics and in business. "Drive out the rascals," is his slogan. His scourge shall know no distinction of person or place or condition. He says it and repeats it and with such iteration almost the whole continent across as makes it clear that the maker of the phrase means it.

The republican party today is bowing to Theodore Roosevelt. From the president of the United States to the humblest follower of the party banners they stand their obeisance making—some with the spirit of hero worship, some with clear-headed trust in strength and honesty, some with selfishness and some with just a shade less hate than fear. Theodore Roosevelt is the embodied moral element of his political party. Six months hence will see him its acknowledged leader, two years hence its—but Mr. Bryan has already embraced that prophecy in a complaint.

The ex-president has proclaimed himself a progressive in New York state—the supporter and champion of the policies and principles against which Woodruff and Barnes and Jim Sherman waged war. It follows by that token that the "old guard" and the rest of the political gang designated as the organization virtually have been outlawed. What he prescribes as good medicine for the ills of New York of course apply to any other parts similarly afflicted. His rising cry that crooks must be driven from business and public life is a new call to arms. He means to cleave the bonds that so long have fastened his party to organized greed and banded privilege. Those who do not come over to him he will cease to apprehend as of his party. Theodore Roosevelt is preaching conservation of the moral resources of the nation.

BRIBE CHARGE INQUIRY ENDS.

The congressional joint commission that has been conducting an inquiry in Oklahoma into the Gore bribery charges has completed its work and will make a report to congress when it meets in December. It may not be the commission is convinced of the truth of Senator Gore's charges that an attempt was made to bribe, but it cannot get away from the very reasonable probability that his story in all substantial respects is true. The scandalous mess uncovered by this Indian lands inquiry is about as foul smelling as any crookedness the county has lately had notice of. It is established beyond question that the men behind the bill to give congressional approval to the contracts for sale of the Indian lands expected to rake off a profit of several million dollars. That the magnitude of this prospective loot was such as would lead the promoters of the job to great lengths to procure congressional sanction may be readily believed. No more conscience could be looked for in their dealings with congress than in their dealings with the Indians. Senator Gore rendered important service to the country in stirring up this scandal. The major public opinion is that he has spoken the truth. There never is any knowing what a congressional committee or commission of inquiry is going to report, and that is not less true of this bribery commission, but that it will be obliged to recommend salutary changes in the laws relating to the Indians and their property goes without saying. The country will demand an end be made of the scandals that have blackened the whole history of the government's dealings with the Indians.

While prosecuting the Browne bribery case in one Chicago court State's Attorney Wayman has gone into another and procured an order for a special grand jury to investigate perjury committed in the first tribunal. Lee O'Neill Browne, democratic representative and alleged head of the big boodlebund of the Illinois legislature, is in the midst of his second trial for bribery. The fight to save him is even more desperate than that made in his first trial, which issued in a disagreement of the jury after an almost unprecedented period of deliberation. The expedient of having a grand jury accompaniment to a trial of such importance to take care of perjurers and suborners as they develop is unique and ought to prove salutary.

Vermont will hold a state election September 6 and Maine will vote September 12. There is reported a deal of insurgency in Maine and more than a trace of it in Vermont. These elections, the first that will be held this fall, will be watched with intense interest. There is no prospect that republicans will lose them, but the strength of sentiment for the party in those states will be taken as a fair criterion of what is the true condition the country over.

With Colonel Roosevelt coming to Indiana and Senator Clapp coming to Indiana and Senator Dolliver coming to Indiana and Senator Beveridge right here in Indiana and Mr. J. Cannon not coming to Indiana and Mr. J. Watson muzzled in Indiana and Mr. J. Hemenway under compulsion speechless in Indiana it may be said to look rather insurgerous in the otherwise peaceful Hoosier commonwealth.

Guess Mr. Giff Pinchot will sooner or later get something new started if he keeps hight ahead insisting on his rights. He blames Senators Carter and Heyburn for the forest fires and the loss of life. The ex-chief forester will be indicting a lot of fellows for murder before long.

Not a captious question at all, but why can't a faunal naturalist content himself to sit down and be a faunal naturalist?

It does look as though Mercury Griscom had got just a bit too unctuous on the job.

AVIATOR MARS IN WATER.

Aeroplane Collapses and Falls With Him Into New York Bay.

New York, Aug. 27.—While attempting to fly his aeroplane from Sheepshead Bay track to Fort Hamilton this morning J. C. Mars, the aviator, was caught in a heavy blast of wind and carried out over the lower bay, where his machine suddenly collapsed and fell into the water over a hundred feet below. Mars was picked up by the tugboat Hustler. The wrecked aeroplane was taken aboard a lighter off Craven shoal buoy. Mars was shaken up by the fall.

WANTED — By young man, place to work for board while attending International Business college. Phone 504. 8-23-tf.

Loses Memory in Big London Town

ALFRED REARDON

Within the last few days dispatches from Boston stated that Mr. W. J. Reardon, of Sandwich, Mass., believes that the mysterious youth in a London hospital, who has lost his memory, is his son Alfred, who disappeared from his home at Somerville, Mass., on the eve of his wedding day in April last. The cabled description of the man tallies, Mr. Reardon says, with that of his son.

PREFERS BARRELS.

To the Editor Fort Wayne Sentinel, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sir: On the "Farmer's Page" of your August 20th issue the writer read with much interest the article as to the proper way of packing apples for the market and, being interested in the industry which produces "The Best" package for the apple, take the opportunity of correcting the last paragraph in your item.

If the parties shipping apples wrap them in paper, same as the western shippers, and SHIP THEM IN BARRELS, they will not only get as much, but are liable to get more money for their product. Our reasons for these are many, but to illustrate what we contend, will name but a few.

In the first place apples placed in boxes, whether or not they are wrapped, they are subject to the climate, as the air will reach them. In the second place leave it to any fruit dealer and he will tell you that a barrel of apples, although it will hold considerable more than the box, is more easily handled. Then again, the barrel being air tight, there is no possibility of the fruit being contaminated by the impure air of box cars, hence they are not liable to rot as quickly as when placed in boxes. If apples are packed in barrels, they are safe from being stolen en route, since boxes are accessible more than the barrel. Then if the packer desires to get the most for his product, he can open up either end of the barrel and show to the purchaser that no false packing is done, also that top and bottom of the barrel contain same kind of apples.

Yours truly,
L. HESS.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

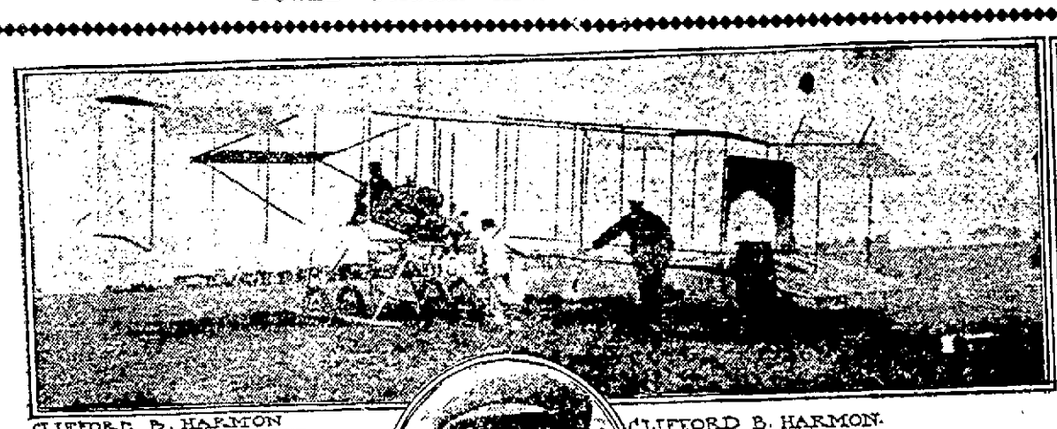
Mamma, take me to the playground at Robison park. 8-5-to sp 1

Realty Companies Take Notice!

For sale 6 acres on Crescent avenue, a few hundred feet north of State. Make me an offer.
FRED BAYER,
Coney Bayer's Cigar Co.

FOR RENT—Suite of 4 office rooms, 110-112 W. Wayne St.; rent $20 per month. Apply Sentinel office. 8-1-tf

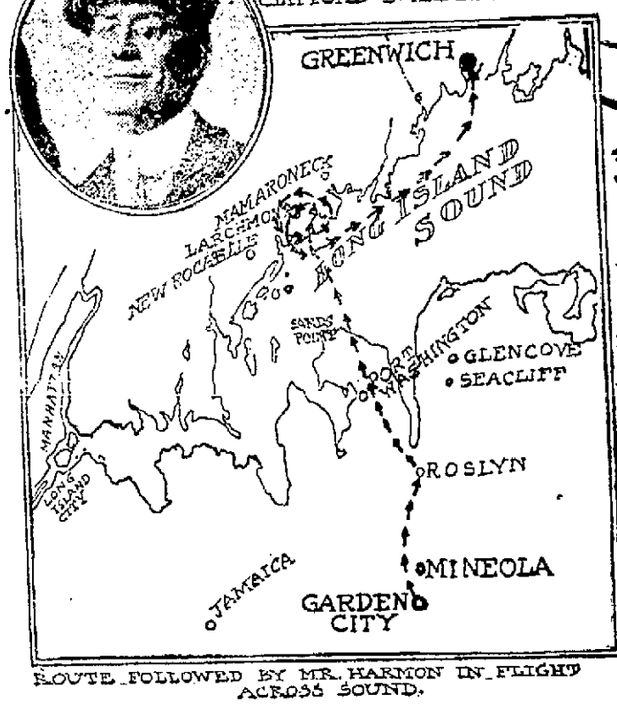
NOTED FLYER AND CHART OF A NOTABLE FLIGHT.



CLIFFORD B. HARMON BEGINNING A FLIGHT AT GARDEN CITY.

CLIFFORD B. HARMON.

THE COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA TROPHY.



ROUTE FOLLOWED BY MR. HARMON IN FLIGHT ACROSS SOUND.

A COMPANION WORK TO THE PEERLESS STODDARD LECTURES

The Plan Unique and the Only Correct Plan.

Many guide-books of Literature have been made. But their plan has not been the best. Editors seem to have labored to include too much, fearing to offend some tradition or school. But Mr. Stoddard has in person through thirty years searched in all lands for the fewest pieces of literature that give us the best product of only the best writers of all times. While others have included as many as 2,000 authors, Mr. Stoddard has found that one-fifth of that number represent the universe of human culture and of literary ideals. He has reduced 80 per cent the wear and tear upon the time and energy of the individual who seeks intellectual culture. Mr. Stoddard admits but 400 writers.

Mr. Stoddard's Peculiar Fitness for the Work.

"The Stoddard Library" was an heroic undertaking. It could be done only by a fearless man who through his own literary achievement had won the confidence of the reading public, a man to whom the independence of wealth gave time and leisure not only for exhaustive reading but opportunity to learn by travel and residence among the peoples of the earth just what literary products have won strongest places in human hearts and minds, and a man with a natural, developed, approved taste for selection, and with as highly approved a sense of the best.

The phenomenal sale of the "Stoddard Lectures" marks John L. Stoddard as such a man, and sets seal to the authoritativeness of "The Stoddard Library." Well indeed does the Boston Transcript say, for instance, of the selections from one writer in illustration of all, "No one would want any more of, or any different selection from, Wordsworth than Mr. Stoddard has given us." "So say we all of us," echoes the public.

LOW RATES ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. AND RETURN, VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD—NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R.

Tickets on sale September 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19. Good returning September 29. Privilege of extension. Ask agent or write F. P. Parnin, T. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind.
aug 20,27,sep 3,10,13

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Packard Band Concert, 25 pieces, Robison Park, Sunday. 26-2t

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

WANTED — By young lady, place to work for board while attending International Business college. Phone 504. 8-23-tf

SPECIAL

Sunday afternoon the beautiful new, all modern 6-room house, 435 Wildwood, just east of Fairfield, will be open for inspection.

Come and see the prettiest home on the south side.
WALSH & KIERPSE.

BARE CHANCE FOR AN EVEN BREAK WITH BRONCHOS

(Continued from Page 8.)

with a hit and McDermott advanced him with a nice bunt. Young delivered and sent the runner home, but fell down on an effort to steal second.

Manda walloped a Lindsay output to open the fifth and took second on Lemon's bunt and Big Robbie sent him home with a double, but the long pitcher could not make the circuit on Blount's short rap to left and died at third.

In the last lap of the round the Benders tabbed enough to tie. Schmick and McCarthy both hit safely and Foy advanced them with a sacrifice. Wells drove a fly to Blount, who tried to get Schmick at the plate, but made a bad throw and both runners counted.

The game was lost to Fort Wayne in the tenth. Foy beat out an infield hit and took second on Burke's bad throw. Wells hit, but Foy could not score and he waited until after Lindsay had been passed for Toddy Kroy to land the hit that scored the winning run.

Blount hit in the opening half of the tenth, took second on a passed ball, but the three men up failed to deliver a blow to score the little Welshman.

BURKE LOOKS FOR CROWD.

Jimmy Burke stated at South Bend yesterday that he anticipated a big crowd for the Sunday game. He added that he expected it because he knew a lot of fans were coming from Fort Wayne and also said it is about time the club is picking up a little money on the road.

The trip has not been a good one as there were just 35 people in the grand stand in one game at Grand Rapids. Two trains have been arranged for the Lake Shore, one at 7:30 and the other at 8:20. The first will make no stops.

Opening reception, Grand Dancing Academy, Thursday, Sept. 1st. 27-5t

DON'T FAIL

To attend ice cream social given by the Y. P. S. of the Redeemer church, corner Washington and Fulton, Wednesday evening Aug. 31st. 27-3t

BOYS AND GIRLS

See the carnival prizes and the Queen's Crown in Young's Jewelry store window. 27-3t

FRIARS PREPARE TO PLACE TEAM IN FIELD

Stephen A. Callahan Made Business Manager at Meeting.

If the plans of the members of the Friars club succeed the organization will give Fort Wayne some good foot ball games this fall as preliminary steps were taken last night at a session which chose Stephen A. Callahan as business manager to act in conjunction with an executive board of seven members.

The meeting was for the purpose of organizing and is the first active step in a scheme to give the local public a schedule of fall games that promise to be attractive as an early start will enable the club to book some good teams.

Last fall the members of the club satisfied themselves that foot ball would prove a good attraction but the late start made it impossible to put on more than one game. The interest displayed was encouraging and it was then determined to arrange for the use of the ball park and to get into the running in time to secure plenty of practice.

There will be another meeting of the business manager and the executive board tomorrow afternoon at which some definite plans will be formulated and the club put on a good basis. There is plenty of good foot ball material in the city from which to select a formidable eleven and with a good start and a little hard work that the members of the club have pledged Fort Wayne can supply the one thing needed to awaken and keep alive interest in the sport.

Nail in Your Foot?

When you step on a rusty nail that's unfortunate. If you have a bottle of Hoover's X-Ray Healing Oil within reach that's fortunate.

The horrors of the after-effects of such an accident are taken away quickly as was the case of a young son of John Motz, of Ossian, Ind., who ran a rusty nail into his foot. The wound was washed and the oil applied. The boy hardly knew he had suffered an accident as the pain quickly departed and the wound began at once to heal.

Be sure to follow directions carefully.

It is excellent in cases of sprains, bruises, burns, rheumatism, lame back, tonsilitis, cholera morbus and the like.

Remember the Name

Hoover's X-Ray Healing Oil

For Sale by all Druggists.

TO WEAK MEN

My Methods Cure and Restore After Other Doctors Have Surrendered. Honest Treatment. No False Hopes, Promises or Failures; but Guaranteed Lasting Cure. You Pay for Results only. Are you one of the many unfortunates who, through overwork, dissipation, abuse and excesses, have broken down your health and manly powers? Is your weakened system crying out for help? Is there a constant drain on your vitality? Don't stand idly by and see your health menaced and your vital powers slipping away. The healing, curing and saving of diseased, broken down men is my specialty, and thousands of cured, grateful patients will vouch for my honesty, skill and reliability. My treatment overcomes all the ill effects of former indiscretions, stops every loss and drain of vigor, makes the nerves strong and steady, enriches the blood invigorates the wasted pelvic organs, cleanses and heals the bladder and kidneys and restores the vital powers to the fullest degree. Avoid temporary stimulants. I insure a lasting restoration. I also Cure Varicose Enlargement, Rupture, Prostatitis, Nervous Debility, Bladder, Kidney and Rectal ailments and all Chronic, Nervous, Blood and Special Diseases and Weaknesses. Write me a full description of your symptoms and trouble, if unable to call. All dealings are confidential. Call or write today for Free Consultation. Hours 9 to 12, 1 to 5, 7 to 8; Fridays, 9 to 5 only; Sundays, 9 to 1 only.

DR. HESS,
110 W. Main St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

SPEED KING

Barney OLDFIELD

AUTO RACES

The fastest car in the world—

The 142 Mile Per Hour

"Blitzen" Benz

Ben Kerscher, "The Flying Dutchman" and his 100 H. P. DARRACQ.

OTHER NOTED DRIVERS

8---Big Events---8

Fair Grounds, Monday, Aug. 29, 2:30 p. m.

Admission $1.00. Grand Stand Free. Autos Free. Children 50c.

We Furnish THE HOME ON EASY Payments

PICKARD HOUSE FURNISHING CO.
112 AND 114 EAST COLUMBIA ST
Store only ONE SQUARE north and a FEW FEET — from the TRANSFER CORNER

WHERE THE MOTOR BUGGIES ARE REELING OFF DIZZY MILES.

ROUTE OF THE ELGIN ROAD RACE.

FORT WAYNE'S NEWEST CLOTHIERS

LOUIS F. BESSETTE.

CHRIS B. ROSE.

FERD W. STRASBURG.

We have every pleasure in announcing the formal opening of our establishment---Fort Wayne's Newest Clothing Store, on

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER FIRST, 1910

We wish it to be understood that an invitation is extended to all Fort Wayne and surrounding country---and visitors from everywhere. All are welcome. We want you to come and inspect this new store. Brimful of the finest of clothing, Ready-to-wear. A tasteful selection of all that's new in furnishings---and complete line of headwear from America's leading makers.

Opening Hours:
2:30 until 6:00 p. m.
7:30 until 9:00 p. m.
Souvenirs

BESSETTE-ROSE-STRASBURG
CLOTHES of QUALITY

Seven-Fourteen Calhoun Street
Half-Way Between Main and Berry

IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

ATTENDS CONFERENCE.

Rev. G. F. Byrer, U. B. Pastor, to Be at South Bend.

Rev. G. F. Byrer, the pastor of the United Brethren church, will be in attendance next week at the sixty-sixth annual session of the St. Joseph conference of the United Brethren church, which begins Wednesday at South Bend. Bishop Wm. Melvin Bell, of California, will preside and the session will continue over Sunday. The St. Joseph conference comprises the north third of Indiana, there being two other conferences, namely, the White River and the Indiana, in the state. It contains 153 churches, 73 charges, 123 ministers, 15,000 communicants, and a property valuation of $560,000.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION.

Bro. Ernest Kuehn, noted bible exegete, will give a lecture Sunday at 3 p. m. at Grand Army hall, Elektron building, East Berry street. Subject: "If a Man Die, Shall He Live again." Job 14:14.

There is a longing hope within men that death does not end all existence. There is an undefined hope that, somehow and somewhere, the life now begun will have a continuation. In some this hope turns to fear. Realizing their unworthiness of a future of pleasure, many fear a future of woe and the more they dread it for themselves and others the more they believe in it.

All are welcome. Seats free. No collection.

Temperance Meeting.

At the Salvation Army citadel Sunday at 3 p. m. the temperance meeting will be very interesting. The singing will be good, with opening prayer by W. S. Hacket. This will be followed by scripture lesson. There will be song by the Stephen's quartet.

Mr. M. S. Wilson will deliver the address. Following this will be remarks by friends of the congregation. Then pledges will be offered to any who will sign. Meeting will be closed with prayer. All kindly invited.

* * *

Christian Science.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 916 Harrison street.—Morning service at 10:30. Sunday school at 11:30. Subject for today: "Christ Jesus." Golden text: "I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth." Isaiah 49:6.

Wednesday evening meeting in the church at 8 o'clock. Reading room, 501 Bass block, open daily, except Sunday, from 1:30 to 5 p. m.

* * *

Cleveland Pastor Preaches.

Rev. and Mrs. Bigelow, of Cleveland, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Willson, of Hoagland avenue. Rev. Mr. Bigelow will occupy the pulpit at the Plymouth Congregational church Sunday, morning and evening.

* * *

Society Meetings.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Simpson M. E. church will be entertained Tuesday afternoon by Mrs Bricker and Mrs. Welsh at the home of the latter, 2328 Oliver street.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Church of God, will meet Tuesday evening with Mrs. Ida Heading, 3421 South Lafayette street.

* * *

Mission Festival.

Rev. J. W. Miller, pastor of the St. Paul's Lutheran church, will be one of the speakers Sunday at the annual mission festival of Rev. Mr. Hassold's congregation held two miles west of Fairfield Center.

First Baptist Church.

Prof. I. G. Matthews, of Toronto, Canada, one of the best known theologians of Canada, will preach at the Baptist church, morning and evening again. His sermon topic in the morning will be "The Kingdom of God," and in the evening "A Hiding Place From the Storm." Mrs. Potts of the Calhoun Street mission will speak to the B. Y. P. U. on "The Missionary Outlook in Fort Wayne" at 6:45 p. m.

* * *

Beaver Chapel, Indiana avenue, Rev. F. A. Carlisle will preach at 10:15 on "Giants." Boys and girls are especially invited. Sunday school at 9 a. m. E. J. Graham, superintendent.

* * *

SUNDAY IN THE CHURCHES.

City Pastors Announce Sermon Themes and Services.

Rev. A. K. Zartman, who is spending his vacation at Rome City, will be at home over tomorrow and will preach in the morning at 10:30 at the Grace Reformed church. Sunday school will be held at 9:30 a. m.

Rev. C. R. Sweeney, of Decatur, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. T. M. Hill, who is at Winona, will preach at the Trinity M. E. church, morning and evening, Sunday. Rev. Mr. Sweeney is a college friend of the Trinity pastor.

Prof. W. L. Clark, of Lexington, Ont., Canada, will deliver an address at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Sunday at 3 p. m., his theme being "The Problems of Young Men."

St. Paul M. E. Church.—At the morning service the pulpit will be occupied by Mr. Frank Hickman, who delivers an address. In the evening the pastor will preach, his subject being "Holding Our Crown."

Simpson M. E. Church.—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; morning worship, 10:30 a. m. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Griest. Epworth League, 6:45 p. m. Special program. (Sealed Orders.) Evening worship, 7:45 p. m. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "The Widow of Obadiah." Miss Olive B. Place, of Portland, will sing at both the morning and evening services.

Church of God.—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Subject, "God's Friends," at 7:30 p. m., "God Providing the World's Food." Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Leader, Mr. Joseph L. Heading. Prayer service Thursday evening.

The morning sermon topic of Rev. J. K. Cecil at the First Methodist church will be "What We Would Know of Jesus." The evening topic will be "An Inflexible Rule."

Bible Training School.—Usual services in chapel and church building. Sunday school at 9:30; preaching at 10:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. in library.

Special rally at the Rescue Home and Mission, 118 East Columbia street tonight. Prayer service at 7:45 and 8:45. The gospel wagon will be at the corner of Berry and Calhoun. Rev. Claud Travis will preach. Superintendent Cooper wants everybody to attend.

At the Third Presbyterian church tomorrow forenoon at 10:45, Rev. T. P. Potts will preach, his subject being "The Royal Servant." In the evening he will conduct services at the Gospel mission.

Wayne Street Methodist Church.—C. Claud Travis, pastor. 9:30 a. m., Sabbath school. M. A. Mason, superintendent. 10:30 a. m. morning worship. Subject of the morning sermon will be "God's Greatness as the Pledge of Man's Security." 8 p. m. evening worship. Subject of the sermon, "The Strife and Reward in Christian Service." At 4 p. m. the pastor will preach at an open air meeting at McCulloch park.

West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ, J. H. McCartney, pastor.—10:30 a. m. "The Christian Conception of God." 8 p. m. "Choosing Up and Taking Sides."

Bethany Presbyterian church, corner Boone and Fry. C. O. Shirey, minister—Sunday school at 9:30, Harry McMillan, superintendent. Morning worship 11 a. m.; preaching by the pastor; subject: "Tenting." Evening service at 7:45. C. E. meeting at 7 p. m., subject: "The Progress of Christ's Kingdom This Year in Asia;" leader, Miss Mamie Olson. Mid-week service Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., subject: Acts. 1 to 10.

There will be no public services at the First Presbyterian church Sunday.

* * *

Without giving the church or the name of the pastor, the following Sunday announcement has been sent to the Sentinel: Morning sermon, "Christ's Plan and Bible Conference;" evening sermon, "Aid to Spiritual Growth." Missionary prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:45; Ladies' Aid meeting Thursday afternoon, 2:30, at home of Mrs. Henry Smallback, on Wayne Trace.

Rev. C. O. Shirey, who has been at Winona, will be here over Sunday and will be in his pulpit at the Bethany Presbyterian church, morning and evening.

Big Moonlight Dance, Thursday, Robison Park.

All our Wall Paper discounted 30 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

TO-NIGHT Cascarets
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THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
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SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.
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MAJESTIC THEATER
Stock — All Next Week — Stock
NANCY BOYER
DAINTY AND SWEET IN
High Class Plays

Monday, "The Woman's Hour"
A wonderfully Fascinating Play. Elaborately Gowned and Mounted. See Nancy's Nifty Wardrobe.

Tuesday, "Pals"
A College Comedy. Secured from James J. Corbett for Nancy's Tour. A Roar of Joy from Start to Finish.

Wednesday, "The Political Boss"
By author of "Seven Days." A story of Love and Politics a Woman understands and likes.

Thursday, "The Richest Girl".
Marie Doro's bright comedy. Secured direct from Mr. Charles Frohman. The Series of Mistakes following a Motor Mishap.

Friday—"Between Love and Duty."
Regular Stock Prices—Matinee, 10 and 20 cts.
Evening, 10, 20, 30 and 50 cts. Matinee daily.

Coming One Night Only Wednesday Sept. 7
Harrison Grey Fiske Presents MRS. FISKE and The Manhattan Company In "BECKY SHARP"
Founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."
Prices 50c to $2. Seat Sale Saturday. Sept. 3.

MAJESTIC
This Evening
Our New Minister
A Story of Hardscrabble Folks
—By—
DENMAN THOMPSON
and GEORGE W. RYER
Authors of
"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
Evening 15, 25, 35 and 50c

5c - AIRDOME - 5c
THIS EVENING.
MOVING PICTURES AND ILLUSTRATED SONGS.

OLDEST BANK IN NORTHERN INDIANA
Banking
Business firms and individuals having any banking matters to transact are invited to consider the facilities afforded by this institution. Checking accounts, both large and small are invited and Certificates of Deposit are issued bearing liberal rates of interest.
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ROTARY VIBRATING SHUTTLE
SEWING MACHINE
The Best and Fastest Sewing Machine in the World.
2 MACHINES IN 1
LOCK AND CHAIN STITCH.
The workmanship and material in these machines is of the very highest grade, and the cases are beautiful in design and elegant in finish.
Its ease of running, durability and the superiority of the work that can be done by intelligent operation, easily makes it the
HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT IN THE SEWING MACHINE WORLD. We are agents for this territory. Come and see us about them.
C. C. Schlatter & Company
COR. COLUMBIA AND CLINTON STS.

SOCIETY

If it was not generally known that nearly everyone is enjoying a trip out of town this summer, it might do to wail over the lack of social entertaining. As it is, the more observation given to society, the more there is found of interest with the family gathering still taking the lead both in numbers who participate and in general interest to the community in which the reunion takes place. That there is a dearth of teas, coffees, pedro and bridge parties and even the ever popular thimble party, is true. But in their place are out of door gatherings with playground festivals and alfresco suppers to give enjoyment to young and old alike.

* * *

A quiet wedding of the first day of September will be that of Miss Caroline Cour and Frank Thompson, which will take place at 6 o'clock in the evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cour, of East Jefferson street. Rev. Dr. Zartman will be the officiating clergyman.

* * *

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Roscoe Ladcom Heaton, son of Mrs. Herietta Heaton, of Ann Arbor, Mich., to Miss Annie Jensen Wilson, daughter of Judge Charles A. Wilson, of Louisville, Ky. The young people met while attending college t Ann Arbor. Mr. Heaton was graduated from the university and since that time has been employed by the Bowser manufacturing company of this city, being at present connected with the sales department. The wedding will take place in October. Mr. Heaton is a nephew of Judge O. N. Heaton and of Ben F. Heaton, of this city and until he went to Michigan to college, his home was here.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rossell have returned from a week's visit in Chicago.

Mrs. Tom Snook entertained the Sans Facon club on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Bertha Loose has been visiting friends at Lake James for several days.

Prof. Spencer R. Smith, of Chicago, is spending a few days here visiting old friends.

Mrs. Levi Snyder and daughter, Cleo, of 420 Washington boulevard west, will spend tomorrow in Mishawaka.

Mrs Seldon Morey, of Madison street, has gone to Toledo, O., for a week's visit.

Mrs. Charles Hartman, of Springfield, Ill., is visiting Capt. and Mrs. Ivers Leonard.

Mrs. Theodore Frank and sons have returned from Oden, Mich., where they spent several weeks.

Mrs. W. I. Work left today for Cincinnati to visit with friends and relatives for two weeks.

Miss Laura Lyman, of Detroit, Mich., who has been visiting her sister here, returned home today.

Mrs. Jacob Calhoun and daughter, Julia, will leave soon for Lakeside, O., to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. May Preston, of Omaha, Neb., is visiting Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Wagner, of 131 East Taber street.

Miss Kehoe and niece, Miss Clara Somers, of Gary, are visiting friends in this city for a few days.

Mrs. John Fawcett, Jr., of Connersville, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Gaston, of Lakeside.

Miss Julia Kelsey has returned from a trip of several weeks' time in the northwest and in Colorado.

Mrs. J. J. Mungen and granddaughter, Grace, are visiting Mrs. H. F. Schnelker, of Adams township.

Mrs. Harry Waterman and Miss Georgia Waterman have gone to Bowling Green, O., for a few days.

Miss Irene Toombs, of 1822 South Harrison street, will leave tomorrow for a two weeks visit in Chicago.

Mrs. Sarah Knight and Mrs. James Parker, of Randolph street, have returned from an outing at Winona lake.

Mrs. S. H. Burdett, of South Calhoun street, has returned from visits in Pittsburg and other eastern places.

Mrs. Frank Allen, of Putnam street, has gone to Lake Wawasee to visit Mrs. Percy Fair, who has a cottage there.

Miss Edith Rolf, of South Fairfield avenue, has gone to Columbus, Ohio, for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Neireiter and daughter, of West DeWald street, will spend the next two weeks in Rome City.

Mrs. Al Horstman, of 666 West DeWald street, and Miss Georgia Loveland leave tonight for a few days' trip to Niagara and Buffalo.

Miss Stella Stringer, one of the assistants in the public library, left today for a visit with friends in Schenectady, N. Y.

Mrs. Ernest Lloyd and daughter, Elizabeth, who had been visiting Mrs. W. H. Shambaugh, have returned home to Detroit.

Miss Pauline Saylor, of West Wayne street, has returned from a visit at Clear lake with Miss Alice Rabus, at the Rabus cottage.

Mrs. Julius Nathan, of West Berry street, and Mr. and Mrs. Simon Straus, of Ligonier, have returned from a six months' trip to Europe.

Misses Louise and Olga Meyer, of Madison street, spent this week at Rome City, guests of Elizabeth Urbahns, at the Mohr cottage.

Miss Schmidt, of Concordia college place, and Miss Bertha Waldschmidt, of 1123 Eliza street, have returned from a two weeks' visit in Chicago.

Mrs. George Evans, son and daughter, of West Berry street, are going to Franklin, Pa., the first of the week to visit relatives there for a few days.

Mrs. James M. Barrett and Miss Florence Barrett left today for a two weeks' visit in Hackensack, N. J., with Mrs. W. H. Watt and will also spend a few days in New York.

Mrs. Kerr Murray Cressler has returned from Lake Maxinkuckee, where she spent ten days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Nelson, who have a summer home at that resort.

Miss Ruth Beers and her guest, Miss Marian Mason, of New Haven, Conn., and Messrs. Dan Beers and Will McKay will motor to Clear lake tomorrow to spend the day with friends.

Dr. K. K. Wheelock and his daughter, Miss Ruth, will start tomorrow for a trip to Europe. They expect to sail a week from today from Montreal Canada, on the Grampion, and will spend some weeks in important cities of the British Isles, where Dr. Wheelock will take a course of study in his specialties.

Mrs. Leroy Hartzler invited five ladies to join herself and Mrs. Herbert Webster, of Chicago, and Mrs. Dan Bash, of Indianapolis, to attend the matinee performance of "The Light Eternal" yesterday at the Majestic. In the party other than those named were Mrs. Will Pettit, Mrs. Arthur Hall, Mrs. Harry Metzger, Mrs. R. B. Hanna and Mrs. Stephen Fleming.

The members of the Arbor Villa club have returned from an outing at Rome City. Mrs. George Ashley was the chaperon and Miss Lydia Buechner, of Detroit, was the honor guest for a part of the time. The club members are Misses Adelia Piepenbrink, Bertha Loose, Emma Eicher, Helen Stockman, Fern Bowman, Florence McMullen, Pauline Doerges, and Mrs. Ashley.

The Misses Baals, of West Jefferson street, assisted by Mrs. J. A. Richardson, gave an informal "at home" last evening for their guest, Miss Edith Baals, of Ashland, Ky. The time was spent in informal visiting, with music and refreshments for diversion. The decorations were a beautiful arrangement of scarlet gladiolas and spikes of white lilies. There were invited Miss Rogler, Miss Edith and Miss Stella Michael, Miss Mildred and Miss Ruth Flick, Miss Mabel and Miss Lula Bechtel, Miss Hannah Bittler, Miss Pauline Ebersole, Miss Mabel Bowker, Miss Eda Siemon.

Miss Florence Barton, who is going to Chicago to live, was the honored member of the Alpha Omega girls who were entertained last evening by Miss Helen Puckett, of Lake avenue. There was no special form of amusement, the guests, who included a number of young men, passing the time with music and in visiting. Refreshments were served during the time and they contributed to the enjoyment of the guests. There were present besides the club members Messrs. Howard and Clifford Carter, Earl Clark, Roscoe Zook, Alfred Foellinger, Erwin Jones, Guy Lawrence, Fred Metz, Arthur Rhodes, Wayne Smitley and Wayne Herrod.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Reul and daughters, Mrs. W. H. Schultz, also Mrs. Minnie Theorin, of Chicago, who is visiting Mrs. Reul and Mrs. Schultz, are going to Lake Wawasee tomorrow to be guests of Mrs. Catherine Hettler.

The members of the I. F. F. club gave a theater party last evening in honor of Miss Maude Marks, of Plymouth; Miss Virginia Harper, of Valparaiso, and Miss Harriett Oliver, of Dayton, O. The party attended the performance at the Majestic theater.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pape and daughter, Helen, have returned from James lake, where they were guests of Mrs. J. H. Medsker and Miss Bertha Medsker, and from an outing at Clear lake, where they spent a few days with Mrs. Cornel Morganthaler.

Miss Estella Sander delightfully entertained the D. D. club on Thursday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Rhea Bradshaw, of Lafayette. The rooms were artistically decorated in the season's colors, yellow and purple and tables were arranged for progressive bunco. Interesting and amusing contests were enjoyed during the evening and an elaborate supper was served afterwards. The tables were decorated in green and pink. Covers were laid for fourteen and a dainty souvenir lay at each place. Other guests were the Misses Ruth and Esther Wolf, Dorothy Landenberger, Margaret, Dora and Nora Hitzman, Edna Prange, Alma Suedhoff, Hilda Trabach, Lillian Jansen, Marie Scherzinger, May and Bertha Ehle, Elinor Allbright.

Fashion Hint From Paris

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Cerise Foulard Gown.

THE VALUE OF LAUGHTER.

A famous doctor once said:—"Encourage your child to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good, hearty laugh expands the chest and makes the blood bound merrily along. Commend me to a laugh—not to a little, sniggling laugh, but to one that will sound right through the house; it will not only do your child good, but will be a benefit to all who hear, and be an important means of driving the blues away from a dwelling," says Home Notes. "Merriment is very catching and spreads in a remarkable manner, few being able to resist the contagion. A hearty laugh is delightful harmony: indeed, it is the best of all music."

Great Britain has the honor of having first formed societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

COPPER MAGNATE AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE.

F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE

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MISS BERNICE HENDERSON

New York, Aug. 27.—Congratulations are being showered upon Mr. F. Augustus Heinze and his bride-to-be, Miss Bernice Henderson, an actress, now that Mr. Heinze announces that the wedding will take place before September 1. When Miss Henderson arrived here from Europe on Saturday and let her friends know that she and the copper millionaire were to be married in a few days, no one was surprised, for their attachment had been known along Broadway for some time.

"It will be only a few days now before we are married," said Mr. Heinze in his office in Wall street. "We have not yet decided on the exact date of the wedding, but it will be by September 1, and in this city. When we are married we will probably just slip in and get our marriage license and be married without any fuss. Only a few of our friends will be invited."

Hostess Should Intimate to Guests Time of Retiring

That Decision Seem Best Solution of Long Mooted Problem of Etiquette.

Until the end of time it will probably be a mooted question whether guest or hostess should make the first move for retiring for the night. When staying in a house for the first time this is one of the most difficult points for a guest to decide, and it takes a great deal of tact and discernment to arrive at a correct conclusion.

On the basis that a hostess orders the house and the guest conforms there is no doubt that the person whose home it is should make the first move. One who is staying in the house for the first time cannot be expected to know the habits and rules of the place, including the hours for arising, on which greatly depends that for retiring.

In the summer house at country or seashore the chances are, if the host goes to town for business every day, that the whole household is up early. The hostess is certainly, as a rule, if her husband is a business man. In that case it is almost essential that they go to bed early. Logical as this conclusion may seem, a guest fears to suggest going too early to her own room, lest she should seem to be bored during the evening, and thus it is, when both really would like to turn in at a reasonable hour, they and others are kept up by a desperate attempt to be polite.

If any rule of procedure may be laid down for a stranger in the house it is to find out, as soon as possible, at what time breakfast is served, and when the host goes down town. It is a safe method, if he goes early, and especially if breakfst is served for all at an early hour, to suggest retiring by ten o'clock at the latest, and in more than one household in the summer the same people who turn night into day in the winter go to their rooms by nine o'clock in the evening. It is better for guests to err on the side of going too soon than too late, for nothing will make strangers more unpopular than to have them overturn the comfortable habits of the household. Host and hostess are not required to go to their own rooms because guests may have retired to theirs, but they are obliged to stay up, if the stranger makes no move to retire.

It is by no means difficult, even for a persons making a first visit, to suggest retiring. She may say that she is tired from having been so much out of doors, or that the heat is rather trying, or any other such simple excuse as may come into her mind, and declare that she would like to retire. She makes her good nights then at once, and the host and hostess are at liberty to follow their usual customs.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

Good Substitute For Sea Bath Can Be Made at Home

Should be Taken on Arising or Before Dressing for the Afternoon.

There is an excellent substitute sea bath for one who cannot get to the ocean. It is made by mixing two pounds of muriate of soda, one pound of sulphate of soda and one-half pound each of chloride of lime and chloride of magnesia. This is enough for a large tub full of warm water, and is to be thoroughly dissolved. The temperature should be just comfortably warm, and a person in ordinary health may stay in it for twenty minutes. This should not be taken in the evening, but on arising or before dressing for the afternoon. It is decidedly tonic in effect.

Coarse sea salt is very inexpensive, and a most excellent thing to be used in warm weather, for one may get from it benefit similar to that from an ocean bath. After taking the usual tub, one stands, the body still wet, on a mat or towel, and all the skin is gone over with salt, taking it up by the handful. This causes a slight friction and some of the salt will adhere. Circulation is increased and salt is worked into the system desirably.

When very hot weather has affected the blood, and the skin is irritated, a soda or vichy bath will bring relief. A pound of bicarbonate of soda is dissolved in a tubful of warm, not hot, water, and the patient stays in for twenty or twenty-five minutes. The body is patted with soft towels, not rubbed, to dry, and some of the soda adheres.

Another bath that is said to have great virtue by way of tonicizing the system is made by dissolving forty grams of gelatine in a quart of boiling water and putting this into a tub of water with fifty grams of sulphate of potassium and one hundred grams of sub-carbonate of soda. This is recommended in cases of extreme nervousness.

Any person taking a bath for medicinal purposes must be allowed to regulate the temperature so that it shall be best suited. What would be strengthening to one might be weakening to another and, generally speaking, one cannot remain in hot water without loss of vitality as long as in that which is tepid. Other persons find that which is cool but not chilled is invigorating, but there is never any difficulty in deciding what is best. When a bath has benefited, the individual feels fresher and stronger, and if the immersion has been harmful there will be lassitude and weakness.

MARGARET MIXTER.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

An exquisite bit of millinery that is practical is a fairly large mushroom shaped hat covered with black tulle over white lace. The drooping brim is lined with a lace frill and the crown is covered with the lace crushed. Then a very full mob crown (crushed) of the black tulle is set on, while a very full frill, unhemmed, covers the outside of the brim. The trimming is a broad soft black ribbon, passed around the crown and tied in a full broad bow in the front. A hat of this kind will harmonize with any afternoon frock.

A simple frock for a girl of fourteen years or over, seen recently, was so pretty as to be worth describing. The material was a blue and white dimity, the deep wedgewood blue with a white dot. At the neck was a finely tucked chemisette of white lawn, cut out in round Dutch, edged with a narrow Val frill. To this the waist was gathered in inch wide draw string style, a ribbon passing through (blue,) tied at the left side. At the waist this draw string appeared again. Then two more shirrings were formed rather close together midway between the knees and the hem. All were threaded with the ribbon.

Mothers looking for a dainty little frock for their babies should certainly enjoy seeing a pretty model in Gretchen effect displayed in the children's section of a Broadway department store. The dress was of blue white lawn, with short waist and long skirt. The square Dutch neck is trimmed with feather stitched insertion, and so are the sleeves and the waist line. The skirt is full, and is trimmed with three pleats, alternating with three rows of the insertion. The model is one that can be easily laundered.

Packard Band Concert, 25 pieces, Robison Park, Sunday. 26-2t

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Big Moonlight Dance, Thursday, Robison Park.

Place The Sentinel on your list of vacation luxuries. Mailed to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Ten cents per week. tf

SPECIAL

Sunday afternoon the beautiful new, all modern 6-room house, 435 Wildwood, just east of Fairfield, will be open for inspection.

Come and see the prettiest home on the south side.
WALSH & KIERPSE.

GOING BACK TO THE STAGE ONCE MORE.

Mrs. William E. Corey (Mabelle Gilman), wife of the president of the United States Steel Corporation, who announces her reappearance in opera. The appearance is said to be planned to take place in London. Lewis Valler, one of the London singers, reports that he has been negotiating to support the singer as Katherine with himself as Petruchio. The production is looked for in 1911.

OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

-:- MENUS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE -:-

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27.

Breakfast.

Canned Prunes.
Oatmeal with Cream.
Broiled Liver and Bacon.
Baking Powder Biscuit.
Coffee.

Lunch.

Bluefish with Bacon.
Boiled Rice. Floating Island.
Iced Cocoa.

Dinner.

Bouillon.
Roast Ribs of Beef. Brown Gravy.
Mashed Potatoes. Lima Beans.
Beet Salad.
Cheese Biscuits.
Vanilla Ice Cream. Assorted Cakes.
Coffee.

RECIPES.

Bluefish With Bacon.

For this use small fish and have them cleaned and split; it is well also to have the backbone removed. Rub well with olive oil, place in a greased broiler and broil over a clear fire, cooking the flesh side first. When done, which will be in from five to seven minutes, according to the thickness of the fish, remove to a heated platter, spread with soft butter, dust well with salt and pepper and lay over each half strips of bacon broiled separately or quickly browned in a pan. Garnish with lemon and cress and serve.

Cheese Biscuits.

Rub two ounces of butter into six ounces of flour, add three ounces of grated cheese, seasoning of salt, pepper and red pepper and make into a stiff paste with a little beaten egg. Roll out thinly and cut into small fancy shape biscuits. Lay on a tin and bake in a moderate oven till yellow. These biscuits keep and may be reheated in the oven for use

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

People Like

Post Toasteis

Sweet, crisp, fluffy bits made of white corn—ready to serve from the package with cream or fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Mother Never Made

bread as good as this. She knew how to bake good bread but she lacked the necessary facilities. In absolute uniformity, from day to day, there is no bread to equal

Perfection Bread

All the bread baking knowledge gained for years, with the finest of modern mechanical devices go to make Perfection Bread perfect.

At all dealers.

Repeated Eye Headaches

Sap vitality and bring about general nervous breakdown. Many sensible people continue to suffer great pain and inconvenience through false pride.

DON'T BE FOOLISH

Glasses will relieve, if fitted properly, and wearing spectacles is no sign of old age. Let us relieve your headache by supplying glasses that will take away the strain. Hundreds will testify to our reliability.

Robert Koerber, Optometrist.
With Trenkley & Koerber,
816 Calhoun St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

ON THE TRAIL OF NEW CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT

YES SIR! SPIKE HENNESY'S GOT A MAN DAT IS A SURE COMER! HE'S DE MAN DAT CAN LICK JOHNSON AN' NOT HALF TRY!
SO-O-O! WELL - THAT'S GOOD NEWS.
"SPIDER" TELLS A FRIEND ALL ABOUT THE "NEW HOPE -
DID YE HEAR TH' NEWS? WELL THEY'VE FOUND A NEW HEAVY TO LICK JOHNSON! HE'S THERE WITH TH' KICK IN BOTH MITS
WHA-A-A-AT! YE DON'T SAY SO!
AND THE GOOD NEWS IS TOLD TO WALTER THE WAITER,
YES SIR, A HEAVY THAT WEIGHS 200 POUNDS! CAN SCRAP LIKE A FIEND! HAS NEVER BEEN BEATEN AND THAT'S A STRAIGHT TIP FROM TH' FRONT SIR.
NO?
WHO GIVES THE TIP TO ONE OF HIS MOST LIBERAL TIPPERS,
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE! THIS FELLOW IS AN UNKNOWN! 8 FEET TALL! WEIGHS 280 POUNDS! HAS A REACH OF 80 INCHES AND KNOCKS OUT 8 SPARRING PARTNERS TWICE A DAY
WHO "LETS IN" HIS "PROMOTER FRIEND,
NOW IF WE CAN GET THIS HEAVY TH' REST IS EASY. WE'LL BEAT JOHNSON AND THEN TOUR TH' WORLD
WHO GETS HIS PARTNER AND THEY BOTH RUN DOWN TO THE -
MR HENNESY! THIS BAG FLITS FROM SIDE TO SIDE EACH TIME I TOUCH IT THUSLY!
YES BOSS! DAT'S HIM! AN' WHEN I GITS DONE WID HIM IM GOIN TO LET HIM CLEAN UP ON "LIL ARTHA"
L. STAMON.
CAMP OF THE NEW "HOPE OF THE WHITE RACE"

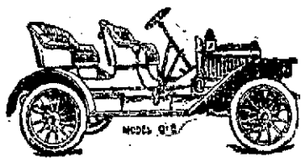
HEAT MAKES CHILDREN ILL

Summer is a very trying period for young children, and many a child who is usually healthy suffers during the heated term. There are many dangers for the child in summer. These lie in milk, food, water, fruit, etc. The greatest peril is from some form of stomach or bowel trouble. It is usually the starting point of graver troubles. The child becomes constipated, or gets indigestion. Perspiration is interfered with, worms develop, the skin becomes scaly and itchy, and the poor child is in much misery. Do not let it go, and trust to luck or fate for a cure. Use a remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is intended to cure that very condition and is especially adapted to children's ills because of its mildness and purity. If the child has any of these symptoms, or has not had a passage in 24 hours, it needs Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at once. It will act promptly but gently, and as it is pleasant to take you will not have to force it. A bottle can be obtained of any druggist at 50 cents or $1.00, and you should obtain a bottle today, so as to have it on hand for an emergency. If you have never tried it you can obtain a SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE OF CHARGE by addressing

USE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

DR. W. B. CALDWELL, 400 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

Housecleaning Sale of Demonstrating Cars



Full line of GOODRICH AND DIAMOND Tires in stock.

Brush, Fords, Maxwells and Reos, silghtly used, at bargain prices.

It will pay you to call and see these bargains.

Wind Shields.....$10, $12.50 and $15.00	INNER TUBES, 2DS.
Zig Zag Shields.....$20.00	30x3½ $5.00
Nightingale Whistles....$3.50	32x3½ 5.25
Large Double Action Pumps $2.75	31x4 ..... 5.40
Stapley Pumps, pressure guages attached, $6.00 values, now.....$4.00	34x3½ 5.50
Puritan Oil Soap, 5-lb. buckets 50c	34x4 ..... 5.75
Auto Jacks...$1.00 and $1.50	AUTO CASINGS, 2DS.
Ideal Inner Sleeves for casings $1, $1.25 and $1.50	28x3 .....$13.00
Transmission Grease, bucket 75c	30x3 ..... 14.25
	30x3½ 20.00
	32x3½ 20.00
	32x4 ..... 25.00
	34x4 ..... 27.00

For Sale—One 20-horse power, 3-passenger Roadster in good condition, $350.00.

BROSIUS & SESLINE AUTO CO.
117 EAST COLUMBIA STREET.

THE MOST SERIOUS ATTENTION

is given to all orders at this drug store; whether they be for simple household remedies or for the most important prescriptions. Carelessnes in this business is too apt to result seriously fo rus to tolerate it. This is a distinctly safe drug store to come or send to and any doctor will tell you so.

Geo. H. Loesch. J. C. Wenzler.

Good Samaritan Drug Store
GEO. H. LOESCH & CO.
Cor. Wayne and Barr Streets.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

CARRY YOUR TEETH ALONG WITH YOU THROUGH LIFE

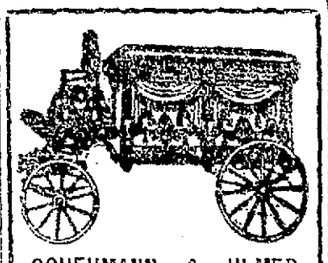
by giving them the proper care. Don't let them decay. There is no more valuable asset to good health than good teeth.

Plates, $8.00 to $10.00.

DR. MOMMER.

814 Calhoun St., over Star Shoe Store

DR. HAVICE
FORT WAYNE, IND.
130 West Wayne St.
Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat Specialist
GLASSES ADJUSTED.



SCHEUMANN & ULMER
UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
Albert H. Scheumann, Assistant.
339 E. LEWIS ST.
Office 'Phone No. 99; residence, 6186 and 1210.

A. HATTERSLEY & SONS
PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS
ELECTRIC WIRING OF ALL KINDS.
208-212 E. MAIN ST. Fort Wayne.

EXPERIMENTING WITH WARFARE FROM AEROPLANE.

LIEUTENANT JACOB EARL FICKEL FIRING AN ARMY RIFLE FROM AEROPLANE OF GLENN H. CURTISS. PHOTO COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

New York, Aug. 27.—Army officers at the several posts around New York are interested in the experiments to be made at Sheephead Bay this week at firing a rifle at a target from a moving aeroplane. Lieutenant Jacob E. Fickel, of the Twenty-ninth infantry, who has won the expert rifleman medal, who made the test last week, will try it again under more favorable circumstances.

Lieutenant Fickel is convinced by the one flight on which he fired a rifle that there will not be the slightest difficulty in sighting and shooting while riding through the air. He missed the target, but Glenn H. Curtiss, who was the aviator of the trip, took the blame for this, as he said he had to tilt the machine just as the shot was fired. Mr. Curtiss will take Lieutenant Fickel aloft again and the firing at the target will be from different altitudes.

Children's Carnival Next Wednesday

If you wish to go to the Children's Carnival at Robison park on Wednesday, August 31st, just board any street car near your home and ask the conductor for a Children's Carnival ticket. It will cost you 10c, but it will take you to the park and bring you back to your home in the city. So all you need is 10c for street car fare for the ing ride to and from the park. Ask for a transfer for the park cars and one to your home upon returning. You can go as early as you wish in the morning and return whenever you like. Of course the playground at the park with its circle bars, rocking boat, swings and sand pit will be the mecca for most of the boys and girls, but then there are the chutes, the merry-go-round, the circle swing and the roller coaster. Then there is the theater which will give two performances of vaudeville and moving pictures for 5c admission on the day of the carnival; one performance at one o'clock and one performance at 2:30. The band will play all the afternoon so will the big organ. The flags will be flung to the breeze and Robison park will be in gala dress. The parade will form at four o'clock just east of the big pavilion and will be headed by the band. The queen's carriage will be next in line and after the judges have chosen the queen and her maids they will be driven about the grounds so that everyone can see the queen. If you wish to enter the parade just cut out the following form, fill in your name, age and address and send to Mr. Williams, Robison park:

The queen will have her choice of three beautiful diamond rings; the maid of honor a gold bracelet with her monogram. Two silver mesh hand bags will be given to the maids in waiting. There are also twenty other prizes but they have nothing to do with the parade. There are two standard gold watches; two enameled chatelaine watches; eight fine gold neck chains with lockets and eight Bannatyne watches and chains. Be sure you read and keep your street car coupon as it may afford you a happy surprise.

I hereby enter my name to appear in the Girls' White Dress Parade at Robison Park, Wednesday, August 31st.

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

Moonlight Dance, Robison Park, Thursday. 27-5t

WILL MEET IN FORT WAYNE.

Indianapolis, Aug. 27.—Fort Wayne was chosen as the seat of the 1911 annual convention of the Kappa Alpha Phi fraternity at its closing session here yesterday. The following officers were elected: Harry Johnson, Indianapolis, president; Lester M. Milligan, Muncie, vice president; Carl George, Kokomo, secretary; Clint McClure, Huntington, treasurer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

See the carnival prizes and the Queen's Crown in Young's Jewelry store window. 27-3t

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

The air was pretty close to the freezing point last night.

Eli E. Lagimore and Anna Atkins have been licensed to marry.

Olds Wagon works are shipping large quantities of wagons to western cities.

Farmers say there will be a good crop of corn and potatoes if the frost does not come too soon.

Miss Kate McDougal is visiting her uncle, Sir Francis McDougal, at present mayor of Ottawa, Canada.

There was a monster market this morning, and venders scarcely had room on the market space.

Prof. W. F. Yocum, of the M. E. college, is expected to lecture before a teachers' institute at Albion next week.

The Commercial house has been leased by Col. Tom Wilkinson, of the Darrow house. He will take charge of the hostelry next Monday.

O. A. Simons' "Daisy Scott" and Will McKinnie's "Billy F" are entered for the Columbus, O., races. The horses are doing the Ohio circuit.

The Plattdeutsche Fritz Reuter verein excursion goes to Rome City tomorrow. They have engaged the roller skating rink there, among other attractions.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of this city has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. Jesse L. Williams, president; Mrs. C. Rupert, vice-president-at-large; corresponding secretary, Miss Carrie R. Schrader; recording secretary, Miss Daisy Winch; treasurer, Miss Lura Green. Vice presidents from several churches—Wayne Street M. E. Mrs. C. Green; Berry Street M. E., Mrs. Lincoln; Simpson M. E., Mrs. Mason; Trinity M. E., Mrs. Dougherty; First Presbyterian, Mrs. A. R. Henderson; Second Presbyterian, Mrs. L. M. Ninde; Third Presbyterian, Miss Hamilton; Baptist, Mrs. Ferris; Congregational, Mrs. Dr. Knapp; Christian, Mrs. Daniels; Grace Reformed, Mrs. William Henderson; United Brethren, Mrs. Titus; English Lutheran, Miss Lillie Cline; Cathedral, Mrs. Mamie Lochlin.

COAL AND WOOD.

—Best Grades of Coal—
Coke, Charcoal, Wood and Kindling at
Fort Wayne Coal Co.
Phones 1082 and 1905.
WEIGHTS GUARANTEED.

For best quality Anthracite and Domestic Coals at Lowest Prices, Call
OLDS COAL CO.
Home Phone 6034. Bell 261.

Wm. Kaough Coal Co.
COAL, COKE, WOOD, Etc
Yards at Lake Shore Tracks, West of Wells St.
—PHONE 502—

Charles Josse, chief sanitary officer, will return tomorrow from Lake James where he has been spending the past two weeks.

ELECTRIC TALK NO. 7

In Talk No. 6, I demonstrated that there is absolutely not the slightest foundation for the assertion of the traction company that when they bought the lighting franchise under which they operate there was no proposal upon the part of the city to embark in commercial lighting. I showed that the very franchise itself gave them notice that the city was proposing to do that very thing. For months, even years, the controversy had gone on. The council proceedings are full of it and city and commercial lighting always went together.

Not all the members of that city council of 1902 to 1906 were guilty of giving away this valuable city lighting franchise that could easily have been sold for $500,000, as is shown by the fact that the traction company paid more than that for it within a few days after it was thus given away under the false pretense that it was to be used to boom the business of one of our important home manufacturing industries. I have always believed that the gentlemen representing that industry in this city were wilfully deceived and placed in a false light before the community, as is in fact shown by the failure of the traction company to install the local company's lights when they finally got control of the franchise. This local company had to wait until the city plant was built to give the lie to its competitors, who were asserting "It can't even get its lights into use in its own city of Fort Wayne."

I am not going to name the councilmen who gave away this half a million dollars of the people's money. I have them before me, but it is enough to say that no one of them was permitted to return to the council, and no one of them, if I am rightfully informed, has ever held a public office since. But I do think that this is just the occasion when those who stood by the interests of the taxpayers in that memorable vote, taken on the evening of Jan. 26th, 1904, should have their names recalled to the attention of a grateful people. So, "lest we forget," here they are, and I request the printer to spell their names all in capital letters:

JESSE BROSIUS, Councilman Ninth Ward.
CHARLES CROUSE, Councilman Fifth Ward.
MICHAEL KINDER, Councilman Seventh Ward.
PHILIP H. WYSS, Councilman Tenth Ward.
CALVIN K. REIMAN, Councilman Tenth Ward.
BYRON A. STRAWN, Councilman Sixth Ward.
HARRY A. WIEBKE, Councilman Second Ward.

Honors were about easy"—three were democrats and four were republicans. Several of them have since been called to honorable positions in the public service and our people should always feel that there is nothing too good for them.

D. N. FOSTER.

(Cut this out and save for future reference.)

This Is the Last Day

Of Our

Mid-Summer Clearance Sale

DO IT tonight if you haven't done it. All the white tags will be removed to-night. There are a lot of good bargains left. Better give us a call. You will be very much tempted.

FOX BROS. & CO.
923-5-7-9-931 CALHOUN STREET
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

Crisp News of What's Doing in the Sporting World

Bare Chance for an Even Break With the Bronchos

Must Win Every Game of the Five to be Played Before Close of the Season.

There is just a bare chance that Fort Wayne can break even with the South Bend team on the season and in order to do it they must win the five games that are scheduled between the two clubs. One more victory for the leaders will insure the best of the series.

Three of these games will be played here and in the one tomorrow Fort Wayne will have some support from its own rooters as a big party will likely go over to see the clash. Base ball players say this is a great help in tight battles and maybe Fort Wayne can root hard enough to pull over a victory on the Wheelwrights.

That was an awful battle Burke and his crew put up yesterday, but the extra-inning hoodoo was there to prevent a win and did it very effectually, although a bad heave to the plate had more to do with it than anything else. It was all right to make the throw, as it was intended to cut down a run at the plate, but it got all tangled and went past the rubber with the result that two instead of one run went over.

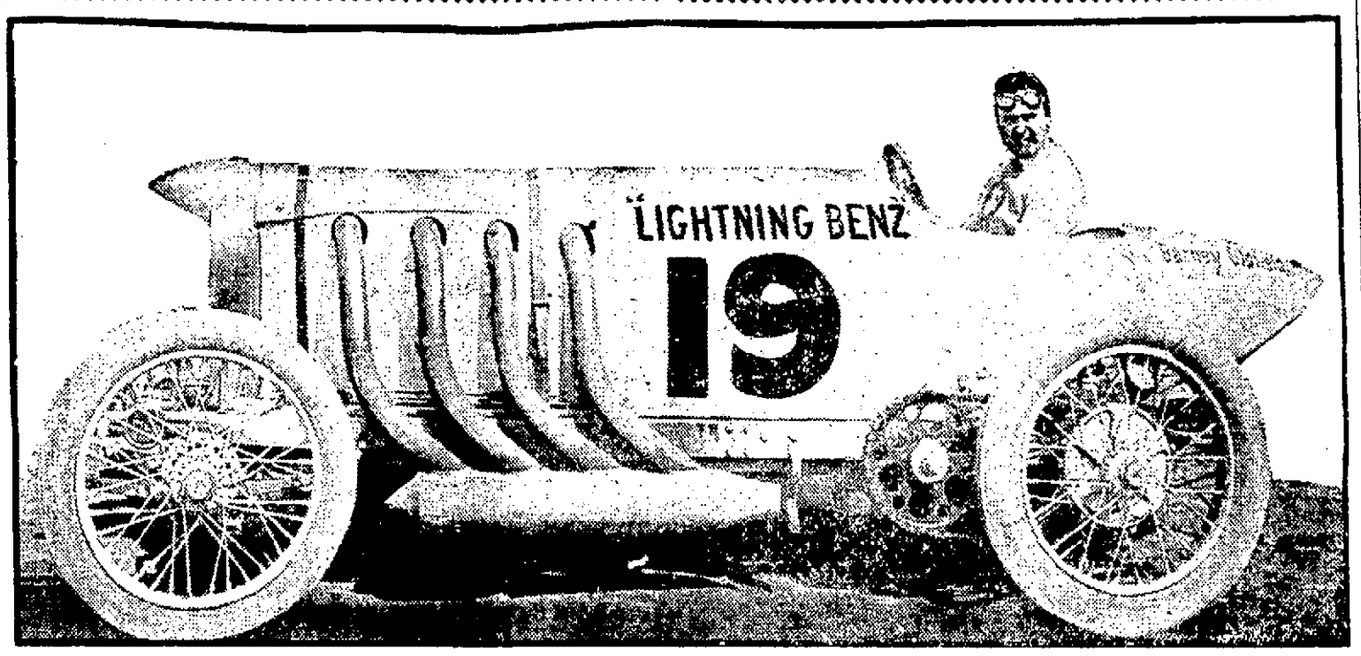
Robertson could not hold out against the opposition. He has been a stumbling block in the path of the leaders all year, but he failed yesterday, although he allowed only as many hits as Harry Lindsay, who opposed him.

Lee Lemon, the new catcher, seems destined to fill in a place that has been sadly lacking. A good hunter down at the bottom of the batting list could have won a number of games for Fort Wayne, but the club has had none heretofore. Lemon had two chances in the game and in both instances he delivered.

Fort Wayne got away to a good lead in the game and had tabbed two before South Bend had shown in the race. Eddie Justice opened the fourth

[Continued on Page Four.]

BARNEY OLDFIELD AND HIS BIG BENZ CAR.



OLDFIELD WITH HIS CARS TO COME TOMORROW

Speed King Will Rest a Day for His Local Exhibitions.

All is in readiness for the great speed carnival to be given on the Fort Wayne Fair ground's mile track Monday afternoon. Nine fast cars and twelve motorcycles are anxiously awaiting the starter's gun. The races include events from record trials to short, snappy events from five to twenty-five miles. Events for the various classes, free for alls, and two motorcycle races of five miles each.

Speed King Barney Oldfield will leave Chicago Sunday morning and will make his headquarters at the Anthony hotel. The great 200 horse power Benz, the 100 horse power Darracq, and the six cylinder Knox "Giant," will leave Chicago tonight in their special garage car, the only car of its kind in existence. Accompanying this car will be Barney's mechanics who will spend the intervening time before the meet in preparing the "Charges" of the speed demons for the contests of Monday afternoon.

The world's record 142 mile per hour Benz with which Oldfield has knocked off large chunks from the old record tables, will naturally be the center of all eyes, and it should be only a question of by how large a margin Oldfield will lower the local and state records.

Ben Kerscher, the German champion, who will pilot the Vanderbilt cup winning Darracq, will arrive tomorrow morning. This famous car develops over 100 horse power, weighs only 1,700 pounds and has only 96-inch wheel base, enabling it to negotiate the turns on a mile track at great speed. With this car Kerscher lowered the three and four mile track records, averaging 51 seconds or better for each mile, and several intermediate distance speedway records.

Oldfield's Knox which he will use in the handicaps and stock car events is the fastest stock car in America, with a mile record of 40 seconds on the Florida Beach and a mile in 54 seconds on a mile track and winner of the five and ten mile American Speedway championships at Indianapolis last May.

An enormous crowd of out-of-town visitors is expected to attend the speed carnival. Arrangements have been made by the interurban as well as the steam roads to handle the large influx of visitors. The management has been advised that large parties will be in attendance from Auburn, Huntington, Wabash, Decatur, Kendallville and other towns in this district.

Interest is keen in this sensational form of amusement and lovers of speed and seekers after sensations will be out in force. The races begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock and Monday is the day when all roads will lead to the Fort Wayne Fair Grounds.

Sporting News in Tablets

The White Sox have signed a player named A. Slagle.

Manager Montgomery, of Zanesville, pulled a new one recently when he took Catcher Hinton out of the game to keep him from being fined. Hinton was wrangling with the umpire.

John Flournoy, left fielder, has been turned adrift by Louisville, though a good hitter he was lone and of little use to the team. Burke, a Brooklyn youth, has been signed to take his place.

According to reports, the Wheeling club has dropped over $5,000 thus far this season. The Smoke owners are already making plans for the next season's campaign. They don't give the redistricting story any credence.

Hardgrove, the big miner who helped out Terre Haute and Zanesville behind the bat last season, is working again for the Potters. Hinton has a sore arm, O'Brien is out of the game, Swartling is sick and both Connolly and Kenworthy are in bad shape.

Evansville Courier: "Lewis, a second baseman who hails from the same town as Tommy Dugger, is in camp and may be given a try out at the second station. In the practice game he showed up well. He handled everything that came his way and banged out two over the left field fence."

Umpire Newhouse has a brother worth a neat sum of money who is an actor and would like to break into the baseball game as a magnate. The brother is at Grand Rapids this week and he told Frank to keep a look-out for a likely franchise and to gather all the information possible.

The "Bull" signs in the Central league have yielded $150 to players on the Doc Carson circuit this season, besides the tobacco that is given for a homer hit on the grounds where a sign is located. Dolly Gray, Wheeling; Kenworthy, Zanesville, and Curtis, Terre Haute, have each made $50 by hitting the bull with fairly batted balls during a game.

Larry Lejeune hung up a record Thursday that will probably stand in the Central league for all time to come. The big blonde was at bat four times and made three hits. Nothing wonderful about that, but there is about this part of his hitting. Those three hits were good for a total of ten bases. He duplicated his early season feat of knocking two home runs in one game and in addition made a double, making his three hits average better than three bases apiece.

Central League Base Ball Figures

At South Bend.

Fort Wayne.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Blount, cf.	4	0	2	1	0	1
Justice, ss.	5	1	1	4	1	0
McDermott, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Young, rf.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Gainer, 1b.	3	0	1	9	2	0
Burke, 3b.	4	0	0	0	3	1
Manda, 2b.	4	1	2	3	3	0
Lemon, c.	1	0	0	6	0	0
Robertson, p.	4	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	34	2	8	*27	13	2

*Winning run scored with none out.

South Bend.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Kroy, cf.	5	0	1	1	0	1
Koehler, 2b.	3	0	1	6	8	0
Wheeler, 3b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Carey, lf.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Schmick, 1b.	4	1	2	9	0	0
McCarty, ss.	4	1	1	3	3	2
Foy, rf.	3	1	2	1	0	0
Wells, c.	2	0	1	5	4	1
Lindsay, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	31	3	8	30	18	4

By innings—
Fort Wayne .....0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0—2
South Bend .....0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1—3

Summary—

Sacrifice hits — McDermott, Manda, Lemon (2), Foy, Wells, Lindsay. Stolen bases—Blount, Justice, Foy. Two-base hits—Schmick, Robertson. Struck out—By Robertson, 4; by Lindsay, 4. Bases on balls—Off Robertson, 3; off Lindsay, 4. Passed ball—Wells. Double plays—Wheeler (unassisted); McCarty to Koehler to Schmick. Left on bases—Fort Wayne, 7; South Bend, 7. Time of game—1:15. Umpires—Murray and Walsh.

At Terre Haute.

	R.	H.	E.
Terre Haute ...0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 *—3	6	1	
Wheeling .....1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2	6	1	

Batteries—Pickett and Brennan; Mosely and Stratton.

Summary—

Two-base hits — C. Gray, McDonald, Curtis, Pickett. Stolen bases—Carnes, Brennan. Sacrifice hits—Pickett, Courtney. Struck out—By Mosely, 3; by Pickett, 2. Bases on balls—Off Mosely, 2; off Pickett, 1. Double play—Gray to Jewell to Carnes. Wild pitches—Pickett (2). Passed ball—Brennan. Left on bases—Terre Haute, 2; Wheeling, 5. Time of game—1:35. Umpire—Newhouse.

At Evansville.

	R.	H.	E.
Evansville .....0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 *—3	9	3	
Zanesville .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0	1	2	

Batteries—Covington and Cady; Jones and Hardgrove.

Summary—

Sacrifice hits— Crowder (2), Connors. Two-base hit—Cady. Bases on balls—Off Covington, 2; off Jones, 1. Struck out—By Covington, 2; by Jones, 5. Hit by pitched ball—By Covington (Baggan). Stolen bases—Lejeune, Connors, Snyder. Time—1:17. Umpire—Agur. Attendance —313.

At Grand Rapids.

	R.	H.	E.
Grand Rapids ..0 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0—3	9	2	
Dayton .....3 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—4	8	2	

Batteries—Jacobson and Tieman; Clyde and Martin.

Two-base hits—Nee, Sykes. Sacrifice hit—Grogan. Stolen bases—Raidy (2), Kihm (2), Kahl, Sykes. Struck out—By Jacobson, 7; by Clyde (2). First base on balls—Off Jacobson, 1. Left on bases—Grand Rapids, 6; Dayton, 4. Double play—Jacobson to Raidy to Kihm. Time—1:15. Umpire—Jacobs.

The Baseball Calender

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
South Bend	74	28	.661
Fort Wayne	61	46	.582
Dayton	61	51	.545
Evansville	56	56	.500
Terre Haute	52	60	.464
Grand Rapids	50	62	.446
Wheeling	47	66	.416
Zanesville	44	67	.396

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	80	35	.696
Boston	69	48	.590
New York	66	50	.569
Detroit	65	54	.550
Washington	57	56	.426
Cleveland	50	65	.435
Chicago	45	68	.398
St. Louis	35	78	.310

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	77	35	.688
Pittsburg	68	43	.612
New York	63	47	.573
Philadelphia	57	56	.504
Cincinnati	57	58	.496
Brooklyn	41	69	.359
St. Louis	44	70	.386
Boston	42	74	.362

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Minneapolis	89	45	.664
St. Paul	72	61	.541
Toledo	71	61	.537
Kansas City	69	62	.526
Columbus	64	65	.496
Milwaukee	58	74	.439
Indianapolis	55	76	.420
Louisville	48	82	.369

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

South Bend, 3; Fort Wayne, 2 (10 innings).
Dayton, 4; Grand Rapids, 3.
Evansville, 3; Zanesville, 0.
Terre Haute, 3; Wheeling, 2.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

New York-Chicago, wet grounds.
Philadelphia, 6; St. Louis, 0.
Boston, 3; Cleveland, 0.
Washington-Detroit, wet grounds.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Chicago, 2; New York, 1.
Pittsburg, 4; Brooklyn, 2.
Cincinnati, 8; Philadelphia, 1.
No game scheduled at St. Louis.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Toledo, 2; Kansas City, 1.
Louisville, 1; Milwaukee, 5.
Columbus, 3; Minneapolis, 2 (10 innings).
Indianapolis, 2; St. Paul, 7.

GAMES TOMORROW.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Fort Wayne at South Bend.
Dayton at Grand Rapids.
Wheeling at Terre Haute.
Zanesville at Evansville.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

No games scheduled.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Philadelphia at Cincinnati.
Boston at St. Louis.
New York at Chicago.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

St. Paul at Indianapolis.
Kansas City at Toledo.
Milwaukee at Louisville.
Minneapolis at Columbus.

COVINGTON DID NOT SLUMP WHEN HE WAS SOLD

Has Been Pitching a Great Article for Evansville.

"Tex" Covington is one of the few minor league pitchers who did not slump after his sale to the majors and Bobby Lowe has had ample opportunity since he purchased the speedy Eva pitcher to congratulate himself upon his selection.

Most of his performances have been remarkable in view of the fact that they have been most consistent and several one-hit victories have been lugged away by the demon flinger since he was picked as a likely man to strengthen the weakened Tiger hurling staff. His worst performance was right here in Fort Wayne and that was remarkable too in the fact that he accomplished a feat that few pitchers have added to their records. In one inning he hit three batsmen and forced over a run. It is not unusual for pitchers to force a tally across the rubber by passing three men in succession but out of the ordinary for one to hit three in an inning with pitched balls.

Last season Covington passed seventy-seven men, hit twenty-eight and relieved himself of eight wild pitches and this kept him from being drafted or sold although he won eleven out of twenty-nine games with a hopeless tail-end aggregation. This season he has had control of his wonderful fast curved ball and this accounts for his excellent showing.

Grant sent him in for the game with Zanesville yesterday and Baggan got the only hit registered against him and his work enabled the Evas to take a victory and the pitcher to record another shutout. Jones for the Potters was rather easy as he was hit nine times.

Terre Haute was able to hang up a victory by cloating hard against Pitcher Mosely of the Stogies. He and Pickert were touched up just half a dozen times each but half of the hits made by the Tots were for extra bases and counted in the run getting. Wheeling made a game fight in the ninth but could not register the counter needed to tie.

Grand Rapids was beaten because Dayton hit in luck. The Vets tumbled to Jacobson for two doubles in the first inning and piled up a lead that the Stags could not overcome.

GEERS FAILED WITH DUDIE ARCHDALE AT EMPIRE

Joan Took the Feature of Last Day's Card in Easy Style.

New York, Aug. 27.—Three events were on the final card at the Empire City track with the Bonner Memorial Stakes of $2,500 for 2:25 class trotters as the feature. This was won in two straight heats by the bay mare Joan, owned by David Shaw, of Cleveland.

Joan was driven in good style by McDevitt and won both heats, with Dudie Archdale, driven by the veteran E. F. Geers, second each time. Both finishes were close and as twelve horses started in the first heat it was the largest field but one on the grand circuit this season, Captain George and Arlo Leyburn divided third and fourth moneys.

The pacing division of the Matron Futurity stakes was won handily by the bay filly Leftwhich, owned by Michael Murphy, of Philadelphia, which won in straight heats, the three competing horses finishing in the same order in both heats.

The Abbe, with E. F. Geers as reinsman, always had the foot of his only opponent, Branham Baughman, in the 2:20 class pace for the Union stakes of $2,500 and won both heats without leaving the issue in doubt at any stage.

In addition to the money prize won by Leftwhich in the Futurity, a silver cup valued at $250 was awarded to L. V. Harkness of this city, who bred the winner. The summaries:

Bonner Memorial stakes $2,500. 2:25 class trotting, two in three:

Joan, b. m., by Directum Spier (McDevitt)	1 1
Dudie Archdale, bl. m. (Geers)	2 2
Captain George, b. c. (Murphy)	4 3
Arlo Leyburn, br. s. (Rosemier)	3 4
Sterling Hale, b. c. (Maloney)	5 5
Mary G., b. m. (Cox)	6 6
Areo, b. g. (Merryfield)	7 7
Henry Winter, b. s. (McDonald)	8 8
Albia, b. m. (Proctor)	9 9
Camera, b. g. (Hendrickson)	10 10
Ben Cameron, b. g. (Deveson)	dis.
Fred Hope, br. g. (Brooks)	dis.

Time, 2:10¼, 2:09¾.

Matron Futurity stakes $15,000, 3-year-old class pacing, two in three:

Leftwhich, b. f., by Moko (Healy)	1 1
Nell Gentry, b. f. (McDonald)	2 2
Tommy T., b. c. (Proctor)	3 3

Time, 2:12, 2:12.

Union stakes $2,500, 2:20 class pacing, two in three:

The Abbe, bl. s., by Chimes (Geers)	1 1
Branham Baughman, b. s. (Cox)	2 2

Time, 2:12, 2:07.

WHEELER TAKES THE ANNIS END OF BENDERS

Manager Buys Team and Says He Will Stick to the Town.

Eddie Wheeler, manager of the South Bend team, has evidently changed his mind since his last visit to Fort Wayne when he announced that he had other plans for next season and that he would not be at the head of the Bronchos. Announcement is made that he has purchased Bert Annis' half interest in the franchise and will hold the club another year.

Under his arrangement with Mr. Annis last winter Wheeler deposited a sum equal to a half interest in the club and this money was placed on deposit with the understanding that he could withdraw it at any time he was not satisfied and the further agreement that he could purchase the interest held by Annis at any time during the season he desired to exercise this option.

The entire management of the players was turned over to the manager and he stipulated that he should not be interfered with in any way, that he should be allowed to get new players, dispose of the old ones and do anything he thought would strengthen the team.

He sprung the first surprise when he eradicated Eddie Coffey and Midge Craven from a winning combination. He took on Harry Welchonce and had decided to play Watson or Wells in the outfield but got a chance to get Ducky Holmes from Zanesville and he snapped him up. Then Hip Carnarius applied for and was given a job and Watson was farmed.

Then the new manager did another startling thing. He let Big Buck Connors go and picked up "Doc" Schmick, who was a mediocre pitcher and made a first baseman out of him and his judgment was good. These are two of the holes he shot in a combination that has been leading the Central league all season. He made a good deal in the Coffey-Welchonce transaction as the Philadelphia option player has won a lot of games for him by hitting the ball when hits were needed.

Annis, through Secretary Wills, has handled the financial end of the club's business all year but he has not meddled with the players and this has prevented friction. From the playing end of the game the club has been a most successful one and the owners may clean up a bit of money on their sales to the major leagues but the attendance has not been sufficient to prompt the belief that other than a leading club could break even in the town.

The season has been marked by the development of a good manager. Wheeler had played ball for several years in the American association and Central league but the start at South Bend was his debut as a manager. He has kept his club up and going through the entire race and will close with a good record. He has hired Pete O'Brien for next year and if his arm comes back he will play the infield for him. Just whether he will continue in South Bend is a question. He has said he would. It is very natural and shows good judgment that he should say this but if a better opening is offered he is likely to take advantage of it.

CLEARY WILL ALLOW TEAM TO NAME UMPIRE

Wants Antwerp to Have the Same Showing It Had Here Before.

Manager Mart Cleary, of the Fort Wayne Shamrocks, will repeat his rather unusual stunt inaugurated here on the last appearance of the Antwerp Reds, when he allowed the club to use its own umpire and when the combination goes on the field in the game tomorrow it will have an arbitrator of its own selection.

Joe Carr has been resting all week for a go at the Shamrocks. He and his brother are not used to being beaten and two drubbings here have to be wiped off the fair escutcheon of the shadow battery before they will be satisfied. The light-weight brothers have a few new floaters to spring on the local sluggers.

Vincent Robbins will hurl for the Shamrocks and Ed Schacker will try out behind the bat because Monte Hoffer is out for the rest of the year. The Nickel Plate will have two excursions in for the game, one from the west and the other from the east and as the attendance has been increasing lately a good attendance is looked for. Centlivre will be in the outfield and a good team will be put in the field.

BOBBIE WELLS RIDES HORSE.

Backstopper Likes Riding as an Exercise —Some Turn-out.

South Bend, Ind., Aug. 27.—It isn't every ball player that enjoys horse back riding, but Bobbie Wells, catcher on the South Bend baseball team, is the exception. Every morning sees the little backstopper astride a beautiful hunter, taking morning exercise. Bobbie says he likes riding because it steadies his nerves and keeps him wide-awake. Bob's mount is one of the classiest looking nags in South Bend.

CRAVEN TURNS DOWN HIS CHANCE TO PLAY IN BUSHES

A gentlemanly promoter passed among the Grand Rapids club yesterday and suggested a barnstorming trip at the conclusion of the present season, says Louis Annis in the Grand Rapids Press. He approached this to the temporary chairman, Mr. Craven.

"Good night," howled our democratic manager. "Count me out and then some. Don't talk barnstorming to me. You mean brain storming.

"I have started out on the best intentioned little barnstorms you ever saw. Before we started it was a picnic that we couldn't make less than $40 or $50 apiece and it probably would be more. Before we got through we were lucky if we didn't have our traps attached to pay our hotel bill.

"Three years ago at Jackson we framed a barnstorming trip which was going to give us all a grandstand seat on Affluent avenue. We thought all we had to do was to go into some of those Heck villages and carry the green away in trunks. To make it good we got Larry Lejeune to come clear from Dubuque to give long distance throws. It was a long distance jump for a long distance throw. At the end of the week he was owing $8 for transportation and hotel expenses and we all were similarly encumbered.

"No, don't talk barnstorming to me. I never yet have made a cent by it. We started out to make a million dollars and were satisfied to quit without having somebody steal our clothes to get even for our debts."

THE BIG LEAGUES' FIGURES

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Pittsburg.

	R.	H.	E.
Pittsburg .....0 0 0 2 0 2 0 0 *—4	8	0	
Brooklyn .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2	6	1	

Batteries—Adams and Gibson; Knetzer and Bergen. Umpires—Klem and Kane.

At Chicago.

	R.	H.	E.
Chicago .....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 *—3	5	2	
New York .....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1	7	0	

Batteries—Brown and Kling; Drucke and Myers. Umpires—Rigler and Emslie.

At Cincinnati.

	R.	H.	E.
Philadelphia ...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1	6	3	
Cincinnati .....1 0 0 5 0 0 2 0 *—8	6	2	

Batteries—Sheettler and Doolin; Gaspar and McLean. Umpires—Johnstone and Eason.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Boston.

	R.	H.	E.
Cleveland .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0	2	4	
Boston .....0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 *—3	6	3	

Batteries—Fanwell and Land; Cicotte and Kleinow. Umpires—Dineen and Perrine.

At Philadelphia.

	R.	H.	E.
St. Louis .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0	2	1	
Philadelphia ....0 0 0 0 0 1 3 2 *—6	11	1	

Batteries—Coombs and Lapp; Petty and Stephens. Umpires—Colliflower and Connolly.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Louisville.

	R.	H.	E.
Louisville .....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1	6	2	
Milwaukee .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5—5	10	1	

Batteries—Slagle and Reilly; Daugherty and Ludwig. Umpires—Ferguson and Rush.

At Columbus.

	R.	H.	E.
Columbus ....0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—3	5	4	
Minneapolis ..0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—2	8	4	

Batteries—Sitton and Carisch; Altrock, Leibrandt and Smith. Umpires—Chill and Cusack.

At Indianapolis.

	R.	H.	E.
St. Paul .....0 0 1 1 0 0 0 2 0—7	7	3	
Indianapolis ...0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0—2	6	2	

Batteries—Gehring and Spencer; Merz, Cheney and Kerns. Umpires—Hayes.

At Toledo.

	R.	H.	E.
Toledo .....0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—2	4	0	
Kansas City ...0 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—4	12	4	

Batteries—Rogers, Baskette and Abbott, Powell and James. Umpires—Owens and Bierhalter.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Cheney blew up in the third inning and Indianapolis lost to St. Paul.

Baskette was wild and this proved fatal to Toledo's chances in the third and Kansas City won.

Slagle had Milwaukee shut out until the ninth inning when he weakened and Louisville was beaten.

Warren Gill made a wild throw of a bunt in the tenth inning of the game at Columbus and Minneapolis lost out.

Watson, formerly with South Bend, made an error in the first inning that gave Aurora a chance to score three runs.

Coombs struck out fourteen men in his game against St. Louis and only one brown runner got past first base. Petty was hit hard.

"Babe" Adams came to life again in his game against Brooklyn and struck out nine men. A ninth-inning spurt saved the Dodgers from a shut out.

Cicotte displayed great pitching form for Boston against Cleveland and Lajoie and Ball were the only two men to hit him. The Frenchman hit for two bases.

Barney Schreiber was knocked out of the box by Omaha and Jack Hendricks' Denver club lost nine to eight while Des Moines was winning and slipped back in the pennant race.

Frank Schulte got two home runs and Joe Tinker one in the Chicago-New York game and although Mordecia Brown was hit seven times the roundtrip counts won for him over Drucke.

Harry Hammond relieved Dal Alderman after he had been knocked out of the box but failed to stop St. Joe.

STARK IS COLDLY RECEIVED.

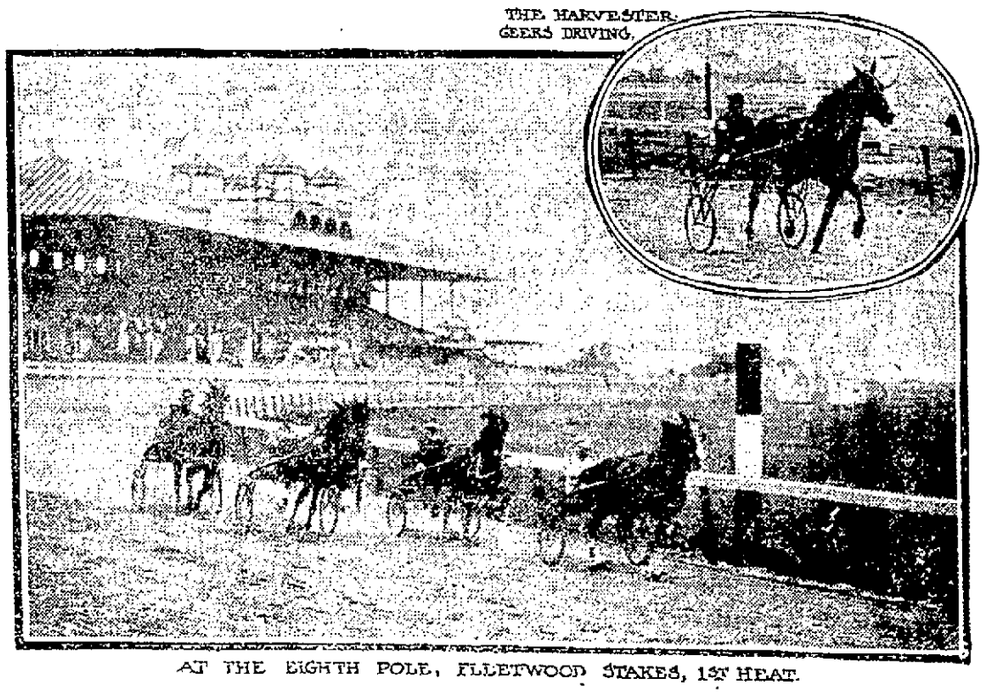
Punch Sends Little Shortstopper Back Home Without a Word.

(South Bend Tribune.)

Dolly Stark returned to South Bend Thursday expecting to join the Dayton club, which he had jumped. He was about as welcome as the snow in summer, and Knoll sent the youngster back home. Dolly has been having an awful time, concerning a part of the purchase money paid the Dayton club for him by the Brooklyn club. Dolly claims that he should have a share, but Punch decided that Dolly's idea of his share was too exorbitant and wouldn't come across. Dolly sought revenge by jumping the club, a foolish thing to do. He is now paying for his erring ways. So is the Dayton club, in fact the Vets are beating themselves out of a chance for second place by remaining peevish over Dolly's misguidance.

WHEN ED GEERS UNCOVERED A NEW PHENOM.

THE HARVESTER. GEERS DRIVING.



AT THE EIGHTH POLE, FLEETWOOD STAKES, 1ST HEAT.

New York, Aug. 27.—Ed Geers uncovered a two minute trotter in the final heat of the free for all race at the Grand circuit meeting at Empire City park, but by failing to drive him faster than a 2:10 gait in the first quarter of the mile the "grand old man" missed a golden opportunity to establish a world's record for trotting stallions.

Going away from the wire at a 2:20 clip, The Harvester trotted the first quarter no faster than 0:32½. When straightened out in the back stretch Geers gave him his head, and the superb brown stallion began to devour space in a style that took old horsemen off their feet with admiration. Moving as straight and true as an arrow from the bow, and with all the poise and seeming ease of a horse going well within himself, he trotted the last three-quarters of the mile in 1:30½, which is at the rate of a mile in 2:00¾, and finished the heat in 2:03.

This wonderful flight of speed was made without a prompter to spur him on and without a visible move on the part of Geers to drive the horse faster than he chose to trot on his courage. It convinced every horseman on the quarter stretch that The Harvester is a two-minute trotter. The performance is the fastest ever made by a trotter over the Empire track, and one that has never been equalled in a race by any other trotting stallion.

A Page of Interest to Women

SUIT BY JEANNE LANVIN.

PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

Considerable attention is being directed toward coat suits of rather straight loose line. These are termed "box," though they differ widely from the ordinary box coat. The coat of this character by Jeanne Lanvin is of heavy suiting mohair, in black, showing a fine line of white and red, the trimmings, consisting of changeable black and red velvet and silk binding braid. There is a deep collar of the shaded velvet. A feature of the trimming is the rosettes of ruchings of the mohair.

NOTE PAPER MUST BE STAMPED AT THE TOP.

To be Socially Correct, Either Writers' Address and Monogram, or Only One, is Regarded as Most Desirable Finish to Woman's Stationery.

To be socially correct all note paper must be stamped at the top, either with address and monogram, or only with one. In these days of frequent change of residence a woman does not always have an address die, yet, though it is an expense, it is a finish to her stationery which is most desirable, and therefore to be tried for. If only one thing is to be put on paper, the address is preferred to the monogram, on the theory that the former must be made to order, while the latter may be had ready made. For the street and number, plain block letters are best, and unless one lives in a large city whose street names are so well known as immediately to be identified with the place, the name of the town must also be stamped.

In the placing of this adornment, fashion has recently made a change, and one is more apt, on the new stationery, to see it between the middle and the left corner than directly in the middle, as was recently the case. When the monogram is used with it, the latter is put in the left corner, the address going in the right.

When the name of the town is added to the street, the former is now indented. Quite lately the town name went directly under the street, "centered," bringing it in the middle of the line above. Now it has the same relation to the top line that the address has on an envelope, and this placing marks all the new dies.

If only a monogram alone, or one initial is to be stamped, it goes in the upper left corner, and the die may be as fancy as one chooses, although unquestionably now there is a fad for very plain letters. They may be surrounded by a little frame or not, as one chooses.

It is not good form, when only an initial letter is used, to select that of the first name. It must be that of the last. For example, if a girl's name is "Mary Adams," her stationery must take an "A," not an "M." There is no exception to this rule.

To buy letter paper stamped, as one may now, with an initial, much reduces the cost, and if care is employed in its selection that which is correct will be found. But pronounced colors are to be avoided, except that a very dark blue is always permissible. Greens, pinks, yellows and such are not good form, nor are those papers which have a self border desirable. The most expensive note paper is that having a fairly rough finish, there being no eccentricities as to shape or size. Envelopes are square, the paper folding once.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

It is a beautiful thing to pass into real old age with a young heart and fresh mind and with an optimism that sees only the silver lining of any cloud that shows itself above the horizon. No life of allotted length is wholly free from sorrow and the woman whose praise I am now sounding has had her share of bitterness.

The real woman keeps her griefs to herself and shows a brave face to the world. She knows that whatever fate the world may give is of the unfortunate order, and that she does not want. The wise woman keeps her own secrets, says the Springfield Union, makes no needless enemies, tries to forget disagreeables by devoting herself to the pleasant things of life and lives, really lives each day. It is wholesome to get out into the world, to meet people, to learn new things. That is keeping abreast of the times, and is the only method ever discovered for perpetuating youth.

BRIDESMAIDS' GIFTS ARE ALWAYS FROM THE BRIDE.

Similar Provision for the Best Man and the Ushers Is Always Made by the Bridegroom, Who Sometimes Sends the Bridesmaids Their Bouquets.

Souvenirs of more or less value are always given to bridesmaids and ushers by the bride and bridegroom at whose wedding they assist. The maid of honor and best man are supposed to have something different and slightly more costly than the others, for it is taken for granted that the two selected for these ports of honor by the principals are their closest friends and should receive greater notice.

The bridesmaid's and maid of honor's gifts are always from the bride, while the bridegroom provides those for the ushers and best man. There is no exception to this. The bridegroom does nothing for the bridesmaids unless he sends their bouquets, but this is by no means always done. The bride's flowers are always from him, but those carried by her attendants may be from herself. This is a matter settled between the two principals, but the bride does not give the ushers their buttonholes. These are from the bridegroom.

Such gifts as are presented are regulated entirely by the income of those who give them. When the bride is wealthy, she may select some small jewel such as a tiny pendant, or a bracelet, or the like. For sentiment's sake something imperishable should be chosen. When her income is not large, any trifle in silver suits admirably, or sometimes a bride gives her attendants their hats, which, it is taken for granted, are "picture" creations. It is good form for her to give them their gloves, if she wishes, but most girls would rather select something that her friends can always keep, and, when possible, can wear. The same is given to all, except the maid of honor, who is further distinguished by having something different and a trifle more costly.

A man's gift to his ushers is usually a stickpin, cuff links, or even a set of studs. So wide is the variety in this that they are readily chosen with regard to his income. He also gives his ushers their gloves. The best man, like the maid of honor, has something different.

When the gifts are such as can be marked, they may have the last initials of the bride and bridegroom intertwined in cypher. If her name is Lucy Howe and his John Fox, the letters H. and F. are those used. The date may be put beneath. The presents are given the day before the wedding.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

PAUL POIRET SUIT.

PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

The model illustrated above, though Oriental in coloring and trimming, follows the classic type in its very simple form. The material is a mohair and worsted combination of crepelike weave, in permo finish and royal blue in color. The embroideries, of Turkish design, are done directly on the cloth in navy blue, dull green, red and yellow mingled with metal threads, metal pieces and tiny bits of mirror. This trimming forms the greater part of the sleeves, shoulder trimmings, girdle and skirt band. The narrow, flat collar, the sleeve bands and the skirt hem are of mole fur.

SUPERB EVENING GOWN.

PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

This dinner gown of Persian printed chiffon, black satin and gorgeous Chinese embroidery in black and gold, has the narrow skirt line of all this season's models, and the exaggerated effect of decolletage now often seen in Paris. The lace under the yoke, showing through the chiffon folds, is really mounted on flesh colored net, but the effect is almost startlingly bare over the shoulder.

Fleshiness May Be Reduced by Use of Baths

But Flabbiness of the Tissues May Result from the Cure in Many Cases.

By MARGARET MIXTER.

Baths of certain kinds undoubtedly reduce flesh, but as a rule I am opposed to them because this is not the normal way of getting rid of adipose tissue. Exercising and judicious diet take longer, but accomplish their end without flabbiness of flesh later; nevertheless, because of many queries lately on the subject, I am writing today of reducing through baths.

Iodine soap has stanch allies among those who claim merit for it in taking off flesh. It is made into a lather and rubbed under the arms, over the abdomen and under the knees, the lather drying in and remaining. When it is understood that iodine acts by drying the fat cells, thereby taking away the many tiny cushions beneath the skin, it will be understood readily that sagging, or what is more commonly called flabbiness, may result, and to obviate that I think massage should be severe. Sometimes the flesh grows sensitive under the treatment, when it will be well to do certain places one day, the others the next, thus alternating, yet continuing the action of iodine in the system. The application does not always agree with the digestion, and should this seem to be affected the soap should not be used.

A pound of alum in a tub of warm water daily, staying in the water for twenty minutes or so, will probably reduce fat, the action of alum being similar to that of iodine. Hot soda baths, four pounds of sal soda to a pound of bi-carbonate, in a tub of water, immersing the body in this daily for twenty minutes or half an hour, is a quick method of reduction if dieting and exercise accompany the treatment. But it is to be remembered that such a bath would be extremely weakening when the vitality is the least low and that few women can use it with impunity in hot weather.

No baths and no external applications will be of the slightest benefit if the diet is not carefully regulated. Foods containing oil, fat, starch or sugar should not be taken at all. All fish is good, except salmon, eels, mackerel and sardines. Eggs and milk in moderation may take the place of meats. No liquids should be taken with the meals, but on arising a cup of warm water, into which half a lemon is squeezed, hastens the cure for some persons. No white bread, unless it be toasted crisp, and no pastries cakes or sweets are to be eaten.

Women whose flesh gathers about the abdomen will find their figures improve if they will sit correctly in their chairs, well back so that the tip of the spine is erect, and not bent. When, as is very usual, the latter is curved a little, the internal organs are pushed out of place and large abdomens are inevitable.

Little Chance to Adorn Coiffure That's Up-to-Date

Immense Quantity of False Hair Required Leaves No Room for Embellishment.

The immense quantity of false hair required for producing an up-to-date coiffure leaves no room for any additional adornment, so that the puffs, curls, braids and knots may be designated as the garnitures instead of the ribons, combs, pins, etc., that are usually considered the legitimate hair ornamentation. The only accessory that is at all pronounced is the barette, and the variety of these is legion.

There are tiny shell catches from one no larger than a breast pin that is used to secure the few short hairs in the nape of the neck to an immense affair, both in regard to length and width, supporting a perfect structure of hair that must surely topple over without some aid of this kind. Then there are all kinds and sizes between the two extremes.

Heavy pins of a decorative nature are used to hold the heavy braids down to the head, but these are practical, too, and in place of the jeweled combs, fancy hairpins and other ornaments so popular a season or two ago, a puff will be added or, perhaps, tiny curls mounted on a hairpin.

Of course, there are styles in barettes and hairpins that are newer than others, and the established law in regard to choice is that the shade of the shell barette shall match the hair as nearly as possible. There are dozens of different tones, as iron gray, blue gray, pure gray, white and all the between shades. Even hair streaked with gray is not excepted, for pretty combinations of gray tones are seen in barettes of gray shell mounted in dull silver, bright silver, steel and the darker tones of gun metal.

In tortoise shell an equal variety in coloring is apparent, and in the darker shades some of the effects are very beautiful. These tones are chosen by the brown haired woman and very seldom does she fail to find a perfect match.

The black haired women prefer the jet barette, which is effective too, in very fair hair—the sunny yellow shade—provided the rest of the toilet harmonizes with such a decoration. The warm amber shades are a happy choice for the blonde type generally, because they brighten up dull looking hair and accentuate any brightness the hair may possess.

Brown haired women will know instinctively that the amber colors are not pretty as hair ornaments, but some seem to think they may wear jet. This is a mistake. Brown hair and black jet are not a happy combination, both suffering, the hair by contrast with the glittering jet, while the latter appears to be entirely out of its proper setting.

Girls and young women wear the broad band of ribbon still, and this takes the place of the barette. In very many cases this decoration is far from being becoming or pretty. Still the addition is an actual necessity at present, otherwise the hair could never be kept in place when boating or engaged in other outdoor sports, to say nothing of dancing, for girls are wearing as much false hair as their elders. The large hats, they say, are responsible for their adopting it. For evening a more girlish looking coiffure may be chosen if one cares to. Parting the hair and then braiding, taking the strands around the head, is always pretty and generally becoming and some young women are clever enough to realize the beauty of this arrangement against the stiff, inartistic looking structure the new hats demand. A couple of pretty pins or a soft rosette of tulle behind the left ear is the usual garniture with hair dressed in this style.

ELIZABETH LEE.

THE BEST SLEEP.

The first sleep is the soundest—after the first hour the intensity of sleep slowly diminishes. Temperature and vitality are lowest at about 2 o'clock a. m., so that two hours' sleep before midnight are worth four thereafter. Nature has no rule as to the length of sleep, except that men need less than women, since women are the more sensitive and nervous creatures.

Sleep should be just so long that when you wake in the morning a stretch and a yawn only are necessary to land you in a daytime of bounding vigor, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. As to early rising, it is comforting to hear a learned doctor say it is a habit that has gone far to wreck the constitution of many a growing youth.

SHOULD SEND HOSTESS "BREAD AND BUTTER" NOTE.

Courtesy Ought Promptly to Follow Sunday Spent at House of Friends.

Following a Sunday spent at the house of friends a "bread and butter note" must be written. As a matter of fact it is safe to say that a note must be written after any courtesy when a call is impossible. As one cannot pay a call on persons living forty miles away, unless one has an automobile, a note becomes the medium of thanks. A married woman expresses appreciation of hospitality for her husband as well as herself, and the form of communication sent by an unmarried woman differs only in that she thanks her hostess for herself alone.

A "bread and butter note" may read something like this:

My Dear Mrs. Bronson:

Mr. Page and myself made our train without difficulty Monday morning, and we were even fortunate enough to have our trunk come through without delay. We did enjoy our time with you so much; it was very kind of you to ask us, and to have a breath of the sea after the country we found decidedly stimulating. Thank you so much for all you did for our pleasure.

With best wishes for you both,

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH STANLEY PAGE.

If one lunches or dines in the country, or, to put it exactly, in another town, with friends in the summer, a call afterward is not expected, but a note should be written within a week. It is intended to carry the same expression of appreciation as one after a couple of days spent with friends.

An invitation, whether it is to be accepted or regretted, for a weekend in the summer, should be answered immediately. Every woman who has a cottage always has a longer list to invite to it than there are weeks to do it in, and a slight delay may keep away others, especially when one is obliged to "regret." The next mail after receiving an invitation is none too soon to respond, and hostesses who receive such prompt answers remember them with keen appreciation.

To send a box of candy, a book or a box of flowers after having made a short visit is a tactful act which costs little either in time or money. Only a visiting card bearing no writing may be enclosed.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

PETTICOATS FOR THIN GOWNS.

Very lovely, fluffy looking petticoats for wearing under the sheer lingerie gowns can be made at home with very little trouble if the demi-flouncing is bought for the purpose. If one is willing to take the trouble, the combination garment is the very best model, and one of the nicest styles is the long, smoothly fitted waist, reaching almost to the knees, fitted with circular drawers, and then a circular petticoat edged with a gathered flounce of lawn or fine cambric. Over this comes the embroidery. If this is bought with a good deal of plain heading the flounce can be its full length in the back and graduate in depth toward the front.

HELPFUL HINTS.

Isn't it singular that, while women would consider it the height of bad taste to wear rings over their gloves, yet numbers of well dressed women do not hesitate to clasp one or more bracelets on the wrists after the gloves are donned. I suppose some will say that long gloves will not fit well if the bracelet is worn underneath. In that case, leave it at home. I am speaking in regard to bracelets worn for general and shopping.

A most delightful trimming for restoring a half worn or shabby hat can be made by any girl who can sew and be patient. It takes the form of a very large bow fashioned from black maline. The material is used double, and shirred on very fine millinery wire an inch or so from the edge of each loop. The wire is covered with rows of tiny rosebuds in pink or any dainty color. A fold of Persian is also very effective. The bow can be added with a few strong stitches.

THE SENTINEL'S PULPIT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

"And the Iron Did Swim"

Text—II. Kings, 6:6.

A Sermon By

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

"Wait a moment," you say. "Iron will not swim. I cast a piece of iron into the water and saw it sink like lead," and you may say the statement of the text is contrary to all natural laws. And then you might go on to assume that if this text is untrue, the story of Elisha may not be genuine; and if you take Elisha out of the Old Testament, you can very easily part company with Elijah. But you have evidently forgotten the first statement of the text, "And the man of God said." We are not dealing today with natural law, we are dealing with the supernatural; and I am presenting to you a story out of a book in which the marvelous is always coming to pass. I should think it would be a very easy thing to make an ax-head swim as compared with holding the winds in your fist, and God can do that. I really believe it would be a very trifling matter to bring a bit of iron to the surface of the water when compared with holding the seas in the hollow of your hand, and God can do that. The iron did swim. God said it in his Word, and God always speaks the truth. I like the setting of the text. The house of the sons of the prophets seems to have been too small and so the sons of the prophets go out to secure material for its enlargement. It is a kind of co-operative piece of work, and these men as they go along are carrying axes, and with the axes they are chopping down the trees. One man seems to be poorer than the others, for he is working with a borrowed ax. It may be that the ax was faulty, it may be that the laborer himself was overzealous—we do not know—but when he was working away, suddenly the ax-head slipped away from the handle, bounded into the water and sank out of sight. And the man in great embarrassment turned to the man of God, saying, "Alas, master! for it was borrowed." "And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he showed him the place. And he cut down a stick and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim."

The Elijah Mantle.

This illustration is one of the miracles of Elisha. There is a very sharp contrast between the miracles of Elisha and those of Elijah. Elijah seemed even to do great things, Elisha the commonplace, everyday things. Elisha and Elijah walk along together. They come to Bethel, to Gilgal, to the fords of Jordan, and Elijah turns to Elisha, saying, "Better tarry here, for the Lord will take me away from you," and he would not. And the sons of the prophets came out and said, "Elisha, better tarry here, for the Lord will take away your master." And he said, "As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." And Elijah looking upon him said, "Elisha, what will you have me give unto thee?" And he said, "O master, a double portion of thy spirit." And Elijah said, "You have asked a hard thing, but if you keep your eyes fixed upon me, you shall have it."

They came to the Jordan, and Elijah took off his old mantle and smote the waters, and dry-shod they went over on the other side. Suddenly, the skies brightened, and a chariot of fire and steeds of fire appeared. Then the whirlwind was on, and Elijah, overpowered for the moment, stood looking at Elisha. Then stretching forth his hands, I imagine I hear Elisha shout, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" And Elijah took his old mantle, leaned out from the whirlwind, held it for a second, and then dropped it. It came fluttering down through the air until it was on the shoulders of Elisha. And he has received his reward. And note this, he did not take the master's mantle and wrap it around him and say, "Isn't this comfortable!" Many a man has received the Holy Ghost in the same way, and lost him, because of such a spirit. Elisha did not wrap his master's mantle around him and say, "I shall take this back and keep it as a matter of pride." Many a man has received a blessing and lost it for this very reason. He used the master's mantle in the same way that Elijah had used it. He smote the waters, then came over unto the other shore. Now, from this time on his miracles are homely.

He hears of a certain town where there is a bitter spring, and he sweetens the waters and makes the town more habitable and the land more fertile. He learns of a certain woman who is troubled because of debt, and he goes into her house and asks her regarding her possessions. She has only a cruse of oil. He tells her to go through the village borrowing empty vessels. When she brings them he tells her to pour out of the cruse, and so long as she had empty vessels she could pour out oil. Then she sold the oil and paid her debts, and her home was filled with rejoicing. He is told by the Shunamite woman that her boy is dead. He comes down from the mountains, makes his way across the plain, goes up into the prophet's chamber where the boy is lying, puts his hands on the boy's hands, his eyes to the boy's eyes, his mouth to the boy's mouth, and then prays, and the boy lives again. This is Elisha. And so when the man finds only the ax-handle in his hand, and the ax-head gone, it is only natural for him to turn to this man of God and say, "Alas, master! for it was borrowed;" and for the man of God to say, "Where fell it?" "And he showed him the place and he cut down a stick and cast it in thither, and the iron did swim."

The Miracles of Jesus.

If this were the only instance of the kind in the scriptures, I might question it, but the Bible is full of stories like this. I turn to the new testament, and I find there the story of the woman who for eighteen years had been bowed down with an infirmity. She could in no wise lift herself up. She had spent all her living on physicians, and could be healed by none of them. She was a dwarf in stature. I have imagined her sometimes when alone in her home, when no eye could look upon her, trying to straighten out her arm, and she could not. But one day Jesus sees her stooping over in her infirmity, and with all his divine power he speaks, saying, "Woman, thou art loosed," and she stood up. The iron did swim. He is always bringing these things to pass. I see a woman taken in her sin. She is being hounded by men, who are professing great virtue themselves. They are attempting to stone her with stones, and she is running like a frightened deer. I imagine her stumbling and falling. I imagine a stone striking her. I see her rise from her fallen position with the blood blinding her eyes. She is hastening on when suddenly she sees Jesus. I think I see her fall at his feet. Now I want you to notice that. The law condemned her; the world stoned her; but Jesus forgave her. And when they came up to him they found him writing in the sand. They say that when the woman came to him as an impure woman, he bowed his face because he was a pureman, and he wrote abstractedly in the sand. I do not believe it. I am sure it is not so. There is an old legend which declares that when Jesus bent over to write he was writing on the sand the name of a man in the crowd, and this man bent over to read his own name. And the rest of the sentence was this: "So and So is himself an extortioner," and the man drops the stone in his hand and goes away. Jesus writes another name: "So and So is himself an adulterer," and fifty men drop the stones in their hands and flee from Jesus.

Instances in Every-day Life.

He continues writing name after name, and man after man leaves until at last, lifting up his eyes and seeing only the woman at his feet, and the men all scattered, he says, "Woman, where are thine accusers? Doth no man accuse thee?" And she said, "No man, Lord." And he said, "Neither do I accuse thee. Go and sin no more." And she stood up. And the iron did swim.

But if any of you worldly wise people are saying to me today, "But that is in the bible," then I will take an illustration of recent occurrence. At a meeting like this in a city in Canada, there came into the audience a man blinded by drink, held captive by drugs for twenty-nine years. He had been a slave to opium, and to cocaine, and to morphine. Mr. Asher spoke to him. His heart was touched. And I saw that man walk down in the presence of 4,000 people, climb up on to the high platform by my side, and say, "Friends, I am climbing up out of hell, and you must help me," and, although he was clad in rags, there came up to him a beautifully dressed woman, who said, "My husband will take you to our home this evening."

The other day there came to us a letter written by the Presbyterian minister, who said, "I wish you could see our man. His face is shining. I wish you could hear him speak. He is filled with the power of God. I wish you could have heard him lead our meeting last night. Scores of people were impressed and many of them converted." And the iron did swim.

"Ah, but that is Canada," you say. Then let me take you to another land. On one of the first days that we were in Melbourne, Australia, I heard a rap at my door in the hotel. I said, "Come in," and a frightened face appeared for a moment at the door. I have scarcely been able to get that face out of my vision. A note was handed in, and I read, "Dear Sir, I have been a drunkard for four years. I have tried my best to overcome the awful disease and passion, but I cannot. Please pray for me." Then the person appeared at the door again for a moment and she said, "I came just to see that you got it in your hand," and then she was gone. I scarcely passed through a meeting after that in Melbourne that I did not see her face, sometimes with a look of stolid indifference on it, sometimes it seemed to me bathed with tears, and she almost on the point of decision. One night I saw her stand in one of the congregations, and with trembling lips say that through the day she had gotten the victory, that under the power of the singing she had seen Jesus, and with the memory of her sweet mother she had made one great effort by the help of God. She was in our meetings after that clothed in her right mind. All the look of womanhood back; all the power of virtue back; all the strength of Christian grace back. The iron did swim.

The Message for You.

But my message is also for the man, and for the woman, who may be a member of the church. There is many a man in the church today, and many a woman, too, in the predicament of the man who lost the ax-head. The man with the ax-handle in his hand could have gone on apperently chopping wood. He could have raised the ax-handle and brought it down, and the man fifty feet away would not have known that he was working without an ax-head. But I was raised in the country, and I know that it is a good deal more difficult to swing an ax-handle without an ax-head than to swing one with an ax-head. And it is a good deal more difficult to keep up the form of religion than to live the real thing, and many of you are keeping up the form. You are working without an ax-head. Who are the people that are doing this? First, some of us who are ministers. There was a day when God spoke through our ministry. There was a day when, rising to plead, there was a passion in our words. There was a day when, as we proclaimed Jesus Christ, men and women flocked to the mercy seat. There was a day when, as we preached, we could see him and people knew that we saw him. And now we preach the same sermons, and we use the same illustrations, and we work the same methods, and there is no power. And there are church officers here who in times gone by testified for Jesus Christ. In their homes they had family altars. They spoke the names of their children in their petitions. They went to the church, and as they rose to speak everybody gave the closest attention. All who heard knew that they were men of God. And today the altars are gone, and power is gone with them, and they have not been in the church nor at the prayer-meeting for a month, and they have no power. And there are Christian people listening to me today, whose experience in other days could best be told in the words of the hymn, "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice." And if there is any other hymn that could write their story, it is this one: "Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were an offering far too small. Love so amazing, so divine, demands my life, my soul, my all." And you are without power today. You are not a soul-winner. You have lost your influence over your husband, you have lost your influence on your children, you have lost your influence in the church and in the city. The ax-head is gone. No power!

I have only one thing to say in conclusion. My message today is for the man who is not a Christian. He is the man deep down in sin, away in the blackness of despair. He is surely a submerged one. How are you going to get him up? Of course, in these days of wordly-wise men we have all sorts of suggestions. The political reformer comes along, and tells us that we need better political conditions. Of course we do, but they can never take the place of salvation. The sociologist appears, and says that all the systems of men are wrong. He tells us to change our economic systems and men will be better. Of course they will, but all the sociology in the world cannot save the sinner. Then there are others who tell us that we only think the ax-head is off any way, and we need just think it is on, and to proceed to use the ax-handle, and we will be all right again. Will we, indeed!

I declare today that there is no way to lift the sinner up except by the drawing power of Jesus Christ. Preach him; sing him; live him. That is the secret. Then there is hope. I heard S. H. Hadley say that one night there came into the Water Street Mission in New York a man who, because of his sin, was bent down like a dwarf. Naturally he would stand as tall as I, but in his sin he was bowed down till he was not more than four feet high. Sin had touched his tongue, and he could not speak plainly. He dropped down on the only knee he could bend, hid his face in his hands for a moment, and said, "O God, O God," and suddenly the bands that held him were snapped, and he stood up erect as I am standing now. In the Water Street Mission at the end of the year, they always allow the men to celebrate an anniversary. When this man's anniversary came around, he did not read the lesson. He let another read it. He let another announce the hymn. But when it came to the time of testimony, he bowed down as he had been dwarfed in sin, and then, with every eye looking at him, he rose up and stood erect as Christ had set him free, his face shining, his eyes filled with tears. It is that sort of salvation I preach. Bound with a passion, you can be free. Held with a sin, you may be forgiven. Will you turn? Will you turn? I know where you made your mistake. You neglected your mother's pleading, you resisted your father's praying, you scorned your minister's preaching. That is the way you lost it.

With this I close. Up in the Alps I saw here and there a black cross, and I said to my guide, "What does that mean?" He said, "It means that when a traveler slips to death on such a point as this, they raise a black cross." I wonder if where you are sitting today there is to be a black cross this afternoon because you reject Christ! I used that illustration in my old church in Philadelphia, and an old Scotch woman came up to me, and said, "Pastor, when you told that story a man in front of me dropped his head in his hands, and began to sob, saying, 'Nay, but I yield. I yield. I can hold out no more.' "I wonder," she said, "if where he sat there could be placed a red cross?" So I plead with you to turn to Christ. What is it to be today? Black or red? Yes or no? Life or death? Acceptance or rejection? God help you.

THEY HAVE A DEFINITE PURPOSE.

Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief in cases of kidney and bladder ailments. Mrs. Rose Glaser, Terre Haute, Ind., tells the results in her case. "After suffering for many years from a serious case of kidney trouble and spending much money for so called cures, I found Foley Kidney Pills the only medicine that gave me a permanent cure. I am again able to be up and attend to my work. I shall never hesitate to recommend them." Dreier Bros.

Tarsus, the ancient city in Asia Minor, where the Apostle Paul was born, is now illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Cydnus river. There are now in Tarsus 450 electric street lights and about six hundred incandescent lights for private use.

FROM SICKNESS TO "EXCELLENT HEALTH."

So says Mrs. Chas. Lyon, Peoria, Ill.: "I found in your Foley Kidney Pills a prompt and speedy cure for backache and kidney trouble which bothered me for many months. I am now enjoying excellent health which I owe to Foley Kidney Pills." Dreier Bros.

Jesus as a Savior

Two Parables of Judgment.

International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, Sept. 4, 1910. By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Lesson Text—Matt. 21:23-46. Golden Text—Matt. 21:43: "Therefore say I unto you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you."

(From the Christian Herald.)

Jesus told in a parable about a man who at first refused to do his duty. The man knew it was his duty to go and work in the vineyard, because his father told him to do it; but he answered his father in a most unfilial manner: "I will not." Possibly the father looked grieved and went away, and then the son came to himself, and went to work in the vineyard.

In a parable, Jesus told about a man who would not do his duty. His father said to him, "Go work in the vineyard." It was the same father and the second man was brother to the first. He answered, "I go, sir;" but he did not go. It is probable that he never had any intention of going, so he was not only a shirker, but a liar. If we had to choose between these two men, we would take the first; and yet there is not much to choose between them. The first did his duty so grudgingly it was almost the same as not doing it at all.

"Everybody loves a cheerful doer: so does God. If you should ask which son loved the father most, we should answer, neither. The test of love is obedience; it is the touchstone. It sweeps away a whole mass of natural feeling and shows what is true and what is false. Sometimes, when our hearts are tender, we say to our heavenly Father, "Thou knowest that I love thee." What does he answer? "Go and show it." Like which son have we acted?

The Pharisees and Duty.

The Pharisees did not do their duty and yet they were the most punctilious of men. They seemed always to be doing their duty, praying, fasting, watching ceremonially and giving alms, etc.; nevertheless they were not in the line of duty; if they had been Jesus would not have called them "hypocrites." They did what they chose to do, and not what God wanted them to do. They chose sacrifice rather than obedience. It is true God wanted them to pray, and to give alms, but he did not want them to do these things in the spirit of vainglory. They glorified themselves and not their heavenly Father. They would not obey the voice from heaven, which said: "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." But on every possible occasion they found fault with the words and deeds of that Son and tried to teach others to dishonor him.

The Pharisees came to Jesus one day, asking, "By what authority doest thou these things?" For Jesus had been teaching in the temple and healing the sick, and casting out the traders. Jesus answered them by asking a question: "The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?" They knew that John had baptized many, perhaps hundreds of people, and they did not dare to say that John's baptism was of man, and therefore good for naught. And although they knew that there had been wonderful signs when John had baptized Jesus, they would not acknowledge that John's baptism was from heaven, so they answered Jesus: "We do not know." What a convenient lie to hide behind! But Jesus, who could read what was in the mind and heart of man, knew that they knew, and he proceeded with them on that ground; then it was he spoke to them the parable of the two sons, which was as a mirror held before them. In the son who first refused to obey the father, and then repented and obeyed, Jesus would have the Pharisees see not themselves, but publicans and other sinful ones. In the second son, the Pharisees could have seen themselves if they only would—as one who pretended to be doing his duty. But the Pharisees would not thus see themselves, and Jesus needed to drive them all the harder, so he spoke another parable, with imagery that would burn deeper: A vineyard planted and furnished with winepress and watchtower; God's people Israel hedged about with his love and providence, the winepress of loving service given to them, while they were constantly shielded by his watchcare from their enemies. But when the master sent his son, and they killed fruits, and sent a servant for them, he was not only refused, but his servant was beaten; a second servant was sent, and he was killed; a third was sent, and he was stoned; then the Master sent his Son, and they killed him rather than give the Master his due.

If the Pharasees had looked in the mirror, they would have seen themselves as those guilty of stoning and killing the prophets, and already they had killed Jesus in their hearts. But they would not thus see themselves; they followed their usual custom of passing judgment upon others, and condemned the workers in the vineyard.

There are none so blind as those who will not see! And still more, Jesus needed to call upon the stones of the temple to testify of him before the Pharisees would acknowledge that they were the men he was reproving.

In the building of the temple all stones were brought ready to be fitted into place without the sound of the hammer, but there was one which lay around, unidentified, seemingly useless, until the building was about to be completed, when it was discovered to be the chief, the headstone of the corner; and when it was placed in position, the cry went forth, Grace unto it." He recalled what the prophet had said about that stone, but still they did not, they would not see him in that light until he sent it crashing about him in the words: "He that falleth on this stone shall be broken to pieces; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will scatter him as dust."

Duty has been likened to an angel that walks beside us with solemn steps; common life has been compared with a path which shines more and more as the will of God is done, and there is a mist through which we must pass to be nearer to God; the whole world feels like a temple to worship in, and the future world is as the holy of holies into which we shall pass at last.

Many people spend much time and thought in trying to find out what their duty is. Dr. Russell Conwell describes such people in a story which he tells as having been given to him by an Arabian guide. There lived on the banks of the Indus an ancient Persian by the name of El Hafed. From his beautiful and comfortable cottage on the hillside he could look down upon a gleaming river, and out over the glorious sea. He was a man whose field and orchards yielded plentifully and he had money at interest. A beautiful wife and lovely children shared with him the joy of a happy home. One day there came to the cottage a Persian priest. That priest sat down with El Hafed before the blazing fire on the hearth and told him how diamonds were made. "If you had a diamond," said the old priest, "as big as your thumb, you could purchase many farms like this, and if you had a bushel of them you could own the whole country."

That moment El Hafed became poor. All of his posessions seemed to lose their value, as the feeling of discontentment filled his soul. He said, "I must have a mine of diamonds. What is the use of spending one's life in this way in this narrow sphere? I want a mine and shall have it!" That night he could not sleep. Early the next morning he went to the priest, and asked where he could find those diamonds.

"If you want diamonds," said the priest, "go and get them."

"Won't you please tell me where I can find them?" said El Hafed.

"Well, if you go and find high mountains, with a deep river running between them, over white sand, in this white sand you will find diamonds."

The enthusiastic, restless and dissatisfied farmer sold his farm, took the money and went off in search of diamonds. One day, broken-hearted and in rags, a hungry pauper, stung with humiliation, and crushed by his bitter disappointment, he stood on the shore of the Bay of Barcelona. He looked at the big waves as they came rolling in, and in a moment of despair he threw himself in and sank, never to rise again.

The man who had purchased El Hafed's farm led his camel out one day to the stream in the garden to drink. While the camel buried its nose in the water, the man noticed a white flash of glittering, glistening, sparkling something at his feet. Out of curiosity he reached down and picked up a black stone with a strange eye of light in it, which seemed to reflect all of the colors of the rainbow. He took the curiosity to the house, and laid it on the mantel, and soon forgot all about it.

One day the same old priest came to visit El Hafed's successor. He noticed a flash of light from the mantel, and sprung toward it in amazement, and exclaimed, "Here is a diamond! Has El Hafed returned?"

"That is not a diamond; it is a stone I found in the garden," replied the man.

"But I tell you that is a diamond," said the priest. And then the two men went out into the garden, and stirred up the white sand, and there came into their hands beautiful diamonds, more valuable than the first. This story is historically true. It was the discovery of the wonderful mines of Golconda.

The Arab guide who told the story swung his cap and said: "If El Hafed had remained at home and dug in his own garden, he could have been the wealthiest man of his time and the most honored." This is a long story, but if it is thoughtfully read it will lead many to find in their own homes the path of duty in which Christ would have them walk.

It is quite surprising how well satisfied great people, or people who are going to be great, are with doing what might be called "small duties." When Queen Victoria was a little girl she was spending the day with her aunt, who was quite at a loss to know how to entertain the little lady, and so she said to her: "Victoria, you shall amuse yourself just as you wish today; choose anything you wish, and you shall do it if it is possible." "I have always wanted to wash windows," the queen-child replied. So the necessary articles were provided for her—pail of water, chamois skin, etc.—and she scrubbed away to her heart's content, no doubt feeling it was her duty to make those windows clean. And when she grew to be the great queen she spent herself in doing her share of making the world purer and better through the power of the Word of God, for she was truly a Christian queen.

The story is told of an Englishman who went through a slave market in Cairo, and coming upon a black fellow who pleased him, he asked the slave-driver what he would take for him. The black man heard the question, and he thought in his heart that an Englishman had no right to own a slave, and he wished he could put a knife through the man's heart. The Englishman went on and completed the bargain, paying the amount of money demanded and receiving a paper roll, which was a deed. Then he came up to the black man, and handed him the deed, saying, "Here is your liberty," and then he passed him another roll, saying, "Here is some money for you to begin life with." "You don't mean it, sir. Can I do just as I please?" "That is what I mean," replied the Englishman. "If I can do just what I please," replied the black man, "I will go with you and serve you the rest of my life." It is our privilege to be just that sort of a liberty-slave to the Lord Jesus, who has delivered us from the bondage of sin by the price of his own precious life.

To keep your health sound; to avoid the ills of advancing years; to conserve your physical forces for a ripe and healthful old age, guard your kidneys by taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. Dreier Bros.

German architects are making more and more use of glass bricks, in cases where walls instead of windows are essential, while light must be provided.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS.

Tonic in quality and action, quick in results. For backache, headache, dizziness, nervousness, urinary irregularities and rheumatism. Dreier Bros.

This is told of one of the Camerons of Lochiel: The chief, when bivouacking with his son in the snow, noticed that the lad had rolled up a snowball to make a pillow. He rose and kicked it away, saying sternly, "No effeminacy, boy."

ACUTE OR CHRONIC—WHICH?

No matter if your kidney trouble is acute or chronic Foley's Kidney Remedy will reach your case. Mr. Claude Brown, Reynoldsville, Ill., writes us that he suffered many months with kidney complaint which baffled all treatment. At last he tried Foley's Kidney Remedy and a few large bottles effected a complete cure. He says, "It has been of inestimable value to me." Dreier Bros.

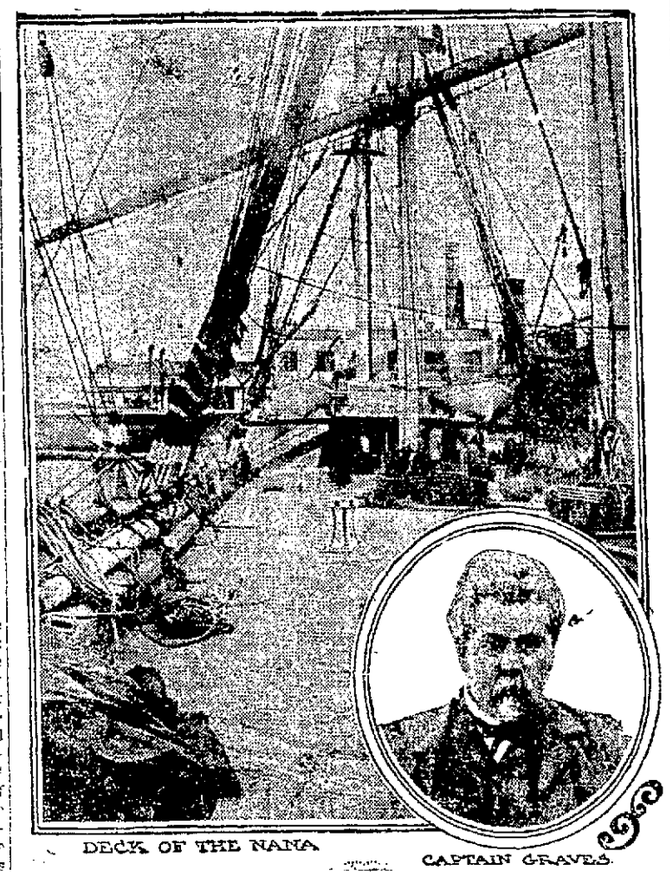
Definite steps have been taken in India to commemorate the reign of King Edward by a fitting monument. While it is probable that the people of each province of the empire will wish to do honor to his memory in their own way, the whole population is invited to join in erecting an equestrian statue of the first English emperor of India in the imperial capital of the Moghuls.—London Standard.

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER

Asthma and summer bronchitis, take Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly relieves the discomfort and suffering and the annoying symptoms disappear. It soothes and heals the inflamed air passages of the head, throat and bronchial tubes. It contains no opiates and no harmful drugs. Refuse substitutes. Dreier Bros.

STORM AND STRESS NO BAR TO THIS SKIPPER'S NAPS.

"Early to Bed and Early to Rise" as Good Afloat as on Land—Captain Graves Explains Delights of Regularity—Crew Accepts Dictum That Nothing Should Interfere with Turning In.



DECK OF THE NANA. CAPTAIN GRAVES.

New York, Aug. 27.—Captain Graves, of the bark Nana, in port from Dunkirk, is a firm believer in the simpler life and he has made a profound study of it in the many years that he has been to sea.

"I live my life by a strict schedule," said the skipper, who is a fine, healthy, robust man of middle age. I have never slept a minute over six hours, during any one night, and I have never varied five minutes in getting my meals at stated times whether on board or ashore.

"Even storms have never interfered with my living schedule. If there is a storm and it threatens to interfere with my regularity of life, I stop—no, not the storm—but to think a moment and I have found that I could, invariably, still keep to my schedule and yet do no injustice to the ship or to her crew.

"You see, the great trouble with most people is that they never stop to think. Most every sea captain observes more deliberation than a man in any other profession. Some, however, forget all about their deliberation when they go ashore. The result there is not a man who could induce and disordered stomachs the next day, and the crews have to suffer from a grouch.

"No man lives who could keep me from going to bed at 11 o'clock, and there is not a man who could induce me to sleep later than 5 o'clock in the morning. They could not prevent my regular sleeping anywhere, in jail or out of it, and with absolutely regular sleep there is a lot won in this life.

Captain Graves' men on the Nana have fallen into the spirit of the thing, and on the voyage from Dunkirk every mother's son of them gave as his excuse if he was anxious to get off watch that he was trying to observe a regular manner of living aboard the trim bark.

"I shall be glad to get out of this port again," said Skipper Graves. "The noise is too disconcerting and I am afraid that it might interfere with my regular sleeping. I would rather have a calm at sea any time than the regular noises of this town. It is about the only regularity I have met with that does not seem inviting."

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25 dozen Ladies' Tailor-made Waists, worth $1.00 and $1.25, reduced to 79c each.

All-wool Suitings at 50c a yd., regular price 62½c.
36-in. Panama cloth, all colors, at 50c a yd., worth 62½c.
36-in. Cashmere, all colors, at 35c a yd., worth 50c.
36-in. Cashmere, all colors, at 25c a yd., worth 35c.
36-in. Fancy Plaids, just the thing for school dresses, at 25c a yd.
Light and Dark Outing Flannel at 5c a yd., worth 7c.
Light and Dark Outing Flannel at 8c a yd. worth 10c.
New Flannelettes for waisting at 10c and 12½c a yd.
Ladies' Dark House Wrappers at 79c, worth $1.00.
Ladies' Long Kimonas at 79c, worth $1.00.
Ladies' Gingham Petticoats at 45c, worth 75c.
Good Quality Pillow Cases at 10c and 12½c.
Bleached Bed Sheets, 72x90, at 50c, worth 65c.
Turkish Bath Towels, large size, at 10c and 12½c each.
10-4 Cotton Blankets, full size, at 50c a pair, worth 65c.
Hemmed Bed Spreads at $1.00, worth $1.25.

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They are the ideal of perfection in modern screen making. Do not buy before getting our prices. Our representative will call.

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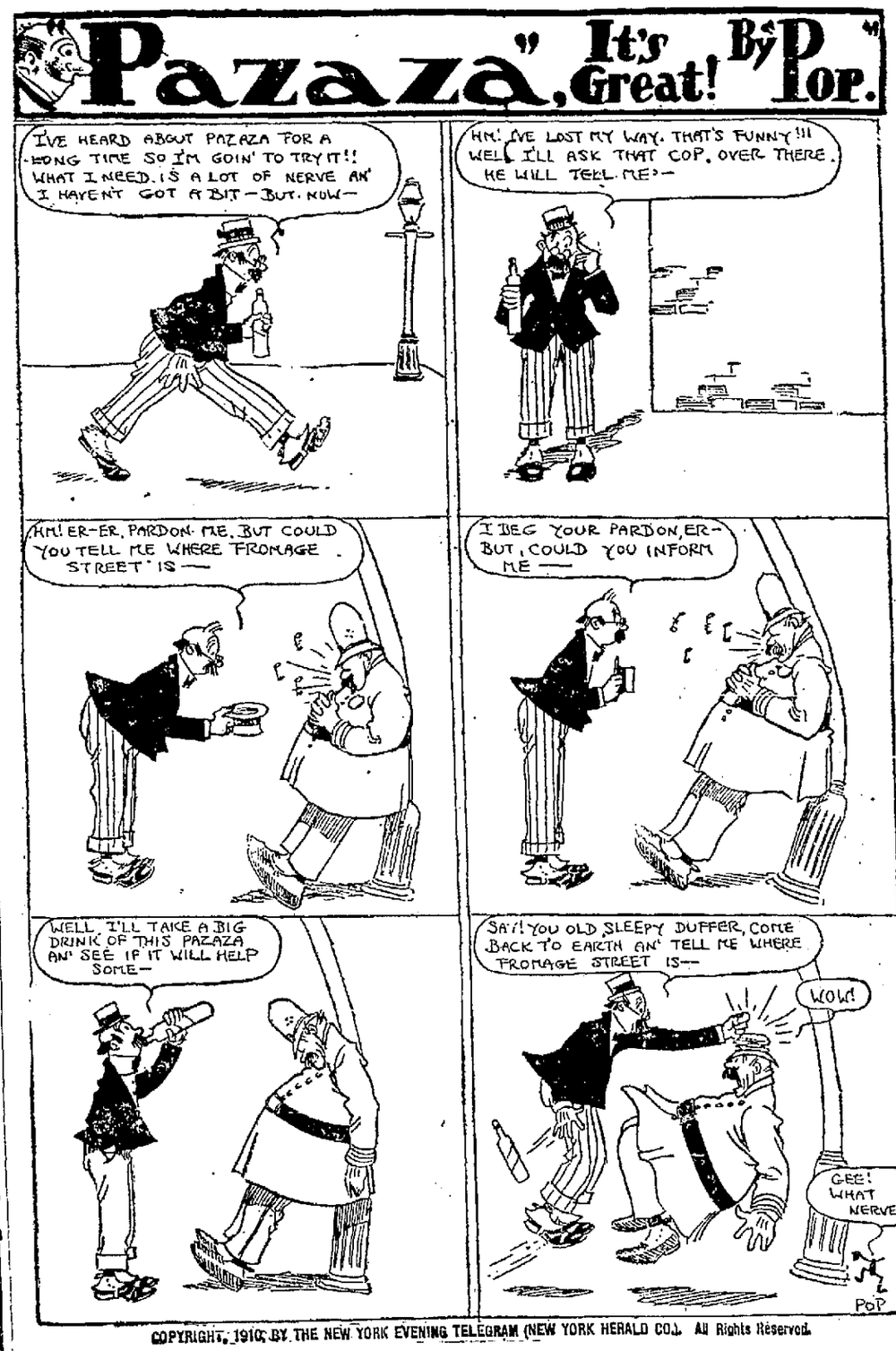
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I'VE HEARD ABOUT PAZAZA FOR A LONG TIME SO I'M GOIN' TO TRY IT!! WHAT I NEED IS A LOT OF NERVE AN' I HAVEN'T GOT A BIT—BUT NOW—
HM! I'VE LOST MY WAY. THAT'S FUNNY!! WELL I'LL ASK THAT COP OVER THERE. HE WILL TELL ME—
HM! ER-ER, PARDON ME, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE FROMAGE STREET IS—
I BEG YOUR PARDON, ER—BUT, COULD YOU INFORM ME—
WELL, I'LL TAKE A BIG DRINK OF THIS PAZAZA AN' SEE IF IT WILL HELP SOME—
SAY! YOU OLD SLEEPY DUFFER, COME BACK TO EARTH AN' TELL ME WHERE FROMAGE STREET IS—
WOW!
GEE! WHAT NERVE!
POP

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BOWSER ON A JOB

Starts to Collect Statistics About Crops.

FARMERS ARE SUSPICIOUS.

Soil Cultivator Meets Him at the Gate and Demands Credentials—Taken For a Circus Agent and Chased by Dogs—Returns In Disgust.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

YES, that was Mr. Bowser coming through the gate.

His chest was swelled out and his chin in the air, and his figure gave him away.

Even before he opened the door Mrs. Bowser was aware that some gigantic event had occurred to make him feel his importance. She stepped into the hall to greet him, and he bowed in a patronizing way—the same as a gentleman does when his valet hands him his paper collar in the morning. The chest swelled still more, and the chin went higher. She said she was glad he was home, and he gave her a pitying look and led the way down to dinner. It was after they got seated that Mrs. Bowser asked:

"Well, have you decided to accept a nomination for governor next fall?"

"I have been approached, but I have not fully made up my mind," was the reply.

"You think you may run for the presidency in 1912, eh?"

"Mrs. Bowser, the Bowser family have never had to depend on politics

BOWSER MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN.

to find their way to honorable stations. I speak of the male members, of course."

"And you have found a way? Something has happened today, and I wish you would tell me about it."

"Um, um, um!" he replied as he took the matter under advisement for two or three minutes. At the end of that time he took a long breath and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, you may not be aware that there is a government department known as the agricultural bureau."

"Why shouldn't I know it?"

"Because it never advertises dollar corsets reduced to 49 cents."

"Well?"

"Well, that department aims to supply the country with information regarding crops. It selects trustworthy persons in every district to send information at intervals. The trouble is to get trustworthy persons. There is no pay in connection with the work."

"But there is honor?" she queried.

The Honor Laden Work.

"In honor it stands next to the presidency itself. A person is selected for his general integrity. There must have never been a snirch on his family name."

"Then that lets you out. You had a cousin hanged out in Arizona for horse stealing."

"By thunder, woman, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he moved back from the table.

It was a matter he had told of himself, but Mrs. Bowser should have been more politic. She realized it the moment she had spoken and tried to hedge by adding:

"Or I may have dreamed it. Come to think, I guess I did."

"And I guess you did, too, and don't you dare to do it again! I want you to understand, madam, that the name of Bowser is unsullied for generations past. My cousin hanged! My cousin hanged for horse stealing!"

"He couldn't have been, of course. And have you been selected to send in reports from this district?"

"I have."

"And isn't it going to be a bother?"

"Madam, I am one who is quite willing to be bothered for the good of his country. I shall go out among the farmers tomorrow and collect data."

"But did you get a letter from the agricultural bureau?"

"I did not. I got something better. The chief of the bureau happened into the office when Green and I were talking about pumpkins, and he appointed me on the spot. He said I was just the man he was looking for."

"Because you knew so much about pumpkins?"

"Woman, is this another insult?" shouted Mr. Bowser in a voice that brought the cook from the kitchen.

It wasn't right of her to say such things and keeping poking up the animals, and she realized it and was sorry and said:

"I meant wheat and oats, but as you and Green were talking about pumpkins the name slipped off my tongue—yes, wheat and oats and other things."

"Madam, you be careful what slips off your tongue! I want no sarcastic remarks on this affair. We will discuss it no further. After breakfast in the morning I shall start out into the country to be gone a day."

Turned Down at the Start.

During the evening Mrs. Bowser tried several times to bring him back to the subject, but without success. Her last remark had given him a grouch, and he couldn't get over it. He left home next morning still looking somewhat abused, and he made no reply when she said:

"It will seem like old times to you to get out among the farmers again. If you are late I will hold dinner back. I hope you will be able to get very full and complete reports."

By taking a suburban car six miles and walking half a mile farther Mr. Bowser reached a farmhouse. The farmer was at the gate, as if looking for it. The statistician decided to make an impression at once, and he swelled and said:

"Sir, I represent the agricultural bureau at [illegible] and am here to make some inquiries. First, how much wheat do you expect this season?"

"Your credentials," replied the man as he extended his hand.

"My word, sir."

"It isn't worth a tinker's tunk. If you are what you claim to be you have a letter or something."

"Sir, my name is Bowser."

"I don't care if it's Jehoshaphat!"

"And I [illegible] sir."

"Oh, you do, do you? Now, see here, old man, don't come along here demanding, for it won't go. I'm no spring chicken. I've seen your sort before."

"Sir, the agricultural bureau"—

"Can go to Texas and you with it! I had a calf stolen one night last week and the track's the thief left in the dust looked just like yours."

Mr. Bowser started to take off his coat and then pulled it on again. He'd been warned that field-meet up with just such farmers and that the better way was to pass on. He therefore passed on, and a quarter of a mile farther he came to his second farmer. The man was seated on a bench under a plum tree, and he was accosted with:

"Sir, I represent the agricultural bureau at Washington."

Taken For a Circus Man.

"Yaas. I thought you represented a circus."

"I hope not, sir. I want to ask you about the yield of oats this season."

"Want, I'm willing."

"Are they a better average than last year?"

"Dunno."

"How's rye?"

"Can't say."

"But you must know about potatoes?"

"Not a durned thing."

"Will hay be up to the average?"

"She will if she wants to be."

"Look [illegible] can do you call yourself a farmer?" demanded Mr. Bowser, losing his temper at last.

"I hain't calling. I'm jest setting here sneezing, and if you keep on bothering I'll have to git up and throw you back into the road!"

Mr. Bowser went on to the third farm, which he had seen from the barn and entered into conversation.

"I am about to [illegible] agricultural bureau at Washington," he began, but before he got any further into his oration the farmer turned to his son on a log and said:

"Sic 'em!" and whistle for the dog[illegible] one of those moving picture scenes on us."

They [illegible] Bowser a mile. They ran him through dust and over mudholes. They ran him along the road and over fences. They hit him in the back with clods, and they said unkind things. As he finally reached home and stood before Mrs. Bowser he was no longer lusty and pompous. He was no longer connected with the agricultural bureau. He no longer cared a rap whether wheat panned out five or thirty bushels to the acre. And she, the good woman, simply said:

"Come in and lie down while I make you some chicken broth."

Agriculture in Germany supports about 19,000,000 of the population.

The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds *himself* regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shavings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.

Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

Healthy Mothers

The bearing of children is frequently followed by poor health for the mother. This supreme crisis of life finding her physical system unprepared for the demands of nature, leaves her with weakened resistive power and sometimes chronic ailments. This can be avoided if Mother's Friend is used before the coming of baby, and the healthy woman can remain a healthy mother. It is the only remedy that perfectly and thoroughly prepares the system for healthy motherhood, and brings about a natural and easy consummation of the term. Women who use Mother's Friend are always saved much suffering when the little one arrives, and recover more quickly, and with no ill effects, or chronic troubles. Every expectant mother should safeguard her health by using Mother's Friend, thus preparing her physical condition for the hour of motherhood. This medicine is for sale at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers.

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Mother's Friend

"Time's Flight Turned Backward"

SAGE AND SULPHUR

Made Her Look Twenty Years Younger

READ MRS. HERRICK'S SWORN STATEMENT

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss
COUNTY OF MONROE } ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Nancy A. Herrick, being duly sworn, deposes and says: When I was a girl, I had a head of heavy, long, dark brown hair which was the envy of my schoolmates, and which attracted the attention and remarks of strangers. As I grew older, my hair commenced to come out, just a little at first, but gradually more and more, and then began to turn gray. I was induced by the many good reports I had heard of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy to try a bottle. My hair was quite thin and gray when I began using Sage and Sulphur, and you can imagine my satisfaction when I found that it was fast coming back to its natural condition, being thicker, darker and more glossy than it had been for [illegible] time. I continued to use Sage and Sulphur, and my hair [illegible] as heavy, dark and smooth as when I was a girl of sixteen. It is now four years since I commenced using Sage and Sulphur, and my hair is still in splendid condition.

HENRY W. HALL NOTARY PUBLIC MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.

Sworn to before me this 14th day of July, 1902.

Notary Public. *Nancy A. Herrick*

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It Is Pure, Safe And Reliable
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OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

Mrs. BUSBY GLAISHER'S DEFEAT

By EDGAR JEPSON

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MRS. BUSBY-GLAISHER was large and square and red, with the jaw of a mastiff. She always thought of herself as of a majestic presence. She was wrong; it was terrific. She was not only large corporeally but was a woman of large, generous ideas on the subject of the infallibility of Mrs. Busby-Glaisher.

She was never troubled by a doubt of the righteousness of any of her feelings, and in her eyes any desire she cherished was sacrosanct. Anybody who ran counter to them was an infamous person, outside the human pale. The crushing of such a person was apt to become a fixed idea with her; she would stick at nothing to compass it; and the weapons she used against the transgressor were for the most part continuous slander varied by anonymous letters.

She had the habit of domination, and ruled both her household and Pringle Hill, the suburb she adorned, with rods of iron. Her wealth, inherited from her father, a gentleman who had made a large fortune out of wholesale, *not* retail, tailoring, and had been a consistent prop of the chief sweating industry of East London, gave her great social prestige among her less wealthy neighbors; her tenacity, truculence, and malignity did the rest.

Strangers who did not know Mrs. Busby-Glaisher, coming to live at Pringle Hill, would sometimes raise the standard of revolt. They always repented it. She had little else to do but secure her domination; the rebels had other occupations besides rebellion; and in the end she crushed them. Curates, organists, schoolmasters, and private persons who would not give her her own sweet way, had in the end to leave Pringle Hill, for the most part with badly damaged characters.

She was above all distinguished by an inveterate hostility to young married women, especially if they chanced to be pretty and attractive. It was almost impossible for them to avoid quarreling with her, for she forced quarrels on them; and it was seldom indeed that she failed to cause them a good deal of unhappiness.

This idiosyncrasy caused her to fall foul of the Scarlets. This young couple established itself at Pringle Hill in a small house, a fact which in itself entitled Mr. and Mrs. Scarlet to little consideration. But since they showed an agreeable disposition to make the best of suburban life, they presently were admitted to Pringle Hill society, to the Tennis Club, the dances, the bazaars, and other social advantages which Pringle Hill enjoys. Mr. Antony Scarlet, a young man of twenty-five, presented to the world an eyeglass, a vacuous air, an open mouth, and a lisp. People who chanced to see him with that eyeglass out of his eye saw a young man with very keen, intelligent eyes and close-set, resolute lips. Also he shed his lisp with his eyeglass. But that was an appearance he kept for the privacy of his home and the society of his intimate friends. The shrewd world of Pringle Hill saw only a patent idiot.

He was believed to be "something" in the city, though no one knew what, since the Scarlets showed a quite uncommon reticence about themselves; and the maid they had brought with them maintained an equal reticence about the Scarlets. Their cook, recently engaged, knew nothing about them. This reticence, so balking to legitimate curiosity, was bad enough, but Mrs. Scarlet's prettiness and charm were even more annoying to the elderly ladies of Pringle Hill, even though as they often said, they could see nothing in her.

Mrs. Busby-Glaisher found them indeed detestable. She even began to fear that by that mere charm Mrs. Scarlet would presently be a rival power in Pringle Hill. Nothing was further from Mrs. Scarlet's desires or thoughts; but to Mrs. Busby-Glaisher her domination of Pringle Hill was the central fact of the universe; she was ready to suspect anyone of striving to dispute it with her; and she set to work to crush Mrs. Scarlet with her usual weapons. Mrs. Scarlet was not long observing a change in people's manner toward her, a disposition to look askance at her, to avoid her, and an uneasiness in her society. She set about inquiring into the matter, and learned from Mrs. Crewe, another young married woman, that Mrs. Busby-Glaisher had been saying horrid things about her; that she dyed her hair, painted her face, carried on with married men in a very brazen way, and was altogether a most undesirable person, quite unfit to associate with the select social circle which adorned Pringle Hill.

Mrs. Scarlet came to Mr. Scarlet in a very pretty fury, told him what she had learned, and begged him to deal with Mrs. Busby-Glaisher. Antony shed his eyeglass and listened to her with the keenest interest. He did not express any anger when she had finished, but he looked uncommonly dangerous as he said: "I'll deal with the old beast—faithfully. But there is only one way, and that will make things a good deal more unpleasant for you in Pringle Hill before they are all right."

"I don't mind that at all as long as you punish that horrid old woman!" cried Mrs. Scarlet.

"Very good," said Antony; and then he added with some irrelevance: "I have had an odd feeling all the time that Pringle Hill was really a gold mine, if one could only hit on the reef." With that he took his hat and cane and caught a train to town.

The next morning Mrs. Busby-Glaisher was beyond measure charmed to receive a typewritten letter, signed only "A Well-Wisher," and unburdened by that well-wisher's address, which informed her that Mr. and Mrs. Scarlet had neglected to go through the formality of getting married. At once she summoned the more suitable ladies of Pringle Hill and the rector; and without mentioning that the information came from an anonymous letter, told them that she had learned that Mr. and Mrs. Scarlet were not married. When they had exhausted their expressions of horror at Mrs. Scarlet's brazen effrontery in thrusting herself into their circle, on Mrs. Busby-Glaisher's suggestion they called on the rector to expel this abomination from their midst.

The rector, a very womanly man of bad family and large private means, who loved a bit of scandal every whit as much as the worst of them, expressed the deep sympathy he really felt with them, and protested his earnest resolve to purge Pringle Hill of pollution. He was always a warm supporter of Mrs. Busby-Glaisher, whom he respected for her wealth and firmness of character, and of whom he cherished a very honest dread.

Having obtained this assurance from him, the more unpleasant of the ladies, headed by Mrs. Busby-Glaisher, went forth to demonstrate their propriety and enjoy themselves by "cutting" Mrs. Scarlet on her morning's shopping in Pringle Grove. She came

The maid shut the door in her face.

When the rector came early in the afternoon, Antony Scarlet received him with his most open-mouthed vacuous air. The rector, who was used to hum and to ha, in and out of the pulpit, rose to the great occasion of his life and expressed his heartfelt indignation at the enormity of the conduct of his hearer and his reputed wife with a fluency as agreeable as it was surprising to himself. Antony Scarlet was greatly flustered, and lamely asked whether the outraged ladies were likely to have suffered much harm from having been brought into contact with Mrs. Scarlet. The indignant rector did not spare him; he told him almost word for word what Mrs. Busby-Glaisher had said, what other ladies had said, what he himself had said about the so-called Mrs. Scarlet. Then he told Mr. Scarlet with amazing eloquence his opinion of him.

Antony let the rector talk his fill, without saying a word more than was sufficient to excite him to his fullest expression of the sentiments of lacerated Pringle Hill. But as he left he said, with his foolish lisp: "Haven't you large private means, Mr. Gudge?"

"Yes, sir. I have, thank goodness. And it enables me to say what I think without fear or favor," said the rector; and he swelled with pleasure at his happy way of putting it.

"To Mithith Buthby-Glaither? How very nith," said Antony Scarlet, with an idiotic simper."

The rector had not long been gone when young Mrs. Crewe came round in great distress. Antony saw her, since Mrs. Scarlet was lying down with a headache; and she told him that Mrs. Busby-Glaisher had called on her with two other ladies whom she described with some felicity as old cats, had told her that he and his wife were not married, and assured her that if she continued to associate with Mrs. Scarlet no one would associate with her. Antony showed a good deal of interest about their exact words; but, since he did not deny the charge, she came away believing it to be true, and as much distressed as when she came.

For a few days the affair developed slowly. Ladies of more uncompromising propriety were balked of their fervent desire to cut Mrs. Scarlet since she did not appear in the streets of Pringle Hill. They prowled about for hours in the engaging effort, but in vain. The grocer, a confirmed and public-spirited Plymouth Brother, refused to supply the Scarlets with groceries; and the other tradesmen sent in their bills and demanded instant payment in an obscure but fervent conviction that by this drastic action they were vindicating outraged propriety. Antony Scarlet paid the bills in person and in cash; the sight of gold, or perhaps its chink, invariably loosed the tradesmen's tongues, and he learned that Mrs. Busby-Glaisher, or the rector, or both, had inspired the sending of each bill.

Then Mrs. Busby-Glaisher took another step. She sent a note to the Scarlets' servants asking them to come to see her. Their master bade them go by all means. When they were shown into Mrs. Busby-Glaisher's drawing-room they found the rector with her; and she at once asked them seriously if they were bent on spoiling their chances of getting other places by remaining in a house where the master and mistress were not married. The parlor maid at once very rudely, and with considerable heat, said that Mrs. Busby-Glaisher was a scandal-monging old woman, that she had been with Miss Dorothy since she was a little girl, and had been present at her marriage with her master, who, if he was not well off, was well known to be a very honorable young gentleman. She ended by expressing her wonder at what Miss Dorothy's uncle, the baronet, would say if he heard that these lying stories were going about.

Mrs. Busby-Glaisher was much taken aback. That she had been spreading slander, on grounds supplied her by a kind but anonymous correspondent, seemed to her of little importance. She was used to immunity. But it was a serious matter indeed if she had offended a member of the class she had so long regarded from afar with impassioned esteem, and in which she had always felt that she was born to shine, could she but obtain an entrance into it. What if she had missed such an entrance?

However, she assured the girl, with diplomatic firmness, that she believed her to be a shameless liar in league with her shameless master, and bade her go. The girl went, saying that she would have the law on her.

Mrs. Busby-Glaisher turned to the rector and said: "Can we have made a mistake?"

"It will—ha—hum—be very awkward if we have," said the rector.

"I hope we have. I do, indeed," said Mrs. Busby-Glaisher. "To think of having a baronet's niece at Pringle Hill!"

But the rector was uncomfortable; and he pressed Mrs. Busby-Glaisher for the sources of her information till she showed him the anonymous letter. The simple cleric read it and said that it was a very proper letter, and, of course, her correspondent could do no less than write it, if she had reasons for her belief. Then he added, fondly: "Of course it relieves us from any legal responsibility for the action we have to take. But I shall lose no time in going to Mr. Scarlet, and ha—hum—putting to him the impropriety of letting us labor under this misapprehension."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" cried Mrs. Busby-Glaisher, sharply. "Leave it all to me. Why, I may be months getting on proper terms with her after this uncomfortable affair! I cannot risk any muddling."

"Very well—ha—hum—your well-known tact," said the rector, and he took his leave. But after awhile he grew uncomfortable. The thought that there might be a legal side to the matter troubled him; the thought also that he might incur some odium for acting as firmly as he had on insufficient grounds, worried him. Moreover, he began to resent Antony's having let him in a false position, when a simple denial would have cleared the matter up. He made up his mind that by far the best course would be to go and at once take a high hand with the young idiot.

Accordingly, after his high tea he went to the Scarlets' house. The maid told him her master was at dinner, showed him into the drawing-room, and brought back word that Mr. Scarlet would see him when he had finished dinner. She left him to kick his heels for nearly an hour in that drawing-room. He was not long feeling that he was not being treated with a proper regard to his social importance, and the feeling grew in depth and intensity till, when the door did open, he was ready to treat the matter with a very high hand indeed.

Antony Scarlet came in, wearing a dinner jacket an object in itself hardly an assurance of genuine respectability judged by the standard of Pringle Hill, smoking a large cigar, and without one word of apology, without removing his hands from his pockets, said cheerfully: "Well, Mr. Gudge, how are you?"

The rector rose, drew himself to his full though not great height, and said, with admirable dignity: "I have come to ask, Mr. Scarlet, for an explanation of your extraordinary conduct in allowing Mrs. Busby-Glaisher and myself to labor under a mistake, if indeed we are laboring under a mistake, as to your marriage with Mrs. Scarlet. A word from you would have set the matter right at once. But you chose deliberately to put us in a false position; and I must demand an explanation."

"And why shouldn't you, Mr. Gudge? Why shouldn't you?" said Antony, heartily, with a beaming smile.

Unappeased by his engaging manner, the rector said sternly: "And what is your explanation of this—ha—hum—levity?"

"Oh, when you came to me with the blackguardly lie you and Mrs. Busby-Glaisher invented and spread about my wife, it did not occur to me to say anything until I could say it in the proper way through her solicitor. I thought he had served the writ on you by now," said Antony cheerily.

"Blackguardly lie! Solicitor! Writ! What do you mean?" gasped the rector.

"Lies about a woman's character are generally considered blackguardly; and my wife's solicitor has instructions to commence actions for slander against you and Mrs. Busby-Glaisher," said Antony, with a charming smile.

Suddenly the rector realized that this Antony Scarlet was a very different young man from the vacuous young fool he had known, that for all his easy and pleasant cheeriness his eyes were dangerous! and he stuttered.

"B-but you never d-denied it! A word from you would have stopped the matter at once! You had only to speak, to show me your marriage certificate! It's entirely your own fault.

"I shouldn't dream of taking the trouble to contradict a miserable lie of that kind; and much less should I dream of showing my marriage certificate to any foul-minded meddler who chooses to ask for it!"

"Do you allude to me as a foul-minded meddler, sir?" roared the rector.

"Certainly, my dear rector, certainly," said Antony. And he added, with a genial laugh: "I think that the jury will take an even stronger view of the matter."

The rector's mouth was dry and his face was pale as he said: "Do I understand that you propose to wash your dirty linen in public—in a court of justice?"

"Your dirty linen, rector; yours and Mrs. Busby-Glaisher's," said Antony, peaceably.

"It was entirely your own fault, sir! Entirely! The sight of your marriage certificate would have stopped it at once! Any jury will see it!"

"You spread the lie before you made any attempt to ascertain the truth. But there, we'll leave it to the jury. And now I won't keep you. Don't, please, think me impatient; but Mrs. Scarlet will want the room fumigated after you have been in it, before she can use it again. Good evening."

"Fumigated? I was never so insulted in my life!" roared the rector, as he went out, a limp and broken man. He had no heart for a noisy talk with Mrs. Busby-Glaisher after the quietude of Mr. Antony-Scarlet. That good lady therefore spent an impatient evening, devoured by her eagerness to be conversing sympathetically with the niece of a baronet. Next morning she could have dealt with the slowness with which the hours were passing in really unladylike language. At eleven o'clock a gentleman called to see her who proved to be a lawyer's clerk. With a brisk heartiness he presented her with a legal document which he explained was the writ in an action for slander brought against her by Mrs. Scarlet, and that the amount of damage claimed was £5,000.

Mrs. Busby-Glaisher was at first exceedingly annoyed, since she was doubtful whether it was quite good form to call on a lady who was bringing an action for slander against her. But presently it occurred to her that she might very well make the writ an excuse for calling earlier than the usual hour, to talk such a serious matter over at once, amicably; and she grew cheerful again. Then in came the limp and broken rector, bearing in his hand a similar writ which the brisk and hearty lawyer's clerk had just served on him.

Mrs. Busby-Glaisher treated the matter of the writs with a light, contemptuous cheerfulness. She assured him that they were merely the formal way of treating the matter; that people of position like the Scarlets did not air their grievances in the law courts. She ended by saying: "It's just a matter for a little friendly chat. I shall call on Mrs. Scarlet this afternoon and settle it. We shall be all the better friends for this little tiff; you'll see."

The rector went away striving to share her confidence; but Mr. Antony Scarlet's eyes, quiet and dangerous, kept rising before his mind. He felt that he needed comfort—comfort from his lawyer—and went to town.

When, outshining the rainbow in her magnificent apparel, Mrs. Busby-Glaisher knocked at the Scarlets' door, it was opened by the maid with whom she had been so diplomatically firm the night before.

The maid said: "My mistress said that if you had the brazen impudence to call, I wasn't to let you into the house. And the master has gone to town to see his lawyer about my bringing an action against you for calling me a shameless liar."

"I don't want any impudence from you, you impertinent slavey! Show me into the drawing-room at once, and tell your mistress I insist on seeing her!" roared Mrs. Busby-Glaisher.

The maid shut the door in her face, and left her planted on the steps. With her splendid firmness and in the very nick of time, Mrs. Busby-Glaisher curbed a fit of apoplexy and went home. She drank a strong brandy and soda, and sat down to consider other means of getting in touch with Mrs. Scarlet and becoming reconciled with her. Suddenly it flashed upon her that Mrs. Scarlet might be serious in her action for slander. She took the writ and the anonymous letter and went to town to her husband's solicitor.

Mr. Horsham, an old friend of her husband's, received her with the air of gloomy distaste she wrongly believed habitual to him. But as she told her story and answered his searching questions, he gradually grew cheerful; and at the end he said: "A disgusting business; a very disgusting business indeed. I suppose you want me to try to get this lady to take less than £5,000. She will be a fool if she does; and Bickersteth & Crumpton are not the fools to let her."

"What! Me pay £5,000!" cried Mrs. Busby-Glaisher.

"Certainly, you'll pay," said Mr. Horsham, almost with glee. "There isn't a chance of your doing anything else."

"Never! I'll fight the case through every court in England!"

"Then it will cost you ten thousand," said Mr. Horsham, scarcely able to restrain his joy at the detested lady's predicament.

"Nonsense! I don't believe it!" Engage the best legal talent in England! At once!" cried his client.

"Pardon me. This is not the kind of business my firm would dream of touching. It would utterly destroy our standing in the profession," said Mr. Horsham.

He was firm in this refusal; and the face of the Mrs. Busby-Glaisher who left the office, screaming vituperation, was a rich purple. She came home, raging, to find a large gathering of the ladies of Pringle Hill in her drawing-room, and in the middle of them the pale and perspiring rector. The lawyer's clerk had been improving the shining hours by visiting them, frightening them, and bullying evidence out of them with his brisk heartiness. The rector had come in to tell her that his lawyer, too, had bidden him settle the case, and refused to defend it. The ladies, terrified by the lawyer's clerk, infuriated most of them by the thought that they had been misled into insulting an innocent lady, and the niece of a baronet at that, had been mercilessly berating him for a disgraceful scandal-monger. The raging Mrs. Busby-Glaisher turned the excited drawing-room into the scene of a battle royal; and when, after a storm of recriminations, she roared her revolting subjects out of the house, she sat down on the sofa to realize that her domination of Pringle Hill was shattered for years, maybe beyond recovery.

A fortnight later, as Mr. Antony Scarlet took up the two checks for £5,000 which his wife had just indorsed, he said: "I'm going to pay them into my account, Dolly. Your uncle said that if ever I could show him £10,000 of my own he'd raise your allowance from £500 to £1,500. Since, with the interest from this, we shall have a couple of thousand a year, we will leave these pleasant Pringle shades and take a flat in Mount Street among the people we know."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Mrs. Scarlet. Then she added, thoughtfully: "But I've been wondering who sent that horrid anonymous letter which enabled us to punish these detestable people."

"Ah, I wonder," said Mr. Scarlet; and he smiled a queer smile.

THE SHOP AND RAIL NEWS

CAR AND CONTENTS BURNED.

Thieves Set Fire to it After Carrying Away Merchandise.

The Wabash sustained a considerable loss Thursday night when a car which had been loaded with high class merchandise was burned near the freight house in Peru. The car contained, among other things, a lot of hats, ostrich feathers, ribbons and other high priced millinery goods, which was either carried away by the thieves or destroyed by fire or water. The millinery goods were consigned to dealers in Napoleon, Antwerp and other stations east of Fort Wayne. The Peru officers say the car was broken open and robbed and then fired, either purposely or by accident, by the thieves.

WILL PICNIC AT PARK.

Auxiliary to B. L. F. & E. Plan a Good Time.

Next Wednesday the members of Hyacinth lodge, No. 38, Ladies' society of the B. L. F. & E., will have a picnic at Robison park. The ladies, provided with baskets filled with edibles, will go to the park at 10 o'clock prepared to have a good time. There will be a varied program for the amusement of the ladies, which will include a fat woman's race, with appropriate prizes. The committee having charge of the picnic arrangements is composed of Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Mueller.

CONCERT BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

The concert and ice cream social for the benefit of the Electro-Technic band last night was a financial success, as well as a very enjoyable event to 3,000 to 4,000 people who went to Swinney park to attend it. The illustrated songs by Larry Russell, which was a new feature in park socials, were received with applause and the performance of Nelson K. Allen, the youngest musical director in the world, was another feature which met the approval of the audience, judging by the applause. The cash receipts for cream amounted to over $80, while there were less than 500 of the 3,000 tickets sold in the city presented for cream last night, the other 2,500 representing that much clear profit. The band boys feel grateful to the business men and citizens generally for the liberal patronage and will give two or three free park concerts without the ice cream feature after Labor Day as a token of their gratitude.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN YARDS.

Theodore Bley, a Pennsylvania yard conductor, will round out forty-five years of his service with the Pennsylvania tomorrow. As he expressed it this morning, he is as good as ever and expects to be able to work many years more. Tomorrow will be the forty-eighth anniversary of the battle of Manassas, one of the engagements of the war of the rebellion in which Mr. Bley took a part. His father lost his life in that battle. He and his son Theodore were members of the same company. Mr. Bley came to Fort Wayne immediately after the war and took employment with the Pennsylvania, which he has continued since.

CAR DERAILED.

East Creighton avenue car No. 190, in charge of Conductor Herman H. Bruns and Motorman James M. Liggett, was derailed at the junction of John and Wallace streets at 8:30 o'clock by the rails spreading. The road at that point is in bad shape on account of being excavated for a pavement. The passengers on the car were transferred to another car and brought down town without much delay.

HAVING GOOD TIME ABROAD.

Clerk H. A. Philley, of the Pennsylvania road foreman's office, this morning received a postcard bearing the date of August 13, from Robert R. Dickens, the yard engineer, who is making a three months' tour of Europe. The card was mailed at Rochester, Kent, England, the birthplace of Mr. Dickens, and stated that he was having a good time and doing considerable in the way of duck shooting. He will be home next month.

REPAIRING STEAM PLANT.

The Indiana Road Machine company's plant on Osage street has been closed ever since Wednesday on account of repairs to the boilers. Boilermaker J. O. Brouse and a gang of helpers from the Bass boiler shops have been engaged night and day putting in new flues in the boiler and will complete that work this evening. The machine works will be in operation again Monday.

GOES WEST NEXT WEEK.

J. D. Gage, for some time employed in a clerical capacity in the division store room of the Wabash, has obtained a leave of absence and will go to Denver, Col., to stay a month or two for the benefit of his health. Mr. Gage has just returned from St. Louis, where for three weeks he was engaged on special work in the office of Purchasing Agent T. J. Frier. He will leave Thursday for the west.

ENTERTAINED A STATE OFFICER.

At the meeting last evening of the Women's Union Label league for the purpose of completing arrangements for the Labor day celebration, the ladies also entertained Mrs. Nancy Tate, of Muncie, who has been for some time prominently connected with the state work of the league. Mrs. Tate installed the first officials in the local league.

REPAIRED TEN; SCRAPPED ONE.

The men in the Pennsylvania shops this week cut up engine 677, which was considered beyond repair, and gave ten engines general repairs and turned them over to the road for service. The repaired engines were Nos. 2868, 7036, 7062, 7269, 7293, 7303, 7497, 7519, 7918 and 9395. No. 2868 belongs to the lines east of Pittsburg.

EACH HAD FOOT HURT.

L. H. Donte had a foot bruised and one of the small bones broken and J. H. Chapman had one of his feet bruised yesterday while at work in the Pennsylvania shops. The accidents were very similar, each being the result of a block falling upon the feet of the victims.

CALLED TO MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

D. H. Wilbert, a Pennsylvania yard engineer, and his wife, left at noon today for Columbus, Ohio, near which city his mother died yesterday. They will remain there until after the funeral. Mrs. Wilbert has visited in Fort Wayne and had a number of acquaintances here.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

George Tait, of the Pennsylvania blacksmith shop, is visiting friends in Chicago.

C. M. Kickley, of the Pennsylvania erecting shop, and wife are in Lima visiting friends.

J. L. Gronau, M. H. Morrison and A. J. Johnson, Pennsylvania shopmen, are sick and off duty.

W. Gehringer, wife and three daughters will go to Mansfield, Ohio, next week to visit friends awhile.

Jack Cummings is now employed in the boiler shop of the Bass works. He went to work this morning.

After an illness of a week, Engineer L. R. Little has returned to his duties in the Pennsylvania power plant.

J. A. Stier, a moulder at the Pennsylvania shops, has taken his wife to Pierceton for an over Sunday visit.

Boilermaker H. W. G. Heine, of the Pennsylvania, is in Middlepoint, Ohio, doing some work for the company.

Mrs. Baker, the mother of Machinist Al Baker, of the Pennsylvania shops, has gone to Chicago to visit relatives.

Machinist W. P. Kyle, of the Pennsylvania shops, is taking a week's vacation, which he will spend at Rome City.

Machinist William McElfatrick, of the Pennsylvania shops, went to Rome City last night for a couple days' outing.

Machinist John Strawbridge, of the Bass works, has gone to Lake Wawasee to spend a day or two fishing.

Lieutenant J. M. Neufer, of the Pennsylvania police department, is on duty again after a two weeks' rest at the lakes.

Gang Foreman Fred Freuchtenicht resumed work at the Pennsylvania shops this morning. He had been sick a few days.

Chief Engineer A. L. Hadley, of the Fort Wayne Electric works, went to Madison, Wis., yesterday on business for the company.

Miss Mamie Chapman, who was spending a vacation in Chicago, will resume her duties at the Electric works next Monday.

Y. A. Shady, of the Pennsylvania shops, has gone to his former home, where he will attend a reunion of the Shady family tomorrow.

Charles Lucas, of the Pennsylvania motive power offices, went to Camden, Mich., this morning to spend Sunday with relatives and friends.

Machinist Lot Barter, of the Wabash, left this morning for Chicago to spend a few days with relatives and friends. He is accompanied by his wife and daughter, Miss Pearl Barter.

Herman Breidenstein resumed his duties in the G. R. & I. offices this morning, after an absence of a week. With Mrs. Breidenstein he had been visiting Prof. and Mrs. E. E. Schultz, at Laurel, Ind.

Mrs. Kinzie Kimmell, wife of the Pennsylvania passenger conductor, accompanied by one of her daughters and her granddaughter, went to Albion, Ind., this morning to remain over Sunday with relatives.

The Ohio Valley Industrial exposition will open at Cincinnati next Monday, when a heavy travel in that direction will probably commence. The exposition is attracting considerable attention throughout the country.

Engineer and Mrs. Ira G. Burger, of 1609 East Wayne street, will go to Rome City tomorrow to remain a week. Mr. Burger is employed on the Pennsylvania and the trip next week will be in the way of a vacation.

William J. Scheib, a Pennsylvania brakeman, sustained a painful injury to his face Thursday, when he was struck by a piece of coal while passing through Dola, Ohio. A gash was cut over his left eye and his nose was cut and bruised.

H. Galmar, of the store room of the Pennsylvania, made a broad jump of 18 feet and 6 inches last evening to demonstrate his abilities in that way, which were doubted by his comrades. The jump was made in the Holman street playgrounds.

Jerome Werstein resumed his duties in the boiler shop office at the Bass works this morning. He had been sick.

M. Coutant, the aged father of M. R. Coutant, a former master mechanic at Fort Wayne for the Wabash, is very ill at his home in Peru.

Yard Engineer Charles F. Sweeney, of the Pennsylvania, who was severely burned and had his eyes hurt some time ago, is recovering and will soon be able to resume work. He went to Chicago this morning to spend Sunday with his relative, Mrs. George Ritter.

General Foreman H. T. Hogan, of the Pennsylvania machine shop, left this morning for Bedford, Ind., to spend two weeks with his daughter. During his absence A. S. Courtney will act as foreman of the machine shop. Mrs. Hogan is with her husband.

A. W. Fishbaugh, the civil engineer who took a prominent part in the construction of the Fort Wayne and Springfield traction line, was seriously injured at Celina, Ohio, Wednesday. He was knocked down by a man on a bicycle and sustained a fracture of the skull.

E. F. Heuer, clerk at the Pennsylvania machine shop, and Telegraph Operator W. E. Teeters, accompanied by their wives, will go to Davis, Ind., this evening to spend Sunday with friends. The gentlemen will put in a part of the time in catching bass in the Kankakee river.

While transacting the duties of brakeman on Nickel Plate passenger train No. 4 at Tippecanoe, Ind., Wednesday evening, Harry Doke sustained sprains to his right hand and shoulder. Brakeman Doke was running to throw a switch when he stumbled and fell, striking upon the ties.

Boilermaker F. Shirley resigned a position at the Wabash shops this morning and will leave in a day or two for Omaha, Neb., where he will take employment with the Union Pacific. W. Marshall, a machinist at the Wabash shops, also quit this morning. Monday he will take employment at the Menefee Artificial Stone works.

A. T. Breed, traveling passenger agent of the Lake Shore, who has been devoting considerable time to the South Bend excursion tomorrow, was in the city yesterday and expressed the opinion that the excursion would be a big thing numerically. Mr. Breed has been in every station between this city and South Bend, talking up the excursion.

The Nickel Plate is doing the biggest business for the season in all its history. Usually the freight traffic just before the opening of the grape season is light. It is the quiet season in business and the railroads feel the effects of it. This year, however, the Nickel Plate has been doing a heavy freight business for the season, and the opening of the grape season will put a heavy tax on the transportation facilities of the road.

Traveling Passenger Agent Frank P. Farris, of the Nickel Plate, will devote the next two weeks to "booming" the week-end excursion to Cleveland, which takes place Saturday, September 10, two weeks from today. The company has gotten out some attractive advertising matter, laying stress upon the ball games in Cleveland between the Tigers and the Naps on Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Farris expects to take upwards of 1,000 people into Cleveland on that occasion. The special train will leave Fort Wayne at 7 o'clock Saturday morning.

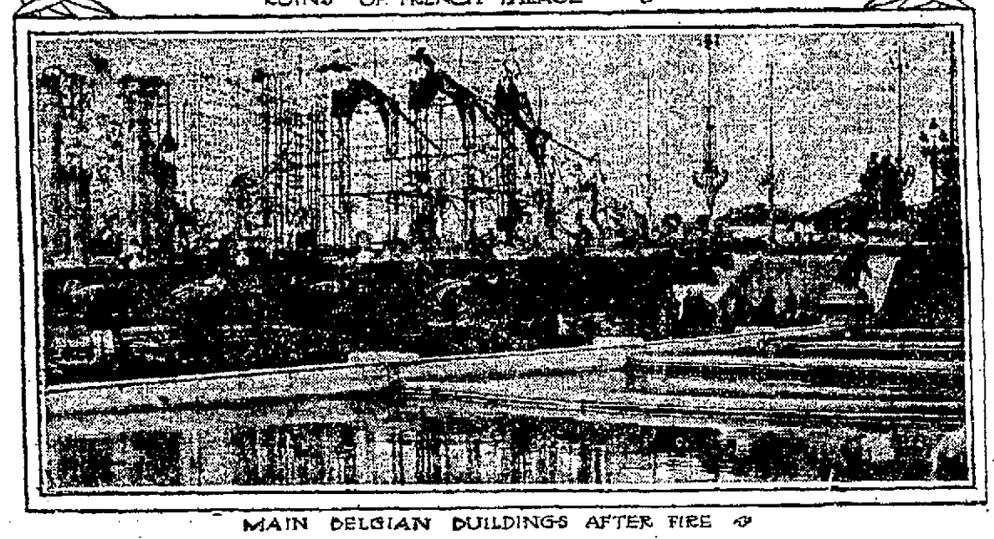
Jacob Luley, jr., of the Bass shops, is off duty on account of the serious illness of his aged mother, Mrs. Jacob Luley, sr., who has been very sick for several weeks.

The Wayne Knitting Mills have completed the cement walks in front of their building and about the ground and the improvement adds to the appearance and convenience of the locality. The dormitory building is finished, but has not been equipped with furniture. It will be opened some time next month.

RUINS WROUGHT BY FLAMES AT BRUSSELS EXPOSITION.

RUINS OF ENGLISH AND ITALIAN PALACES AT BRUSSELS.

RUINS OF FRENCH PALACE



MAIN BELGIAN BUILDINGS AFTER FIRE

In the accompanying illustrations are shown views of portions of the Brussels International exposition, which was ravaged by fire on Sunday afternoon, August 14. Damage estimated at about $10,000,000 was caused, the Belgian and French sections of the exposition being the heaviest sufferers. Many works of art of priceless value were destroyed in the British section. A unique collection of jewels, valued at $3,000,000, which was feared to have been burned up in the French building, was recovered, undamaged, the day after the fire. When the conflagration occurred the grounds of the exposition were thronged by a crowd of holiday makers numbering one hundred thousand persons. Only two persons, however, were killed, the police and troops succeeding in getting the vast gathering out of the danger zone in an incredibly short time.

Pelvic Diseases CURED

MY MODERN and up-to-date methods effect a certain and speedy cure of CHRONIC, DEEP SEATED, COMPLICATED DISORDERS. My fees are reasonable within reach of all. I confine my practice to NERVOUSNESS, BLOOD AND SKIN DISORDERS, RHEUMATISM, DESPONDENCY and PELVIC DISEASES generally.

No Physician is Greater Than His Remedies

My Blood making, Blood Purifying, Blood Cell Remedies have won for themselves a place in the hearts of thousands of men who owe their strength to the existence of these remedies. Men recommend my remedies because their merit has become an established factor in their own life. Afflicted sufferers may consult me in confidence.

The Scientific Treatment for the Weak

Men who are on the decline, and there are hundreds of them, who find they have not the Ambition, Vigor and Strength that they well know they should have, owe it to themselves to take prompt steps to relieve a condition which ultimately leads to misery and helplessness. Although you may think your condition is not serious enough to demand the attention of an expert, still so surely as you neglect yourself, the disease, which truly is a disease of Vital Nerves and Forces, becomes more and more complicated every day, every week it remains without attention, until in time it makes its victim a complete Nervous and Vital wreck.

The Many Cured, Satisfied Patients

My Pelvic Methods are your greatest hope for a complete cure if you are afflicted with either BLOOD POISON, SKIN DISEASES, SORES, ULCERS, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, HYDROCELE, NERVOUS DECLINE, PILES, FISTULA, RUPTURE, or any affection of the Kidneys, Bladder and Prostrate. You are wasting money and endangering your health in treating with ordinary specialists. My system of treatment has an established reliability by permanently curing cases that have been unsuccessfully treated by dozens of other physicians.

Many Will Profit by What Others Say of My Methods.

This advertisement is not published with the intention of encouraging incurables, but on the strength of what my methods have done, I can give hope to those who are actually in reach of the methods of a proven specialist. Remember, I do not claim to never fail in a cure, for my methods may sometimes fail to give satisfaction in severe cases, and this is why I advertise to refund money if unsuccessful. I do not believe a man should pay for something unless he gets it, and my success has been such that I can well afford to treat for nothing those that do not receive that which is worth something. Every afflicted man is welcome to visit my office and undergo an examination. If you are not one of the incurable unfortunates who would be refused treatment and contract for a cure, you will stand the same chance as those healthy happy men who were afflicted as you are.

Methods of Scientific Exactness

The methods of treatment I employ are entirely different from those of any other specialist, so beware of any one who may tell you he is able to give you the same treatment that is administered by me. This treatment I administer in all conditions of Failing Vitality, Nervo-Vital Decline, is so effective that in a short time after the course is begun the patient sees and feels the disease is being conquered. The vital system is to a man what water is to a plant; without its function he finds a lack of energy, ambition and failing memory. I would like to have every man who reads this announcement, who feels and knows that his vigor is not what it should be, to come to my office and INVESTIGATE what remarkable and quick, permanent results I have accomplished for patients who have heretofore almost lost hope.

My records substantiate my claim that nine-tenths of my patients are people who had been unsuccessfully treated time and time again without permanent benefits. I want nothing to do with unreasonably skeptical suffering men who are too ignorant to accept facts for facts: who believe there is NO CURE FOR THEM because they have once, twice or a dozen times been deceived in taking treatments. But I heartily desire to secure the confidence of those who are willing to make one more attempt, especially men who are contemplating their first treatment with a specialist, and I offer unmistakable evidence that my methods are all that is claimed for them—effective and superior to others.

Hours—9 to 12; 1 to 5; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 9 to 12 only.

No where is accuracy more essential than in the treatment of Pelvic Diseases. The difference between a complete cure and an absolute failure is often the difference between accuracy and guess work. First there must be accurate knowledge as to the nature of the ailment to be treated. Accurate knowledge makes accurate diagnosis possible, thus revealing all the requirements for accurate treatment, and complete satisfaction. I have nearly fifteen years of experience in this work.

DR. HARDMAN

NEAR CORNER OF MAIN AND CALHOUN, WEST OF TRANSFER STATION.

FORT WAYNE, IND. 111 W. MAIN STREET.

DIAMONDS

You can buy a Diamond on weekly or monthly payments on a small payment down. Wartell, Cut Rate Jeweler, 1318 Calhoun St.

Talk With Us

any time you have it on your mind to get a loan. You can have any amount from $5 up.

Your furniture, piano or like chattels will do as security without depriving you of its use.

We are the oldest Company in the City and we give best terms on the simplest contract.

Private and confidential. Loans on a plain note to people permanently employed.

INDIANA LOAN CO.

211 and 212 Shoaf Bldg. Calhoun St. Cor. Berry. Established 1895. Home 'Phone 995.

BRITISH NAVAL VESSELS FAST.

London, Aug. 27.—Two British naval vessels, the torpedo boat destroyer Success and torpedo boat No. 13, were blown ashore on the Scotch coast by a gale this morning. The Success is aground in Loch Gare, opening off the Firth of Clyde and it is hoped that she can be pulled off without much damage, but the torpedo boat is driven hard upon the rocks near Campbelltown, in Argyllshire, near the entrance to the Clyde, and is seriously damaged. There were no casualties in the crews.

CITY BREVITIES.

Architect R. A. Bradley, of this city, has been awarded a contract for furnishing the plans for the $32,000 school building to be erected by the board of education of Ridge township, Van Wert county, Ohio.

The Commercial club rooms have been selected as the place where Richard Watrous, secretary of the American Civic association, will deliver his lecture on September 3rd on the improvement of American cities. The lecture will be illustrated.

The men of the Eighty-eighth Indiana regiment in reunion at Robison park yesterday, decided to hold their 1911 meeting on August 29th at Auburn. O. H. Widney was named as colonel and Lieutenant Kinear as adjutant for the coming year.

The Central Catholic High school will open for the year on the 6th of September. Because of the increasing number of students, a new instructor, Brother Nicholas, has been engaged. The other instructors are Brother Marcellus, superior, and Brothers Bernard, Eugene and Daniel.

MONITOR TO STAY AT MEMPHIS.

Low Stage of River Keeps Big Amphitrite From St. Louis.

Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 27.—Owing to the low stage of the water in the Mississippi river, the United States monitor Amphitrite, which reached this port several weeks ago on its journey to St. Louis, where she will be used as a training ship for the Missouri naval reserves, will remain anchored off the Memphis wharf all winter.

The navy department is taking advantage of the enforced stop here completely to overhaul the machinery of the war vessel. Twenty-seven enlisted men remain on board the monitor, this number being sufficient to keep up the routine work.

BETA PHI SIGMAS ELECT.

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 27.—The seventh annual state convention of the Beta Phi Sigma fraternity closed here last night after electing the following officers: President, Allen Messy, of Marion; treasurer, W. Fred Yocum, of Brazil; secretary, Louis Giegerie, of Indianapolis; keeper of rolls, Gordon Thomas, of Greencastle. Trustees, Frank Budd, of Muncie, and Anton Stinson, of Terre Haute. It was decided to hold the next meeting at Marion.

STORM SIGNALS FLY.

New Orleans, La., Aug. 27.—A storm warning for the Texas coast was issued by the forecaster this morning. The warning states: "Disturbances apparently developing in west gulf. Shipping should be on alert."

INDIANA SPIRITUALISTS ELECT.

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 27.—It required four hours yesterday afternoon for the Indiana Spiritualist association to elect officers for the ensuing year. Marshall Walker, of Alexander, was elected president over Thomas O'Neill, of Indianapolis. Harry P. Hoage, of Terre Haute, defeated David Kilgore, of Dalesville, for the office of vice president, and Mrs. Mabel Simpson Riffle, of Anderson, defeated Mrs. Lydia Jessup, of Chesterfield, for the office of secretary.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

MONUMEIT MEN ELECT.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 27.—At the closing session of the aNtional Retail Monument Dealers' convention, Cincinnati was selected for the next convention and the following officers were elected: President, E. A. McColley, Latrobe, Pa.; vice president, Carl Price, Kenton, Ohio; secretary, A. W. Wintenbroker, Chicago; treasurer, T. E. Caebler, Rockville, Ind.

WANTED—Six or eight first-class cigar makers. Coney Bayer Cigar Co.

ON PAYMENTS

An oak finish 8-room home, modern; large porches and cellar; located in the east end, 11 blocks from court house for $2,900.00. $400.00 cash payment will handle this property.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
THE EARTH & INSURANCE MEN.

You cannot lose by buying a farm today. We have 100 farms listed, any one of which will make the purchaser money. Ask us about them.

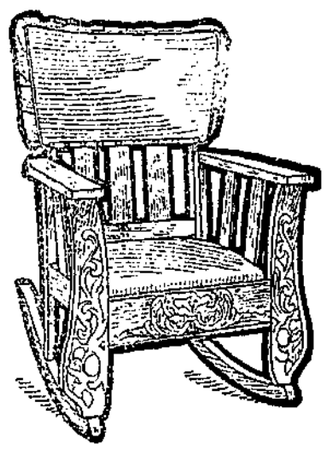
Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
THE EARTH MEN.

Samples of Manufacturers' Goods

Bargains For the

People

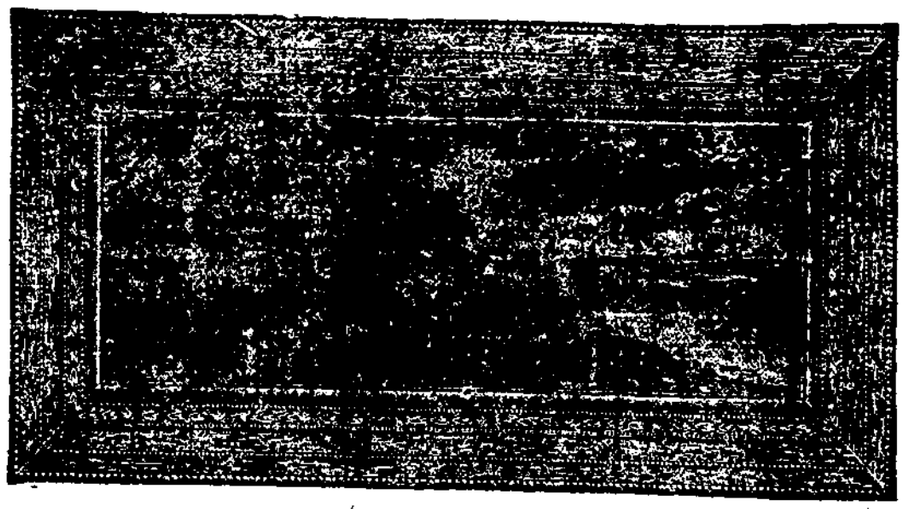
We Pay Freight on all Shipments Amounting to $10.00.



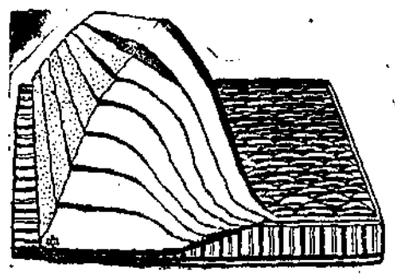
Sample Rocker

Finely finished oak embossed, upholstered in "besto" leather with auto seat. Especially fine rocker, worth $8. Manufacturer's Sample Price

$5.24



Carved wood frame, with picture; outside measurements 17x35. A beauty, worth $3.25. Manufacturer's Sale Price **$1.59**



Sample Felt Mattress

All Sizes.

They are made in layers of best felt cotton. Just like cut, worth $10.

Manufacturer's Sample Price **$6.98**

Manufacturers' Sample Sale

Only 5 More Days

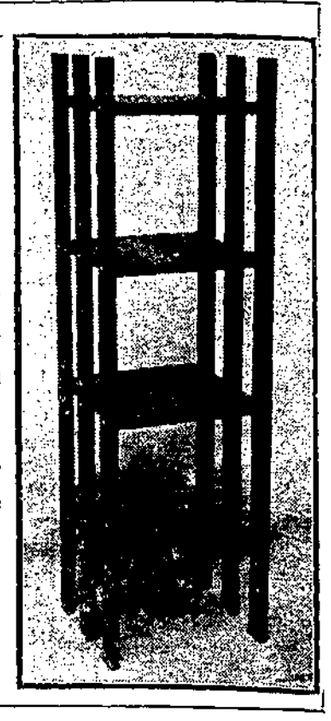
Your opportunity is now. After Sept. 1 you cannot get these prices. Drop everything and come.

Sample Music & Magazine Rack

Solid oak, mission finish, four music or magazine compartments securely fastened with screws. A bargain.

Regular price $2.00. Manufacturer's Sale Price—

98c



All Goods Are Marked in Plain Figures in Manufacturers' Sample Sale

INDIANA FURNITURE CO.

121 and 123 E. Main Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 27.—Wheat opened irregular today with values ½c off to ¼c off. Foreign markets were firm with a slightly downward trend and the controlling factory in the early trading was an improved local demand. In the first hour prices worked slowly away from the low point, September creeping up to 99⅛c, a net gain of ⅜c over yesterday's closing quotation. Influential concerns invested to some extent in the nearby delivery. The other options showed a healthy tone and reports of exports sales were heard. September opened ⅛c to ¼c higher at 99c to 99⅛c. December opened unchanged to ⅛c down at $1.03⅛ to $1.03¼ and then advanced to $1.03⅞@1.04.

Corn was steady at the opening and developed some firmness early in the session, fear of a recurrence of frost scares making shorts timidw. The start was ½c down to ½c up and a fair demand crowded the figures slightly higher. Ideal weather conditions in the corn belt gave the bears encouragement. September opened ⅛c down to ⅛c up at 60⅝c to 60¾c and later advanced to 61c. December opened unchanged to ⅛c down and also gained a little in the first hour.

There was a firm undertone in the oats pit and opening figures were generally unchanged. A moderate demand early in the day helped the market. September opened unchanged at 34¼c; December started unchanged to a shade higher at 6½c to 36⅛@36⅝c.

Trading in hog products was light and prices kept within narrow limits in the early trading. Pork opened 7½c down to 2½c up. Lard, unchanged to 2½c down and ribs unchanged to 2½c down. Opening prices for the October products were pork, $20.75, 2½c up; lard, $11.97½, unchanged, and ribs, $11.70, unchanged.

Range of Prices for the Day.

August 27.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—				
Sept.	.99⅛	1.00⅛	.99	1.00
Dec.	1.03⅛	1.04⅝	1.03½	1.03½
May	1.08⅛	1.09½	1.08½	1.09½
Corn—				
Sept.	.60⅝	.61¼	.60⅜	.61
Dec.	.58⅛	.59	.58	.58¾
May	.60⅛	.60⅞	.60⅛	.60½
Oats—				
Sept.	.34⅛	.34⅝	.34¼	.34⅜
Dec.	.36⅛	.37	.36½	.36⅛
May	.39½	.40	.39½	.39⅞
Mess Pork, per bbl.—				
Sept.	21.00	21.25	20.95	21.20
Oct.	20.95	20.95	20.75	20.95
Jan.	18.55	18.65	18.35	18.65
Lard, per 100 lbs.—				
Sept.	11.87½	12.07½	11.95	12.05
Oct.	11.97½	12.07½	11.97½	12.07½
Nov.	11.45	11.52½	11.45	11.52½
Short Ribs, per 100 lbs.—				
Sept.	12.27½	12.30	12.27½	12.30
Oct.	11.67½	11.77½	11.67½	11.77½

Car Lot Receipts.

Wheat—Receipts estimated at 120 cars, with 54 of contract grade.

Corn—Receipts estimated at 320 cars, with 120 of contract grade.

Oats—Receipts estimated at 311 cars.

Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 670 cars, compared with 892 cars last week and 428 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

Toledo Grain Prices.

Toledo, O., Aug. 27.—Wheat opened—Cash, $1.01¼; Sept., $1.02; Dec., $1.05½; May, $1.10¼.

Indianapolis Grain Market.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 27.—Cash wheat—Market strong; red No. 2, 97c; No. 3, 95c; No. 4, 85c; Aug., 97c; Sept., 97c; Oct., 97c.

Corn—Market, strong; white No. 2 and 3, 62c; No. 4, 61c; white mixed No. 2 and 3, 62c; yellow No. 2 and 3, 62c; No. 4, 60c; mixed No. 2 and 3, 62c; No. 4, 60c.

Oats—Market, strong; white No. 2 and standard, 34½c; No. 3, 34½c; No. 4, 34c; mixed No. 2 and 3, 32c; No. 4, 30c.

Hay—Market, quiet.

Rye, 78c.

Chicago Cash Grain.

Chicago, Aug. 27.—Cash Wheat—No. 1 red, $1.00@1.01; No. 2 red, 99c@$1.01; No. 3 red, 96c@99c; No. 1 hard, $1.00@1.01½; No. 2 hard, 99c@$1.01; No. 3 hard, 96c@99c; No. 1 northern, $1.02; No. 2 northern, $1.01; No. 3 spring, $1.00@1.01; durum, 94@96c.

Corn—No. 2, 61½@61¾c; No. 2 white, 62¼@62½c; No. 2 yellow, 62½@c; No. 3, 61½@62c; No. 3 white, 62c; No. 3 yellow, 62@62½c; No. 4, 61@61½c; No. 4 white, 61½@61¾c; No. 4 yellow, 61@61½c.

Oats—No. 2, 33¾@33½c; No. 2 white, 34½@34¾c; No. 3 white, 33¾@34½c; No. 4 white, 34½c; Standard, 34¼@34⅝c.

Liverpool Grain Prices.

New York, Aug. 27.—Flour—Market steady with a quiet trade; spring patents, $5.00@5.75; winter patents, $4.75@5.15; winter clears $4.35@4.60; winter extra, No. 1, $3.75@3.90; winter extra, No. 2, $3.50@3.65; Kansas straights, $4.30@5.60. Receipts were 28,731 bbls.

Rye—Market dull; No. 2 western, old, 83c f. o. b. New York.

Wheat—Notwithstanding big world's shipments and poor cables, wheat sold higher this morning on demand from shorts, commission house bidding of December and light pit offerings. Sept., $1.06¾@1.06⅞; Dec., $1.10⅝@1.10¾. Receipts were 80,200 bu.

Corn—Receipts today were 17,625 bu.

Beef—Market steady; mess, $15.00@15.50; family, $19.00@20.00; beef hams, $22.00@24.00.

Pork—Market barely steady; mess, $24.50@26.00; family, $24.50@25.00; short clear, $22.50@24.50.

Lard—Market steady; middlewest, $12.15@12.25.

Sugar—Raw, market firm; Muscovado 89 test, $3.95; centrifugal 96 test, $4.45; molasses sugar 89 test, $3.70; refined sugar, market steady; crushed, $5.95; granulated, $5.25; powdered, $5.35.

Petroleum—Market steady; refined, barrels, $7.65.

Coffee—Spot, market firm; No. 7 Rio, 10c; No. 4 Santos, 10¼c.

Molasses—Market quiet; New Orleans, open kettle, 32@42c.

LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo Market.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Hogs—Receipts today were 4,000 head; shipments today were 2,000 head; shipments to New York today were 1,900 head; official shipments to New York yesterday were 3,420 head; market closing stronger; mixed, lights and heavy, $9.30@9.55; yorkers, $9.50@9.60; pigs, $9.60@9.70; roughs, $7.75@8.00; stags, $6.00@7.00.

Sheep—Receipts today were 1,000 head; market steady.

Cattle—Receipts today were 25 head; market steady.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 27.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 300 head; market, steady; beeves, $4.90@8.40; Texas steers, $3.75@6.00; western steers, $4.25@7.00; stockers and feeders, $4.10@6.20; cows and heifers, $2.60@6.60; calves, $6.50@9.00.

Hogs—Receipts estimated at 4,000 head; market, steady; light, $8.75@9.25; mixed, $8.20@9.15; heavy, $8.20@9.00; rough, $8.20@8.40; good to choice heavy, $8.40@9.00; pigs, $8.75@9.40; bulk of sales, $8.60@8.80.

Sheep—Receipts estimated at 2,000 head; market, steady; native, $2.60@4.65; western, $2.35@4.65; yearlings, $4.80@5.75; lambs, native, $4.75@6.00; western, $5.00@6.90.

Cincinnati Market.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 27.—Cattle — Receipts today were 725 head; market, steady to strong; fair to good shippers, $6.00@7.00; common, $2.00@3.75.

Hogs—Receipts today were 2,397 head; market steady; butchers and shippers, $9.10@9.15; common, $5.25@9.25.

Sheep—Receipts today were 4,727 head; market, steady at $1.75@4.60; lambs, market active; 10c to 15c higher at $3.50@6.75.

Indianapolis Market.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 27.—Hogs—Receipts today were 3,500 head; cattle, 350 head; sheep, 300 head.

Hogs—Best heavies, $8.85@9.15; medium and mixed, $8.95@9.25; good to choice lights, $9.30@9.45; bulk of sales, $8.95@9.40.

Pittsburg Market.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 27.—Cattle—Receipts light; market, steady.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts light; market, strong.

Hogs—Receipts ten double decks; market, active; prime heavy hogs, $9.00@9.15; medium, $9.55@9.60; yorkers, $9.55@9.65; pigs, $9.40@9.50.

PRODUCE AND POULTRY.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 27.—Cheese—Market steady; daisies, 16@16¼c; twins, 15¼c; young Americas, 16½c; long horns, 16@16½c.

Potatoes—Market easy; choice to fancy, 75@78c; fair to good, 70@73c.

Poultry—Market easy; turkeys, 20c; chickens, 15c; springs, 15c.

Veal—Market steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 9@9½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 9@9½c; 85 to 130 lb. wts., 10@10½c.

New York Market.

New York, Aug. 27.—Butter — Market unsettled; receipts today were 5,075 lbs.; creamery specials, 32c; extras, 30¼@31c.

Cheese—Market unsettled; receipts were 2,000 boxes; state whole milk specials, 16@17¼c; do fancy, 15½c; do prime, 15@15½c; do fair to good, 13¾@14½c; do common, 10¾@13¾c; skims, full to special, 2½@12c. Exports, none.

Eggs—Market about steady; receipts, 9,127 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby gathered browns, 24@27c.

Poultry—Market, alive, steady; western springers, 16½c; fowls, 14½@15c; turkeys, 14@14c; dressed, market irregular; western broilers, 17@20c fowls, 13@15c; turkeys, 15@22c.

Oats—32c bu.
Barley—56c bu.
Rye—65c bu.

OIL.

Toledo Market.

Toledo, O., Aug. 27.—North Lima, 84c; South Lima and Indiana, 79c.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

The Day on Wall Street.

New York, Aug. 27.—Price changes at the opening of the stock market were insignificant and the handful of stocks dealt in showed trivial changes either way from yesterday's closing. Central Leather advanced a point.

Light selling caused a slight reaction to below yesterday's final figures. Subsequently Reading was bid up from 140½ to 141½ and the rest of the list hardened. Denver and Rio Grand Preferred and American Telephone improved 1 and International Harvester 1½. Consolidated Gas declined 1. Reading met a good deal of stock at the high level and went off again to 141.

The market closed heavy. The tone became heavy stocks apparently sagging more of their own weight than from any concerted pressure. Union Pacific went a point under yesterday's closing and Reading and United States Steel yielded as much from their best prices. Chicago, Great Western moved up 1 and American Beet Sugar 2¼. General Electric lost 1.

THE MONEY MARKET.

New York, Aug. 27.—Prime mercantile paper, 5½ to 6 per cent.

Sterling exchange, steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 483.55@483.75 for sixty day bills and at 486.25 for demand.

Commercial bills, 483½.
Bar silver, 52⅝.
Mexican dollars, 44.
Government bonds, firm.
Railroad bonds, steady.
Money on call, nominal; no loans; time loans very firm and dull; sixty days, 3@3¼ per cent; 90 days, 4 per cent; six months, 4¼ per cent.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

[Furnished and Corrected Daily by E. W. Wagner & Co., Brokers, Room 3, North American Building.

August 27.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Amer. Beet Sug.	36¼	36½	36¼	36¼
Amer. Smelter .	65¼	65¾	65¼	65¾
Amal. Copper ..	64⅜	64⅝	64¼	64½
Atchison	97⅝	98	97⅜	97⅝
Car. Fdy.	48¼	48¼	48¼	48¼
B. R. T.	74⅜	74⅜	74	74
B. & O.	104⅛	104⅛	103⅞	104
C. & O.	73	73	73	73
M. O. P.	52	52	52	52
N. Y. C.	111	111	110½	110½
Dist. Security ..	27	27	27	27
Pennsylvania ..	128⅛	128⅛	128	128
P. Gas.	106	106	106	106
P. R. S.	34	34	34	34
Reading	140⅞	141½	140⅞	140⅞
Rock Island ...	30¼	30¼	30	30¼
St. Paul	120	120	119½	119½
Sou. Pac.	113	113	112⅜	112⅞
Union Pac.	165½	165⅝	164⅞	165⅜
U. S. Steel	69½	69⅞	68⅞	69⅜
U. S. Steel Pfd.	115⅞	115⅞	115⅜	115⅞
M. K. T.	31⅞	31⅞	31⅜	31⅞
Con. Gas.	130	130	129½	129½
Wabash Pfd. ...	36¼	38¼	36¼	36¼

NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT.

The following is the New York Clearing House summary of the weekly statement of banks for the week ending August 27.

Clearing house banks, daily averages: Loans, 1,248,254,000; increase, $10,460,000. Deposits, 1,283,503,000; increase, 8,222,000.

Circulation, $46,912,000; decrease, $137,000.

Specie, $299,123,000; decrease, 1,643,000. Legal tenders, 71,812,000; increase, 1,050,000.

Reserve, 370,935,000; decrease, 593,000. Reserve required, $320,876,000; increase, 2,181,000.

Surplus, $50,059,000; decrease, 2,774,000. Ex United States Deposits, $50,475,000; decrease, 2,770,000.

Clearing House Banks actual condition this day:

Loans, $1,244,551,000; increase, $523,000. Deposits, $1,276,941,000; decrease, $2,260,000.

Circulation, $46,886,000; decrease, $311,000.

Specie, $296,331; decrease, $3,768,000. Legal tenders, $71,752,000; increase, $1,262,000.

Reserve, $368,283,000; decrease, $2,415,000. Reserve required, $301,235,000; decrease, $515,000.

Surplus, $49,698,000; decrease, $1,900,000.

Ex. United States deposits, $49,465,000; decrease, $1,591,000.

State Banks and Trust companies of Greater New York not reporting to the Clearing House:

Loans, $1,008,527,000; decrease, $3,591,000.

Specie, $121,595,000; increase, $617,000. Legal tenders, $12,651,000; decrease, $288,000.

Total deposits, $1,211,060,000; increase, $1,610,000.

FORT WAYNE MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

Wheat—95c bu.
Oats—33c bu.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.

[Corrected by Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]

Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 31c lb.; fancy Elgin prints, 34c lb.
Process butter, 26c.
Country butter, 19@25c lb.
Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 20@21c doz; fresh gathered, 19c doz.
Fancy comb honey, 12@14c lb.
Potatoes—60 and 70c bu.
Beans, $2.35@2.40 bu.
Chickens—12@13c lb.
Ducks, 12@13c lb.
Turkeys, 15@18c lb.
Onions, 80c and $1.00 bu.
Cream cheese, 17c lb; brick cheese, 17c lb; Swiss cheese, 20c lb; Limburger cheese, 18c lb; long horn cheese, 17c lb.

RETAIL STREET MARKET.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 22@24c.
Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 34c lb; Elgin prints, 35c lb.
Process butter 30c lb.
Country butter, 30@35c.
Butterfine, 14@20c lb.
Country fresh eggs, 22@23c doz.
Lard (country), 12@14c lb.
Fancy comb honey 15@16c lb.
Potatoes—70@80c bu.
Ducks, 15c lb.
Chickens, 15@16c.
Cabbage, 50@60c doz.

MILL QUOTATIONS.

Quotations of Maumee Mills.—Winter wheat, straight, $5.00@5.40; graham flour, $4.40@4.80; rye flour, $4.20@4.80; pumpernickle, $4.40@4.80 ton; bran, $24.00 ton; shorts, $24.00 ton; chop feed, $24.00 ton; middlings, $25.00 ton; cornmeal, new, $100 @1.70 cwt; cracked corn, $2.50@2.60 cwt; cornmeal, coarse, $1.50@1.60 cwt; screenings, No. 1, 70@80c bu; No. 2, 60@65c bu; rye, 55c bu; flaxseed, $2.00 bu; corn, 60@65c bu; wheat, 98c bu; oats, 32c bu.

C. Tresselt & Sons Quotations.—

Winter wheat, straight ..... $5.00@5.40
Winter wheat, patents ..... $5.60@6.20
Spring wheat, patents ..... $5.20@5.80
Graham flour ..... $4.60@5.00
Rye flour ..... $4.20@4.60
Pumpernickle ..... $4.00@4.20
Bran, per ton $24.00
Shorts, per ton $24.00
Middlings, per ton $25.00
Screenings, per bu., 65c; per ton $32.00
Chop feed, per ton $32.00
Cornmeal, fine, per cwt $1.60
Cracked corn, per cwt $1.60
Cornmeal, coarse, per cwt $1.60
Street bid on wheat, per bu 95c
Street bid on corn, per bu ..... 60@65c
Street bid on oats, per bu 32c
Street bid on rye, per bu 65c
Street bid on barley, per bu 55c

HIDES, SEEDS, ETC.

Quotations by S. Bash & Co.—Cured hides, 9½@; green hides, 8c; cured calf hides, 14½c; green calf hides, 13c; horse hides, $3.50; red cloverseed, per bu, $5.50 @6.00; wool, unwashed and merchantable, 21c; wool, burry, black cotted and fine, 16c lb.

Quotations of Weil Brothers & Co.—Cured hides, 10½@10¾c lb; No. 1 horse hides, $3.60@3.75; No. 1 green calf hides, 13½c; No. 1 green hides, 8½c; tallow, 6½ @7c; country mixed rags, 80@85c cwt; No. 1 rubber, 9½@10c lb; cut arctics, 7½c lb; light copper, 10c lb; heavy copper, 11@12c lb; heavy red brass, 10c lb; light brass, 6c lb; tinfoil, 20@25c lb; wool, No. 1, 21c lb; rejection, 16c lb.

CITY SCALES—RETAIL PRICES.

Hay—$15.00@18.00 ton.
Corn—55@72c bu.
Oats—30@38c bu.

COMMISSION HOUSE PRICES.

[Quotations of Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]

Chickens, 10c lb; dressed chickens, 15c lb; ducks, 12c lb; turkeys, 13@18c lb; country butter, 18@20c lb; process butter, 26c lb; eggs, fresh gathered extras, 17c; dirties, 16c; new potatoes, 30@40c bu; honey, 12c lb; packing butter, 20c lb; creamery butter, 30@34c lb; onions, 50@70c bu.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Corrected by Leisauf & Co.)

Hogs—Best heavy, 180 to 200 lbs, $8.50; mediums, 150 to 180 lbs., $8.35; lights, 120 to 140 lbs., $8.00; roughs, $6.00@7.50.

Steers—Good to choice, $5.50@6.00; mediums, $4.50@5.50.

Heifers—Good to choice, $4.00@4.50; mediums, $4.00@4.25.

Bulls—Good to choice, $4.00@4.50.

Cows—Good to choice, $3.65@4.80.

Calves—Good to choice, $6.50@7.25; mediums, $5.75@6.00.

NORTHEAST INDIANA PRICES.

(Corrected Daily by Thos. R. Riddle.)

No. 2 red wheat, new, per bu	$ .92
No. 2 white wheat, new, per bu	.90
Standard white oats, per bu	.50
Yellow shelled corn, per bu	.55
White shelled corn, per bu	.55
Mixed shelled corn, per bu	.54
Yellow ear corn, per cwt	.52
White ear corn, per cwt	.52
Mixed ear corn, per cwt	.50
No. 2 rye, new, per bu	.52
No. 2 barley	.48
No. 1 timothy hay (baled), new	13.50
No. 1 clover mixed hay (baled) new	11.50
No. 1 clover hay (baled) new	9.50

Mow hay, $1.25 less.
Grade discounts—No. 2, $1.25; No. 3, $2.50.

Prime red clover seed, new	7.00
Prime alsike seed, new	7.00

Moonlight Dance, Robison Park, Thursday. 27-5t

MET SERIOUS INJURIES.

Ben Thomas Broke Collar Bone and Fractured Leg.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

Woodburn, Ind., Aug. 27.—While out fishing in the Maumee river, near the Johnson farm, in company with Emmett Johnson, Friday, Ben Thomas, in endeavoring to climb a steep bank, slipped and fell, breaking his collar bone and fracturing his leg. Dr. Thompson, of Harlan, was called and attended him. It may be necessary to take him to a hospital.

WANTED—Six or eight first-class cigar makers. Coney Bayer Cigar Co.

KNOTTS IS A VICE PRESIDENT.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 27.—After selecting Atlanta, Ga., as the next meeting place and electing the following officers, the League of American Municipalities adjourned: President, D. A. Brown, mayor of Kansas City; first vice president, R. F. Maddox, mayor of Atlanta, Ga.; second vice president, T. R. Knotts, mayor of Gary, Ind.; secretary-treasurer, John McVicar, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Tanner School of Dancing extends an invitation to all former pupils and patrons to the opening dance, Tuesday, September 1. Refreshments served.

The Japanese process of dwarfing a pine tree takes about ten years.

SIDE VIEW OF GUARD

MEIGS' EYEGLASSES

TORIC LENSES

(The glasses with the bend) will give your eyes the comfort you have been looking for.

It costs less and saves tempers to wear MEIGS' Glasses.

Eyes Examined Without Charge.

C. A. MEIGS,
Eyesight Specialist.
Lyric Theater Building.

YOU NEED MONEY

WE LEND IT IN ANY AMOUNT UP TO $100

You can borrow what money you need on your household goods, pianos, horses, wagons, fixtures, etc. You can have from one to twelve months time in which to pay it back.

Our contracts are simple and all transactions are clean cut and private.

$1.20 per week for 50 weeks pays a $50.00 loan.

All amounts in proportion.

Reliable Private

Fort Wayne Loan Co.

Established 1896.
Room 2, 2d Floor, 705 Calhoun St.
Home Phone 833.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

J. C. STRAUGHAN IS FOUND DEAD AT NEWARK, O.

Well-Known Fort Wayne Man Expired Suddenly at Sister's Home.

Joseph Chambers Straughan, well-known retired civil engineer of this city, was found dead in bed this morning in Newark, Ohio, at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. G. Wyeth, where he had been visiting. The deceased was 61 years of age.

Death was sudden, for Mr. Straughan was walking about the streets of Newark on Friday and apparently in as good health as he had ever been in the past nine years. Details at hand here do not state what the direct cause of death was but his relatives in this city believe it was heart failure.

Two weeks ago, Mr. Straughan returned here from Indianapolis, where he had spent much of the time since retiring from active engineering work in 1901, and accompanied by his invalid mother, Mrs. J. R. Straughan, of 321 East Berry street, he went to Newark for a visit with Mrs. Wyeth and family. This morning, when he was called for breakfast no response was received and he was allowed to remain undisturbed. When, however, he did not answer to his sister's second call, the family investigated and found him lifeless in bed, having breathed his last.

Last winter, Mr. Straughan and wife resided on Columbia avenue, this city. During the last several months he had been visiting a good deal with his two children and sisters.

Mr. Straughan was a son of Jesse R. Straughan, whose death occurred three years ago. He was born in Wooster, Ohio, but received his education here. After becoming an engineer he went west and for a number of years was surveyor general in Idaho, with headquarters at Boise City. The climate there seemed to affect his health, however, and he gave up active life nine years ago, coming here to live.

Surviving are the aged mother, the wife, the latter now visiting with a daughter in Indianapolis, and two children, and five sisters. The children are John Straughan, of Missoula, Montana, and Mrs. Horace Gwin, of Indianapolis. The sisters are Mrs. Wyeth, of Newark, O., Mrs. Ella Reilly, of 620 West Berry street, this city, Mrs. Ross Wilkins, of Cleveland, and the Misses Jessie and Caroline Straughan, who live at the Straughan homestead on East Berry street.

The funeral will occur in Indianapolis, where the remains will be interred at a date to be announced later.

BIG SATURDAY MARKET.

Hanna Place Market Crowded With Sellers and Buyers.

The biggest market of the year, probably, was the one held this morning. Hanna Place market was crowded, every stall being taken by sellers and buyers thronged the walks throughout the early forenoon hours. Not only was the market place proper crowded with sellers, but farmers' wagons offering country products for sale lined the streets for squares, extending to Columbia street.

There was about everything the farm produces on sale and everything brought good prices, high prices, the consumers thought. For the same edibles prices varied, and it would be hard to say what was the standard price on any one of them.

For instance: Eggs sold for from 21 to 25 cents a dozen. Butter brought all sorts of prices, 31, 32, 33, 34 and 35 cents. Green corn of the same variety sold for 10, 12 and 15 cents a dozen. Potatoes in some instances sold for $1 a bushel. Apples brought 50, 60, 70, 80 cents and $1 a bushel. Chickens were out of sight. One couldn't buy even an ordinary chicken for less than 65 cents and they went higher than that—15 cents a pound, counting feathers, bones, head, legs and all. Young chickens brought fancy prices.

KODAK

TAKE A KODACK WITH YOU

The Jones Kodak Store

Will show you the full line, $1.00 to $111.00. Pictures finished.

Instructions Free
112 W. Wayne St.
Fort Wayne.

ROGERS
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
ANTHONY HOTEL

TAKES MONEY To MAKE MONEY.

You know that, and so do we. Never let an opportunity slip so long as it is possible to get what money you may need easily and quickly.

CALL AND SEE US—let us supply you with READY CASH.

$5 to $100

loaned on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, etc., and the property is left in your POSSESSION.

Our low rates and easy plans make business relations pleasant.

PRIVATE. CONFIDENTIAL.

MECHANICS LOAN CO.

1104 CALHOUN ST.
Room 1. Second Floor.
Home Phone 817.

Schone & Ankenbruck

COR. BERRY & BARR
BOTH PHONES
HOME 377 BELL 329

Pure Olive Oil

You don't know what it is until you have used ours—the pure virgin oil expressed from the ripe select fruit, has a fragrant, nut-like odor and palatable taste. It's fine for medicinal or table use and costs no more than ordinary kind.

50c Per Pint; ½ Pint, 30c

Jos. Nussbaum Pharmacy

N. W. Corner Berry and Harrison. Phone 477.

Dr. Johnston
OSTEOPATH

4th FLOOR SHOAFF BUILDING. TAKE ELEVATOR.

Graduate of Kirksville, Mo. Diseases and Deformities Treated.

—EXAMINATION FREE—

Phone—Office, 3529; Residence, 6534.

Dr. W. T. Ferguson,

Specialty, Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Kidneys.

222 West Wayne Street

GETZ & CAHILL

Undertakers and Licensed Embalmers

Fine Funeral Furnishings.

103½ Calhoun St. Ft. Wayne, Ind

Both Phones—69. Private Ambulance.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Klaehn & Melching

UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS

—205 WEST MAIN.—

Office—Home Phone 228.

Best of Services at Reasonable Prices.

PRIVATE AMBULANCE.

Elastic Trusses

FITTED and Guaranteed

W. O. Gross M. D. Cor. Barr-Washington Fort Wayne, Ind.

Prices LOW enough for EVERY man.

Quality HIGH enough for ANY man in Suits at $10.00 and Hats at $2.00 at

Extra Pants $2.00 & $3.00

THE BUCKEYE 819 Calhoun St.

NO MATTER WHAT TERMS OTHERS OFFER YOU, I UNDERBID.

Consult the specialist with MOST EXPERIENCE if you have private or chronic weakness, disease or deformity.

DR. KOWENSTROT, 320 Harrison St.
MAIL TREATMENT $1.00.

DR. MARY WHERY

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office and Residence—404 Berry St. East.

SPECIALTY—Diseases of Women.

Telephone 470. Hours—9 a. m., to 3:30 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

$300.00 GIVEN AWAY

That is you are getting this property that much below actual value.

TODAY'S BARGAIN.

6-room home on corner lot on West Main St. in Nebraska; modern; cement walks; shade; bath; a fine home worth $2,500; price only..$2,200.

WATCH THIS SPACE EVERY DAY.

PIONEER REALTY CO.,

817 SHOAFF BLDG. PHONE 1051.

NEW THEORY OF UNIVERSE.

Professor See Also Thinks Other Planets Are Inhabited.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 27.—Prof. T. J. J. See, U. S. N., in charge of the naval astronomical observatory at Mare Island, addressed the popular educational society known as the Materialists' association, last night and announced the completion of his research in cosmic evolution, to which he has devoted ten years. He stated that his investigations have evolved a new and imoved theory of the siderial universe. He claims to have discovered that the congregation of the nebulae away from the milky way with maximum accumulation near the poles of the galaxy, is the result of the action of repulsive forces under which fine, cosmical dust, expelled from the stars, is driven as far away from the milky way as possible.

Prof. See stated his conclusion that the planets revolving about the fixed stars are inhabited by some kind of intelligent beings.

WOULD STANDARDIZE RULES.

C. D. Emmons Made His Committee Report at New York.

C. D. Emmons, of the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company, who has just returned from New York, where he attended a meeting of the executive committee of the Transportation and Traffic association, brings back with him the report of the committee on interurban rules of which he is chairman. Mr. Emmons presented the report, which shows that the committee is doing all it can to standardize its rules with those of the American Railway association. These rules include those which motormen and conductors are expected to follow in the operation of their cars and at the present time they are somewhat different upon different interurban systems.

BOYS AND GIRLS

See the carnival prizes and the Queen's Crown in Young's Jewelry store window. 27-3t

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August. 7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

KENDALLVILLE LOG ROLLING.

369 Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors Attend From This City.

Kendallville is the scene of a log rolling of the Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbor lodges of northern Indiana today and the attendance of members from this vicinity is around the three hundred mark. Three or four special interurban cars over the Toledo and Chicago line are being run for the accommodation of those going to the affair. The Fort Wayne camp is taking an active part in the drills this afternoon.

SPECIAL

Sunday afternoon the beautiful new, all modern 6-room house, 435 Wildwood, just east of Fairfield, will be open for inspection.

Come and see the prettiest home on the south side.

WALSH & KIERPSE.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August. 7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE

Compiled by J. C. Heller, Abstractor, 725 Court Street.

—CITY.—

Rose E. Hogan to Yetta Sirit w ½ lot 49 Hamilton's 2nd add., for $1,200.

Louis F. Curdes to Geo. W. and A. Kennedy s 149 ft. lot 155 Swinney's add., for $2,000.

John T. Knott to John W. Brewer pt. of lots 19 and 20 Rock and Nelson add., for $2,000.

S. T. Loutitt to Herman F. Gerdom lot 296 Industrial Park add., for $350.

—COUNTRY—

Laura A. Hamilton et. al. to Wm. May, com., s w cor n ½ s w ¼ sec. 34, 5 acres Lafayette Tp., for $175.

Wm. May to James W. and M. E. Keplinger sec. 34 e 40 rd. n 20 rd. w 40 rds. s 20 rds. 5 acres Lafayette Tp., for $500.

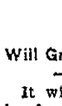
Lucretia Green et. al. to Alfred Yoquelet pt. n e ¼ sec. 12 for $9,808.50 Adams Tp.

People's Trust and Savings Co. to Christian Kimburger lot 66 Oldsdale add., Adams Tp., for $150.

Dandro

Will Grow Your Hair Long and Thrifty —It is a Real Hair Grower.

It will make hair grow on anyone's head where the hair bulbs are not dead Sold at the Niswonger's Drug Store 128 West Main street, and for delivery call phone 2002 Home.



FOR SALE—One Art Garland Base Burner $18.00
One Favorite Base Burner..$26.00
Many other good Base Burners. Soft Coal Heaters, Cook Stoves and Steel ranges. Now is the time to get a choice. L. J. LIBBING & CO., 205 East Main St.

FOR SALE—STORE FIXTURES.

FOR SALE—Counters, Cash Registers, Flat and Roll Top Desks, Refrigerators, Show Cases, Safes, Scales and Hand Trucks. G. E. Bursley & Co. 6-24-tf

STORAGE.

STORAGE—Pettit's Storage Warehouse fireproof. Household goods stored. Strong, clean, safe. 414 East Columbia St. Phone 1108. '10-6-8-1y

SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

I PAY CASH for all kinds of household goods. Phone 2231. L. Tomkinson, 1213 Calhoun St. 6-9-tf

PEDDICORD & SIGRIST

We have this week: A six-room, south side, partly modern home, one block off Calhoun St.; small payment down, balance same as rent. Only $1,850.00.

New, fully modern house, six rooms and bath, $2,100.00.

Two homes, five rooms, partly modern, within 12 squares of court house, each, $1,600.00.

Two modern, seven room, south side homes, very fine; one on corner lot; in fine condition. Each $2,500.00.

We also have a three-chair barber shop that we can sell at a very low figure if taken at once. Has a good steady trade.

PHONE 158. 611-12 SHOAFF BLDG.

LET'S TALK IT OVER.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Little Ads. for Thoughtful Buyers from the Daily Marts of Trade.

Watch this Column. There's Always Something Interesting That Will Pay You to Know About.

AUTOMOBILES.

We are offering the following list of Automobiles at Bargain Counter Prices:
One BUICK TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO RUNABOUT.
One CADILLAC CAR.
One PREMIER CAR.
One SMALL ELECTRIC CAR.
The Fort Wayne-Auburn Auto Co., 205 East Columbia St.

ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Say! The next time you have any Kodak pictures to finish take them to Clear or telephone 2306 and I will send for them. CLEAR, the Photographer, 705 Calhoun Street.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

Before you place your order for the Builders' Hardware in your new residence see the complete stock of J. M. Stouder & Co.

BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

Why do the Indian, The R.-S. and The Thor Motorcycles surpass all others? Because they are built right, go right, stay right. There's a reason. Indiana Bicycle and Supply Co., 111 West Washington Blvd., cor Calhoun.

CLOTHING CLEANED—PRESSED.

We clean, press and repair garments for ladies' and gentlemen. Prompt. Reasonable. Louis H. Meier, Tailor, 1025 Broadway.

DRUG STORE WANTS.

Everything a drug store is expected to have you'll get at Clyde B. Jordan's, 626 Harrison St. Cheaper than most places in price.

DRUGGISTS.

Not one remedy leaves our store unless we have absolute faith in its efficacy and purity. That's the way we built this business and the way we hope to maintain it. E. R. Noll, 110 East Columbia St.

ELECTRICAL REPAIR WORK.

All kinds of Electric Motor repairing and rewinding. Rapp & Zollinger Electric Co., 451 East Columbia St. Home phone 2202.

GRANITE MONUMENTS.

Monuments, head-stones, vaults, grave enclosures, vases, and all kinds of cemetery work, at LOW prices for good work. H. L. Bates, corner Columbia and Lafayette Sts.

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS.

If you're down town waiting for the car or shopping and feel tired or worn out, try one of our surpassing sodas. Bradley Bros., 627 Calhoun St.

RESTAURANTS.

Drop your "grip" in here while waiting for your car. If you're hot and hungry, then we know what to do. You'll like this restaurant. It's so cool and different. Weimand Bros., 711 Court St.

RENOVATING AND CLEANING.

Men's Suits, $1.00; Trousers, 35c; Ladies' Coats, 75c and $1.00; Skirts, 75c and $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. ANTHONY DRY CLEANING CO. Call Phone 1393. 1312 Lafayette Street.

SANITARY CLOTHES CLEANING.

As a "Summer Special" we will thoroughly dry clean and press men's two-piece suits for $1.00. Kid gloves cleaned, 5 cents. Regis French Dry Cleaning Co., 1205 Calhoun St. Phone 2198.

SPORTING GOODS.

Never mind what it is—if its in the Sporting Goods line we've got it and its right in price and quality. John Trautman & Son, 221 East Main.

Weber SQUARE DEALS

8-room house, No. 3007 South Wayne Ave., modern $2,700
5-room cottage, No. 1345 Grant Ave.; both waters; cement cellar $1,750
6-room cottage, No. 1211 Huestis Ave., modern; a cosy home in splendid location $2,850
6-room modern house, Fox Ave.; furnace pipes roughed in $2,400
5-room house, Sherman St.; has furnace; a bargain $1,950
5-room cottage Grant Ave.; gas, bath, both waters; 33-foot lot. For quick sale 1,500
Fine lot 50x150, No. 2630 South Calhoun St. $2,050

VACANT LOTS IN ALL PARTS OF CITY.

Let me build you an Honest Value Home on easy payments.

CARL J. WEBER

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance. 723 COURT ST. Phones 1389-1902.

SEWING MACHINES

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE
Needles, Oils, Parts and Supplies for any Machine.
Fine Bargains in Second-hand Machines from $4.00 up.
H. C. HITZEMAN
Sewing Machine and Supply Company. No. 8 Arcade. Phone 2480.
Repairing a Specialty.

H. W. Sigrist
AUCTIONEER.

Only licensed auctioneer in the city. Phones—158. Office 611 Shoaff Green 1649. Bldg.

SCHOOL OF CUTTING AND DRESSMAKING.

Fall term opens to new pupils August 23d. Patterns cut to measure. For particulars please call or address A. M. FREEMAN, 1114 South Harrison Street. 8-19-1m

Telephone "MARTIN'S PLUMBING SHOP" for a Plumber. Twenty years at the business. Phone 6579. Hanna and Buchanan Sts. tf

DETECTIVE.

RYAN DETECTIVE and INFORMATION BUREAU; confidential, reliable, reasonable. 611 People's Trust Bldg. Telephones—Office 2524; residence, 6777. 6-17-tf

WANTED.

MALE HELP.

WANTED—Strong boy about 18 years old. Inquire at 1028 Broadway. 23-tf

WANTED—A tinner at 2213 Pioneer ave. Call at noon hour. 25-tf

WANTED—Boy 16 years old to work at Geller's Bakery, 1002 Broadway. 26-2t

WANTED—Carpenters; inside finish work; out of city. Inquire Monday, 2510 S. Lafayette St.

WANTED—Men for concrete work, corner Smith and Pontiac streets, Monday morning.

WANTED—Twelve plasterers; steady work. Apply to L. B. Boyce, 103 Reynolds Bldg., Garry, Ind. 24-4t

WANTED—Bricklayers at Berne, Ind.; long job; union men. Apply on job or address George Earhart, Berne, Indiana. 22-10t

WANTED—MEN: Learn Automobile business; we teach by mail. Get you $25 weekly job. ROCHESTER AUTO SCHOOL, 295 Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Experienced young man wants position as bookkeeper. Reference if required. Address "R. S." care Sentinel. 25-tf

WANTED—Educated gentlemen for special work in Indiana. Permanent position. References required. Geo. L. Shuman & Co., Chicago, Ill., Ohio Building. 24-3t

WANTED—SALESMAN—Experienced in any line to sell general trade in Indiana; unexcelled specialty proposition with BRAND NEW FEATURE. Vacancy after Sept. 1st. Commission with $35.00 weekly for expenses. The Continental Jewelry Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—Salesman to call on the jobbing liquor trade with completed high grade line of domestic cordials, etc. Hustler need only apply. For local and surrounding territory; experience not essential. Hebrew preferred. Bon and references required. H. F. Kaufman & Co., 1300 Findlay Ave., New York. 25-3t

WANTED.

FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Girls. General Electric Co., Holman St. 8-6-sats-26t

WANTED—Nurse girl about sixteen years old. Apply 707 Edgewater Ave. 25-3t

WANTED—Experience saleslady for china department. Address Box 11, care Sentinel. 23-tf

WANTED—A good dish washer at Hilton's restaurant, 1516 South Calhoun street. 26-tf

WANTED—An apprentice girl to learn millinery at Miss Katherine Braun's, 610 E. Jefferson St. 27-tf

WANTED—LADIES—$1.50 per day at home; no publicity; particulars for stamp. Ideal Supply Co., Bavaria Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED—Girl for ticket agent; age 15 to 20 years; wages, $5.00 per week and expenses. Call or address P. P. Ireland, 2212 Thomas street. 27-tf

WANTED—The acquaintance of young lady, 25 to 35 years of age, by refined widower of 35 years of age, who has ample means to make things pleasant; object matrimony. Address A. J. Sinclair, care Sentinel.

S. T. TAYLOR SCHOOL of Fancy Dress-cutting, Designing and Ladies' Tailoring. FALL TERM opens Aug. 30, 1910. PATTERN PARLORS. Publishers of Le Bon Ton and Le Moniteur De La Mode United. Fort Wayne School and Pattern Parlors, 720 Calhoun St. Call or write for information. Tu. Th. Sat. 8-15-tf

WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Sewers to put in, cisterns to clean out. Prompt service. Phone Martin, No. 7015-red. 2-26-tf

WANTED—Small, strictly modern house, south of Williams street. Address Box 14. Phone Black 1684. 24-tf

WANTED—Experienced feeders, and boy or girl over 15 years old, to learn to feed press. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 7-21-tf

WANTED—To trade eight-room house East Wayne St., for a home in the west side; value $3,000. Cartwright, Room 19 Bank Block. Phone 2753. 25-3t

WANTED—To lease a house of six or eight rooms; modern or nearly modern improvements. Address T. O. Blyth, 406 Dawson street, giving location of house. 26-3t

WANTED—500 people to borrow money on real estate at six per cent interest, without commission, from THE PEOPLE'S TRUST AND SAVINGS COMPANY, 813-815 Calhoun St. 10-5-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—About Sept. 10th modern ten-room house, 937 East Wayne St.; good barn on premises. Inquire 943 East Wayne St., or at Physicians' Defense Co.

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and are also prepared to sell you a home for a small payment cash, balance like rent. W. E. DOUD, 1-16-tf 3d floor Shoaff Bldg.

ROOMS

FOR RENT—Two large rooms. Inquire 1913 Prince St.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished rooms and board, 1222 McClellan St. 27eod2t

FOR RENT—Nice furnished room; all modern conveniences; 312 E. Berry St.

FOR RENT—A nicely furnished front room with all conveniences. Call 712 Columbia Ave. 27-2t

WANTED—Rooms for students within ten blocks of Court House. Phone 504, International Business College. 23-3t

FOR RENT—Suit of four office rooms, 110-112 West Wayne St.; rent $20.00 per month. Apply Sentinel office. 8-1-tf

FOR RENT—Two brick store rooms, 1102 and 1104 Broadway; office rooms lately occupied by Dr. Hull, 328 East Berry St. Schrader & Wilson. Main and Court Sts., first floor. 2-1-tf

FLATS.

FOR RENT—September 2, second floor, 6-room flat in the Lowry residence, 328 West Berry St.; steam heat, first-class all modern conveniences. Inquire of Mrs. H. R. Sale, 817 West Berry St., Home phone 2677. 8-20-eod-1m

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—Ladies' gold watch and fob, with initials and picture, yesterday at Robison Park. Reward if returned to Mrs. Huber, 224 East Main Street. 25-3t

Real Estate For Sale

Six-room house, Nuttman Ave. ..$1,450
Five-room house, Fletcher Ave. .. 1,400
Five-room house, Masterson Ave... 1,450
Five-room new house, lights, Bloomingdale 1,200
Six room new house, Bloomingdale 1,350
Fine home with full lot on West Washington St., will sacrifice.
Phone 2185.

GEORGE DAGER,

Pixley-Long Block.

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A new 5-room cottage on Maumee Ave. A great bargain. $1,950. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—If you have $200 or more and want to buy a home, call on Cartwright, Room 19 Bank Block. 25-3t

FOR SALE—Five-room cottage on Union St. $1,675. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD, 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—Seven-room residence on Harrison St., near Superior; fully modern. Price $3,200. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—A new house on Archer Ave. near Wells. Oak finish, full lot. Price $2,700. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Have farms and good ones from $75 and up; also some will trade for city property. Cartwright, Room 19 Bank Block; Pone 2753. 25-6t

FOR SALE—Vacant lot on Taber street east of the reservoir; 45 feet front. Call at 128 East Pontiac street. Mrs. M. M. Moore. 23-6t

FOR SALE—FARM—Sixty acre fruit and chicken farm; fair buildings, near school and church; $2,100. Ed Marquis, Lowell, Ark. 27-2t

FOR SALE—A fine residence of 8 rooms, Tenth block Columbia Ave., Lakeside. Price $3,700. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD, 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—Seven-room colonial style house; price right. Also 6-room cottage, price, $1,200; $150 cash, balance same as rent. Inquire 2116 South Lafayette St. Phone 6963 Red . 27-2t

FOR SALE—Eight-room house, nearly modern, corner lot 42x150, on Davis St., this at less than cost; a bargain. See W. H. Bieber, Room 19, Swinney Blk. Phone 2974. 81-3-eod-10t

FOR SALE—180 acres in Marion township; improved; ¼ mile from interurban; 20 acres fine timber; only $87.50 per acre if sold at once. Address Box 15, care Sentinel. 7-15-tf

FOR SALE—Pleasant home in good west end location; eight rooms, soft water bath, electric lights. Will be sold cheap. Address Box 1, care Sentinel. 25-6t

FOR SALE—We represent CITY AND SUBURBAN REALTY CO., builders of new modern homes. Small cash payment only required, balance monthly. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD, 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—A modern 9-room house on John St. now being paved; furnace, cement walks and cellar; soft water bath; in fact everything that goes with a modern house; good fruit. Will consider a lot in exchange. Inquire 1690 Fletcher Ave. 22-tf

FOR SALE—6-room house, Pontiac, near Hanna, this week $1,550. Lots and homes near Wayne Knitting Mills; 2 new modern houses in Nebraska, $2,200 on payments; 3 on Boone St; 3 on Greenwood Ave., all modern. A very fine home near Broadway, all modern, up-to-date, must sell. Don't miss this bargain at 3424 South Broadway; cottage nearly modern; 5 in east end; 3 on south side. Good lots and homes on south side. Good farms for sale or trade. Come and see me. I will help you to a good bargain. Wm. Klomp, 113 East Main St. 7-23-tf

FOR SALE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Nice, steel range; good as new; at 401 W. Williams St.

FOR SALE—A good paying Sentinel route at half price. Address "Route," care Sentinel.

FOR SALE—Five teams, wagons and harness, or will sell separate. 1410 Calhoun St. Telephone 2243. 8-8-tf

FOR SALE—Fine Bruno guitar, good as new, at a bargain price; phone 2764. 25-3t

FOR SALE—Good driving horse. Inquire M. Brucks, 1815 Walton Ave. Aug. 22-tf

FOR SALE—Stoves, cook, air tight gasoline and gas plate; all sold cheap; 1243 Huestis avenue. 26-tf

FOR SALE—Sixteen-inch wood at $8.00 per cord. Inquire at 2150 Oakley St. H. Schotemeyer. 22-6t

FOR SALE—Black Minorca chickens 6 months old. E. J. Velvick, Walton avenue, south of Pontiac, R. F. D. No. 12, City. 25-3t

FOR SALE—One hundred new kitchen cabinets, a bargain, prices less than factory cost; also 20 ranges good as new; 1410 Calhoun St. 8-5-tf

FOR SALE—Single comb Brown Leghorn, yearling hens, 75c each; good layers. Must have room. O. Hachman, 2832 Reynolds St., City.

FOR SALE—Furniture, carpets, sewing machine, organ, dishes, beds and bedding. Call 203 Third St. after 6:30 p. m., except Saturday. 24-5t

FOR SALE—Five-room house, south side, $1,150; two houses on one lot renting for $22.00 per month, $2,600; 7-room brick house on lot 65x150, $1,200. H. Goldstine, 10-11 Bank Blk. Phone 2460. 6-14-tf

FOR SALE.

An 80-acre farm, eleven miles from Fort Wayne, three miles from good grain market; $4,500.

Will build to sell, house, 5 rooms and bath, electric lights; lot 50 ft. front in Bloomingdale; $200 cash, balance on monthly payments, $1,300.00.

SWAYNE & SWAYNE, 111 W. Main St. 8-12-1m

FOR SALE—Cash or payments:

1 Ricca Piano	$110
1 Baldwin Piano	75
2 Oak Extension Tables, each	8
1 Oak Kitchen Cabinet	10
1 Oak China Closet	15
1 Oak Bookcase	15
1 Oak Davenport	20
1 Garland Range (cost $50)	25
1 Oak glass door Wine Cabinet	15

And a miscellaneous lot of other household goods.

FORT WAYNE LOAN COMPANY. Room 2. 706 Calhoun St. 7-27-tf

HITZEMANN & ASH

Rooms 402 and 403 Peoples Trust Bldg.

FARM AND CITY REAL ESTATE.

A good 4-room cottage house. Cottage Ave., only $1,600.
Eight-room house corner Cass and Fifth. Price, $4,500.
Lots in all parts of city.
FARMS
40 acres six miles on Goshen road. Will be sold cheap if taken at once.
70 acres, Aboit township.
50 acres, Aboit township.

H. L. Van Meter
REAL ESTATE

Over City National Bank.

One of the best investments in business property in the city. 6-room modern house, west end, $3,500.
10-room modern house, hot water heat, south side, will sell at a bargain.
7-room modern house, Columbia Ave., the best bargain in Lakeside.
Business property on Calhoun St.; will accept good residence in exchange.
PHONE 227

FEDERAL SECURITIES AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

CAPITAL $100.000

We Sell, Buy, Lease or Exchange

PROPERTY

WE BUILD MODERN HOMES

ANNOUNCEMENT

We wish to announce that we have established offices on the second floor of the Citizens' Trust Building, where we are prepared to transact a general real estate and fire insurance business. There is nothing too large or too small for us to handle, and all business entrusted to us will receive our most careful attention. If you have real estate of any kind to sell, list it with us and we will find you a purchaser.

THERE IS NO OTHER

Luxury which affords so great a comfort as the living in a home of your own, and no other luxury so strengthens your standing in the community. When this luxury can be had at not much greater outlay than you now pay for rent, and when this slightly greater outlay means the having, in a few years, of a home of your own to stop all rent cost, and when this home is of the very best sort, are you not a bit foolish not to look into it? The FEDERAL houses are perfect homes, perfect in themselves, in their conditions, in their surroundings and in their absolute protection against the coming in of anything to mar that perfection. You can have one ready for use, or have one built to your own ideas, for fall delivery, and on terms any buyer can easily meet.

Rooms 5 and 6, Citizens' Trust Building. Opposite Post Office. Telephone 910.

JOHN G. WOLFRUM, Secretary.

NEW HOMES

BUILDERS' OFFICE 722 Wildwood Ave.

House of 6-rooms and bath; furnace, electric lights with brush brass chandeliers; hardwood floors down stairs; papered walls; hot and cold water to kitchen and bath; cement cellar with laundry convenience. This house has cement walks, fruit and shade trees and hedge and is a most attractive home, $2,700.

We have other houses from $2,000 to $8,000 which may be bought on a cash or payment plan, or we will build for you.

THE WILDWOOD BUILDERS CO.

OFFICE 722 WILDWOOD AVENUE TELEPHONE 6543.

JOHN H. VESEY

YOU ARE TOO LATE

Now to get that Putnam St. bargain, but there is one on Cherry St. Eight rooms, light, gas, both kinds of water, barn; price $2,400.

I STILL HAVE

That beautiful six-room home near Creighton, on Harrison. Finished in oak. Completely modern, a perfect home. Price, $3,750.

PHONE 2736.

YOU WANT A HOME?

I will build you one in IRVINGTON PARK ADDITION on the payment plan. BIG BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC PARK with running water in this addition. Most lots only $350.00. Automobile will call for you and take you to the property.

514-16 SHOAF BLDG.

Walsh & Kierspe

GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Six-room house, 1100 Block Grant avenue; lights, both waters, steam heat; very cheap.
5-room cottage, Maumee avenue, opposite Hayden park; will consider trade on 6-room house.
10-room, all-modern house, 1000 block West Jefferson; lot 50x150; splendid barn; must be sold.
Beautiful new 5-room house; all modern; 900 block West Creighton avenue; special.
Splendid corner with one 7-room and one 6-room modern house; Huron and Mechanic street; will sell separately or together; bargain.
1½ acres, with splendid 6-room house; good barn, henhouse and park; all in excellent condition; near city on interurban line; 5c fare.
Building lots and residence property in all parts of city. Come and see us.
134 East Berry St. Telephone 2476.

FOR SALE

A bargain in an 8-room modern house, close in, corner lot; $2,600.
Elegant modern home, south side, on full lot; must be sold at less than cost.
6-room house; large lot, east side; only $1,900.
Archer Ave., 7-room house; bath, lights, both waters in house; can be bought on easy terms.
Full size building lots near Pontiac car line; a snap for railroad employes. Also lots at the corner of McCulloch and High Sts.
Improved ten acres near city limits; price right.
40 acres; 6-room house with other improvements; will exchange for city property.

K. J. BAUER & CO.,

No. 717 Clinton St. Office Open Evenings.

FOR SALE

Modern home on Pontiac street; possession immediately; non resident; must sell. For price and terms see

G. W. McKee

Phone 632. 8-9 Bank Block.
Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

FOR SALE

7-room house large lot, paved street; a nice home. Price $2,200.
Several 5-room houses from $1,000 to $1,700 each.
6-room cottage on Killea St.; fine home; $2,000.
7-room house; lot 52x150. Price $2,300.
3 acres; fairly improved; near city, $1,400.
And many others.

FREISTOFFER,

Calhoun St., next to Hamilton Bank.

FOR SALE.

Nice 5-room cottage on south side; cement walks; lot 30x150; $1,250.
5-room cottage on Gay St.; $1,500.
Two houses on Swinney Ave., strictly modern; $5,200 for both.
Modern 8-room residence, opposite reservoir; lot 50x150; $3,850.
Six-room cottage, John St., near Creighton; $2,000.
Six-room cottage, E. DeWald St.; $1,700.
Six-room cottage, North Barr St.; $1,800.
Eight-room house, large lot, on Walnut St., near Fairfield; $2,800.
A good 7-room house, Michigan Ave.; $2,300.

FARM LANDS.

55 acres only six miles southwest of Fort Wayne, near interurban line. Fine 8-room house, barn 40x55, windmill, good orchard, 8 acres timber, level sandy soil; $5,500; will take city property in exchange.
40 acres St. Joe township; fine 6-room house, barn 40x60; nice bearing orchard; well fenced and tiled; sandy loam soil; $4,100.
2½ acres, only 1½ miles from court house; fine buildings; will take city property in exchange.
15 acres, only 5 miles from city limits; good 6-room house, barn 28x40, good outbuildings; will take city property in exchange. Price $3,300.

K. VORNDRAN

GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.

Rooms 3-4, 2d Floor Pixley-Long Block. Phone 460. Open Saturday Evenings.

Fred Lambert

REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE

Nice 6-room house, Kinnaird Ave $2,350.00
Nice 6-room modern house, High St., two squares from Wells....$1,800.00
Nice bungalow, Fox Ave., one square from Creighton; strictly modern. Price $2,300.00
Good 6-room house, with toilet, both kinds of water, Poplar St. Price $1,750.00
Nice 6-room cottage, Organ Ave., two lots 50x150.....$2,500.00
Nice lot, 40x150, South Webster St. Price .....$ 500.00

ROOMS 209-210 SHOAFF BLDG.
Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.
Phones—Office, 2624; Res. 7090.

FOR SALE
Real Estate

7-room dwelling in west side "Nebraska," $1,350.
5-room dwelling, west side, $1,875.
7-room modern dwelling, west side, $3,500.
6-room modern dwelling, south side, $2,650.
5-room modern dwelling, near Base Foundry, $1,800.
Double dwelling, modern, west side, $10,000.

LENNART & ORTLIEB,

Second Floor. 819 CALHOUN ST.

Take a Look

With us through our display of fashionable fall fabrics. First in order comes the silks. Here are thousands of dollars' worth of splendid silks which we cannot try to describe, which you will see and admire when you come to make your selection. Come as early as you can for we want you to see the newest when freshest. Among fashion's fancies will be found

MARQUISETTES, SATIN MESSALINES, SATIN DE CHINE, PEAU DE CHINES, SATIN CREPES, FOULARDS, POPLINS, SCOTCH PLAIDS, CREPE DE CHINES, PERSIAN TAFFETAS, PLAIN TAFFETAS, AND FANCY NOVELTIES.

In Dress Goods

You will notice particularly our great showing of imported fabrics from Priestly of England, Lupin of France, and the best makers of Germany. Choice weaves and shades in lavish profusion. From our American manufacturers we show many excellent styles in suitings, such as **Serges, Cheviots, Worsteds, Panamas, Homespuns, Boucles and Diagonals.** Among the foreign cloths will be found **Satin faced Cloths, Tissah Royal, Silk and Wool Poplins, Voiles, Henriettas, Serges, Boucles, etc.**

Our aim has been to secure for our patrons distinction in style and fabric at reasonable prices.

THE RURODE DRY GOODS CO.

COLD CASH

Now is the time to get
All the money you need
To pay up your small bills.
Interest and charges small.
Offering liberal rebates.
Notice our new rates and plans.
All business confidential.
Loans on household goods.

Loans on pianos, and
Other personal property.
All left in your possession.
Never borrow of friends.

Call on us, 'phone us,
Or write and we will call.

NATIONAL LOAN COMPANY

FORT WAYNE, IND.
407-8 Shoaff Bldg. Phone 2899.

Fancy Fresh Baled Hay

We are now getting in a car a day Choice Ohio Hay, $17.00 per ton, 85c per hundred delivered anywhere in city. Now is the time to lay away your hay. Thoroughly seasoned and cured. We weigh our hay, it is not sold by bulk. Prairie hay, $12.00 per ton. Prevents heaves.

Our balanced Chicken Feed, makes your chickens lay. Keeps them growing.

Use our Insect Powder for lice, and Condition Powder for gapes and cholera. We guarantee them.

S. Bash & Co.

Sept. 5

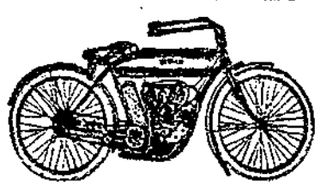
GERMAN AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Money deposited in the savings department of this bank before the close of business Sept. 5 will on the 1st day of January receive four months' interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

Should you need the money before that time you can draw it out.

Put your savings where they will be safe and will earn something for you while you sleep.

German-American Nat'l Bank



On the Job

Read the reports of open Motorcycle Events in any part of the country. The Indian, R-S and the Thor. Best on the road. Best on the track. Best on hills. Best everywhere. Single or Twin Cylinders. Power, Speed, Comfort, Satisfaction.

Indiana Bicycle and Supply Co.,

Agents for Indian, R-S and Thor Motorcycles.

Headquarters for good Bicycles and Tires. Everything for Motorcycle and Bicycle.

Yes, we do motor and Bicycle repairing. Charges moderate.

111 W. Washington Blvd. Cor Calhoun St.

Manson, Fowler and Record Bicycles

$22.50, $27.00 to $35.00: Choice of Tires G. & J. Cruiser (value $10) or Puncture Proof non-skid CUSHION TREAD (value $15) free on any of our Bicycles. FANCY TREAD BICYCLE TIRES (new goods not found in any other store.

"Won't Slip" Bailey Tread, red, now $3.75
"Peerless" Basket We ve red or gray 3.50
Thorn Proof Heavy Tread only 2.50
Road Tires, not guaranteed 1.50

Last year's high grade tires to close, $3.00. Inner tubes, 75c, $1, $1.25, G. & J. $1.50. Urine Baby Cabwheels for new tires. Come to the Big Store for your Bicycle Tires and Repairs.

Brosius & Brosius, Now 126 E. Columbia St.

NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

CANNING COMPANY BEGAN OPERATIONS

The Plant at Wabash at Work on Tomatoes and Corn—Crop an Average One.

Wabash, Ind., August 27.—The Wabash Canning company began its pack of tomatoes and corn yesterday for the season of 1910 and it expects to be busy throughout the rest of the year, unusually so because they have added other articles to their canning list.

The crop of tomatoes will be about the average for this part of the state. The dry weather has not damaged it very much unless there should be a very early frost. The vines are full of large, solid green ones of the very best quality and the pack this year will demand the highest market price. Some corn is now being canned, but in required quantities will be ready for delivery the first of next week and the crop is about the average while the quality is fine, and there will be corn to pack this year until frost stops the crop which will be something unusual.

THE METHODIST REUNION

Will Bring Big Crowd to Robison Park on Thursday.

The indications are that Methodist Day at Robison park next Thursday will bring to the city and the park a larger crowd than has attended any of the former reunions of this character, and this is the seventh annual reunion of the Methodists of the county. The occasion will be an interesting one. The principal speakers are Bishop W. T. Anderson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Dr. Frederick Wright, of New York. There is a general desire, especially, to hear Bishop Anderson. He is an eloquent pulpit orator. He will be heard at the park during the day and also in a lecture at the First M. E. church in the evening.

THE PLANT IS PAYING.

Lighting Plant at South Whitley to Be Enlarged.

South Whitley, Ind., Aug. 27.—The town board has accepted the bid of the Westinghouse Electrical Supply Co., for a new 150 h. p. engine and a 100 Kilowatt dynamo, with which the town lighting plant will be equipped. The bid accepted placed the figure for the improvements at $3,800 outside the cost of installation and the contract calls for the work of installing to be done inside of ninety days.

At present not over half the houses of South Whitley are lighted by electricity and yet the plant has paid out. It is figured that the new equipment will practically double the capacity and earning power of the plant, making it $600 per month.

DEATH AT BLUFFTON.

Bluffton, Ind., Aug. 27.—David Meshberger, one of the best known and most prominent and successful farmers in the vicinity of Linn Grove, died suddenly Thursday night about 9:30 from an attack of heart trouble. He had suffered two previous attacks of heart trouble.

STARTED HIS JAG IN FORT WAYNE

Marion Young Man Who Had Never Been Drunk Before in Police Court.

Marion, Ind., August 27.—Victor Allen, a young man 26 years of age, who testified that he had never been drunk before and who said that the jag for which he was under arrest was started while he was in Fort Wayne, was fined $1 and costs in police court here yesterday on the charge of being drunk and disorderly.

He was arrested on the public square by Patrolman Rosecrance and when arraigned was repentant and told his story. He said he had come to Marion from Fort Wayne and that he had taken his first drink at Fort Wayne. He was tuned up to a high pitch when he got here and this went up the scale with the drinks he took from his bottle afterwards. He was very disorderly when arrested.

The mayor, influenced by his repentant story, gave his a light sentence.

THE LUTHERAN SYNOD.

Centralization of Seminaries—Mission Work.

Richmond, Ind., August 27.—Centralization of the educational seminaries under the control of the Evangelical Lutheran synod of Ohio and other states was decided upon at the synod convention yesterday. Henceforth the schools at Columbus, Ohio, and St. Paul, Minn., will be maintained while those at Olympia, Washington and at Hickory, North Carolina, will be closed.

Reports of the committee on missions were made in the afternoon. It was decided to relieve misery and administer spiritual relief among the inhabitant of the slums of the cities, inmates of hospitals and prisons.

The mission board disburses $35,000 annually among a hundred or more missions. The office of executive of the mission board was made elective, and the term two years.

The board received a gift of $10,000 from a woman whose name is not made public. She is to receive an annuity from the gift.

CANDIDATE SPEAKERS.

They will Be at the Mongo Soldiers' Picnic.

Lagrange, Ind., Aug. 27.—Herman Haskins, the president, has made final arrangements for the old soldier picnic at Mongo, to be held in the George Smith grove next Saturday. Judge Owen N. Heaton, Otis L. Ballou and Cyrus Cline are to provide the oratory.

Clyde S. Twichell, superintendent of the Mongo schools, is to deliver the address of welcome, and Frank Adams will respond.

Included in the musical portion of the program are the Flint brass band and the Angola martial band. Recitations and songs will also be features at the grove.

Along the athletic line Mr. Haskins announces several contests of skill and endurance and a baseball game between teams representing Mongo and Orland.

RUN DOWN BY AUTOMOBILE.

Blackford County Farmers Say Montpelier Men Were Intoxicated.

Hartford City, Ind., Aug. 27.—Marion Waltz and James McColly, well known farmers, were run down by an automobile, driven by George Huggins and a party of friends of Montpelier, on the Camden pike. The buggy was demolished, Waltz thrown to the ground and severely hurt. The horse ran away but McColly succeeded in stopping it before it did him much damage. The farmers caused the arrest of Huggins and Mincer for intoxication but the men deny the charge and will fight it. The case will be heard here next Monday.

IS NOW CITY ATTORNEY.

State Legislator McKennan Elected to That Office at Garrett.

Garrett, Ind., Aug. 27.—At the city council meeting held here this week E. M. McKennan was elected city attorney, defeating Attorney W. W. Sharpless, who was the only other candidate. The vote of the members of the council was a tie and Presiding Officer Michel J. Driscoll cast the deciding vote. Mr. McKennan represented the county in the state legislature during the last session and is the democratic candidate for re-election to the same office this year.

PREPARING FOR CAMP.

Columbia City, Ind., August 27.—Company G is getting ready for the state encampment which opens at Fort Benjamin Harrison on Sept. 1st and continues until the 10th. The company will leave this city at 6:25 the morning of the 1st via the Pennsylvania for Fort Wayne where they will join the L. E. & W. special train to Indianapolis.

DEATH OF OLD SOLDIER.

Huntington, Ind., Aug. 27.—Major James B. Kemmer, an old soldier, died yesterday afternoon at his home of dysentery, contracted originally in the army during the civil war. Mr. Kenner had been ill for about two months. He was compelled to take to his bed about ten days ago.

NEW WARSAW TEACHER.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 27.—James E. Herron, a graduate of Harvard university, has been selected to fill the vacancy in the science department of the Warsaw high school. The new teacher will arrive in Warsaw Saturday, and will spend next week outlining his work for the coming term.

NET FOR WHITE FISH.

Columbia City, Ind., August 27.—State Commissioner George W. Miles, of Indianapolis, and Deputy Rodney Fleming, of Fort Wayne, and Deputy Harry Walker, of Laporte, arrived in the city at noon Friday and the party which will investigate the feasibility of granting permission to net for cisco and white fish in the lakes of the county set out Friday afternoon for the lakes.

Most old people must give the bowels gentle, constant help. One candy Cascaret each day does that. Harsh physic, taken regularly, makes the bowels callous. Cascarets do not. Nearly all old people now use this natural, gentle help.

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. 854
Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.

Helps Those Sick Kidneys

Rheumatism with it's accompanying pains and tortures, is the result of a decreased action of the kidneys which results in an accumulation of Uric Acid in the blood.

Treatment should commence with the first hint of kidney trouble.

Those almost insignificant pains in the small of the back mean trouble—it's a warning of kidney weakness—inability to separate the poisons from the blood.

The action of the kidneys is incessant—they work constantly and in company with the liver and bladder strive to purify the blood and keep the system free from poisons. They should have help—if they become weakened and neglected it means Rheumatism or Bright's disease.

If you would avoid these dangerous diseases use Nyal's Stone Root Compound—start with the first symptoms and make sure that the kidneys are restored to their normal strength and activity.

Nyal's Stone Root Compound was devised for that very purpose—to assist the kidneys, bladder and liver in their functions and rid the system of Uric Acid and other poisons. Does it too.

Fifty cents and one dollar the bottle.

Ask the Nyal Druggists.

D. & N. Pharmacy,
624 Calhoun St.
Loesch Drug Store,
Cor. Barr and Wayne Sts.
Meinzen Drug Store,
1129 Maumee Ave.
Hutzell's Drug Store,
1402 West Main St.
Jacob Bill's Drug Store,
1401 E. Creighton Ave.
Clapesattle Drug Store,
2514 Broadway.
Zimmerman's Drug Store,
1312 Broadway.
Hoham's Drug Store,
1706 Calhoun St.

WOLF & DESSAUER

NORTHERN INDIANA'S GREATEST STORE — DEPARTMENT STORE — WEST BERRY ST.

Buy Remnants at Half Price

The Basement Sale closes to-night. If you have a use for remnants of any kind, be here to-day. Some especially rare bargains remain in short lengths of wool dress goods, in lengths suitable for separate skirts, school dresses and waists. Also silks in waist lengths, wash goods and white goods.

Sale Closes To-Night

MEN,
IF YOU ARE AILING, CONSULT ME, I WILL CURE YOU.

DR. MORELAND
Expert Specialist

For many years I have been curing diseases of men, and my success has been such that I can guarantee my patients a lasting cure. If you are in need of treatment, you should not hesitate to consult me. My treatment will cure you and my guarantee protects you. If you have been unsuccessfully treated, you should make one more effort to regain your health. My long experience and perfected methods of treatment, aided by my superior office equipments enables me to do everything that is necessary for my patients and cure them in a shorter time than any other specialist.

Whatever may have caused your trouble, you do not want to suffer the full penalty exacted by Nature. You do not want your health wrecked, your happiness destroyed and your life filled with misery and suffering, when with a little effort you can avoid it. Under my advanced methods of treatment a cure is a certainty. I CURE. AND WHAT I CURE STAYS CURED.

I treat, cure promptly, safely and thoroughly at the lowest cost, Piles, Rupture, Catarrh, Debilitated Nerves, Loss of Strength, Lowered Vitality, Varicose Veins or Enlargement, Blood Poison, Kidney and Bladder Diseases and all diseases and weaknesses and their complications. CONSULTATION AND ADVICE FREE. Write if You Cannot Call.

DR. E. W. MORELAND CO.

Office Hours—9 to 12, 1 to 5; Evening, 7 to 8; Sunday, 9 to 1 Only.

Permanently Established.

136 WEST WAYNE STREET. FORT WAYNE, IND.

FISHING TACKLE

For the professional as well as the amateur. It's not the expensive outfit that catches 'em but tackle of the right kind.

Ask anybody who has seen our variety of up-to-date tackle and see if they wont tell you it's the best in the city.

Better see for yourself and you will admit it too.

F. M. SMITH & CO.--Sporting Goods

Packard Band Concert, 25 pieces, Robison Park, Sunday. 26-2t

LOW ONE WAY COLONIST RATES WEST VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Aug. 25 to Sept. 9 and Sept. 15 to Oct. 15. Full information of agent or write F. I. Parmin, T. P. A. Fort Wayne, Ind. 13,20,27

The substance of the potatoes, properly prepared in Bread, makes a wholesome daily diet for workingmen and growing children. Contained only in "Haffner's 10c Potato Loaf." For sale at all dealers. 3-28-tf

Ivers & Pond Piano—The Piano that is built up with more good points and care than any Piano on the market. 1008 Calhoun St. Guy Conklin. 10-30-tf

While on your vacation have The Sentinel mailed to you. Ten cents per week. Either phone 173. 6-21-tf

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August. 7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

The International Business College now has five thousand graduates holding good positions in this city and surrounding territory. There is a good chance for you. Enroll now and start Aug. 29. Call at office or phone 504 for further information. 8-9-tf

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks and Mortgage Loans. C. F. PFEIFFER, Shoaff Bldg.

DR. K. L. SEAMAN

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
312-313 Shoaff Bldg.
Phones: 2904. Res. 2763.
STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWEL SPECIALIST.

Constipation, indigestion, gastralgia, appendicitis, inactive liver, diarrhoea, bowel obstruction or any disease resulting from digestive disorders quickly cured. No other treatment so effective. No drugs or medicine. Constipation in children predisposes to other more serious diseases. It can be quickly cured.

DR. RANKE

FT. WAYNE, IND.
207 Washington Boulevard West.
EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT.
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

THOROUGHLY CLEAN AND PERFECTLY SANITARY

That is the way your washing comes back to you when done by The Troy Laundry Soft Water Method. Phone 169.

"If It's a Good Thing, Seavey's Have It"

Some Specials We Will Run Until September 1st.

A 20 per cent. discount will be given on White Mountain Freezers and Belding-Hall Refrigerators.

Small Boxes $6.50, were $8.50.
Medium Boxes, $8.40, were $10.50.
Large Boxes, $19.20, were $24.00.

We also carry a full line of the famous McCray Refrigerators and Detroit Gasoline Ranges.

3-Burner, with oven, $19.20, were $24.00.
3-Burner, without oven, $12.80, were $16.00.
2-Burner, low, $7.20, were $9.00.
3-Burner, low, $8.80, were $11.00.
2-Burner Oil Stoves, $7.20, were $9.50.
2 and 3-Burner Reliable Make, tested and guaranteed, $3 to $4.50.
Gasoline Ovens from $1.50 to $3.00.
Alcohol Stoves and Hot Plates at a discount of 10 per cent.

WATER COOLERS

2-Gallon White Enameled Lined, $2.25.
3-Gallon White Enameled Lined, $2.75.
4-Gallon White Enameled Lined, $3.00.

LAWN MOWERS

A high-grade piece of goods sold at cost. 12-inch at $2.40; 14-inch at $2.60; 16-inch at $2.80. Grass Catchers, 75c and 85c.

Lawn Hose—The best that money can purchase at a discount of 20 per cent.

Faultless Fly Killers, 5c each.

Fancy Screen Doors and Adjustable Window Screens, 20 per cent.

This is the first sale which we have ever offered the people of Fort Wayne and it truly is an opportunity which you cannot afford to miss, for hardware, unlike other lines of goods, never goes out of style, and when you buy here, you get the best that money can procure.

Phone orders will have prompt attention.

Phones 149 and 2648. **SEAVEY Hardware Co.** 119-121 W. Main St.

The First Newspaper Established in Northern Indiana.

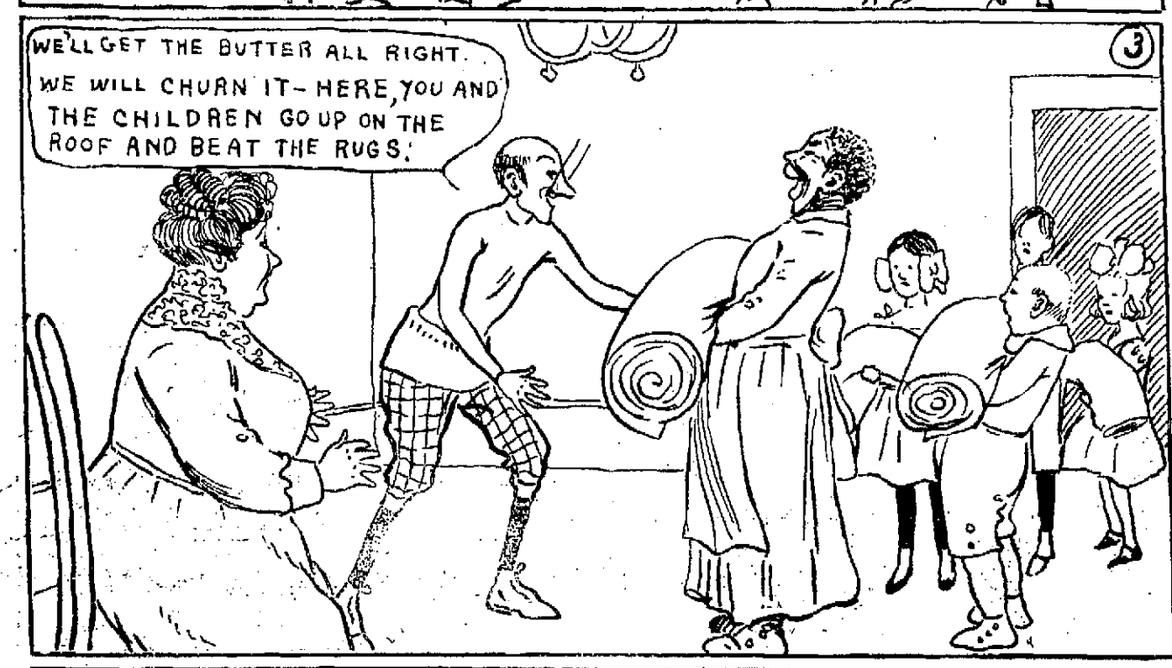
The Fort Wayne Sentinel

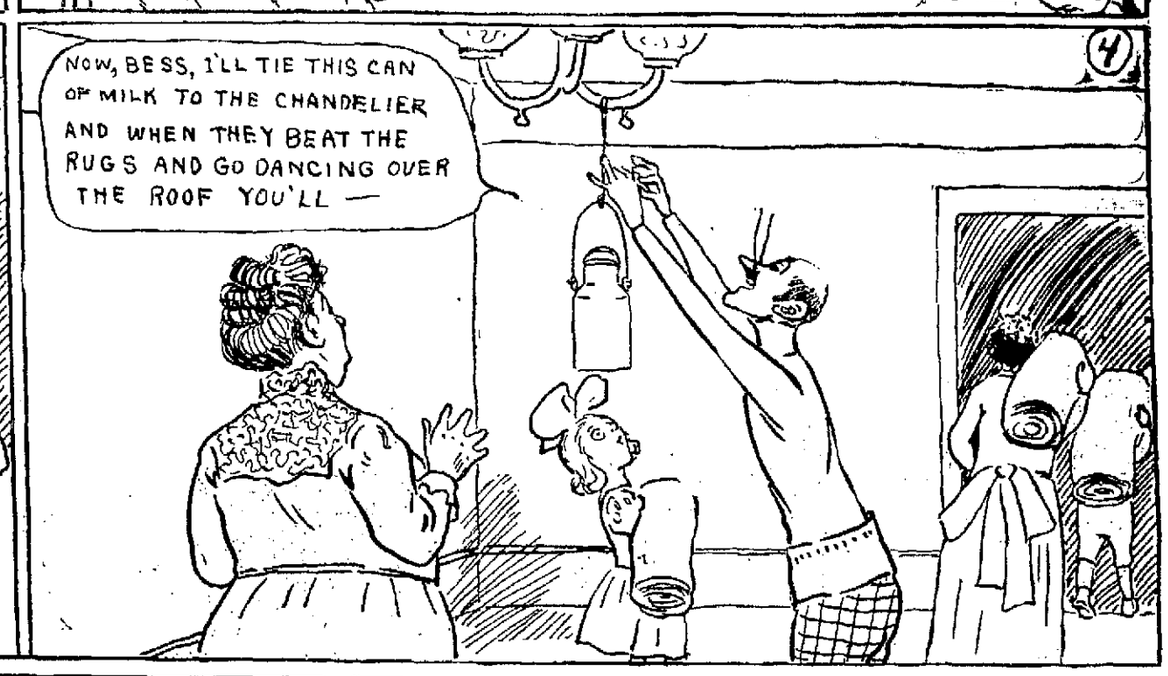
SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27, 1910.

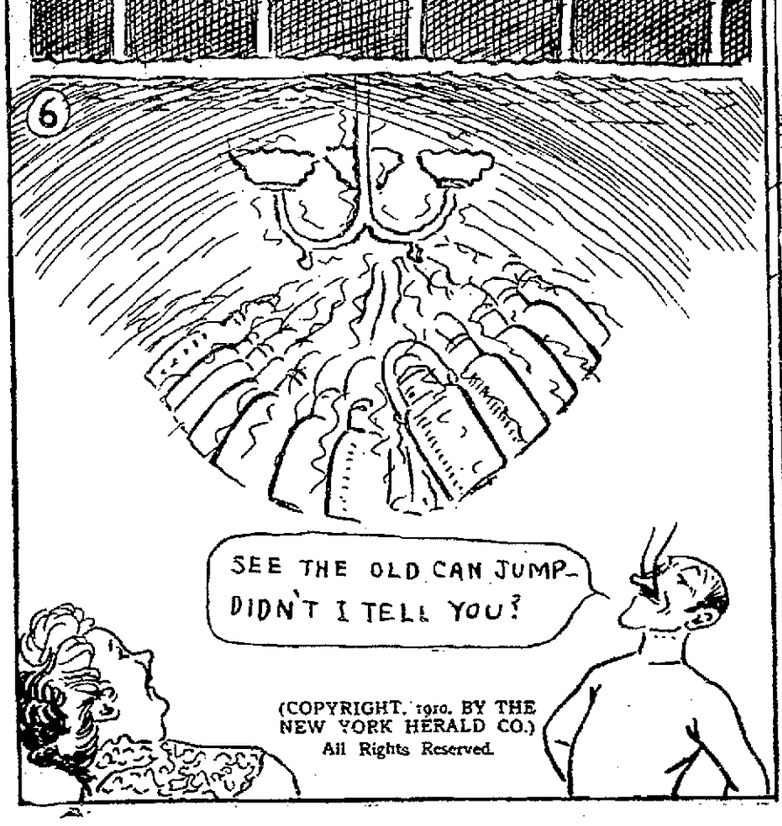
All the News All the Time that is Fit to Print.

UNCLE MUN

HANNA, AUNT BESS AND THE CHILDREN WILL STAY FOR DINNER.
YES, SAH, BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY BUTTER AN ALL THE STORES ARE CLOSED FOH HOLIDAY.
2







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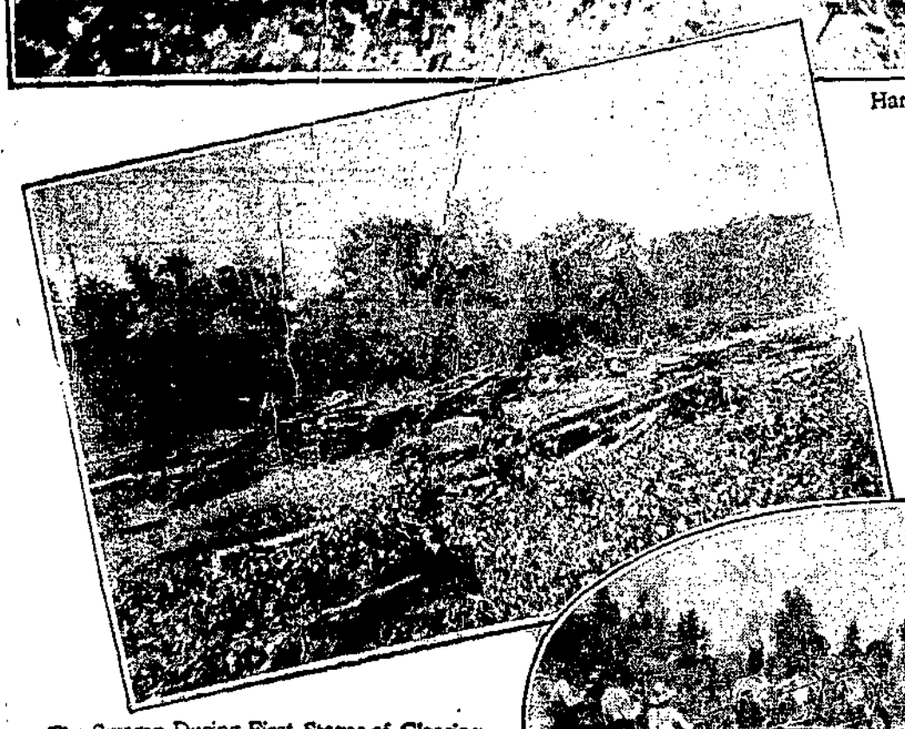
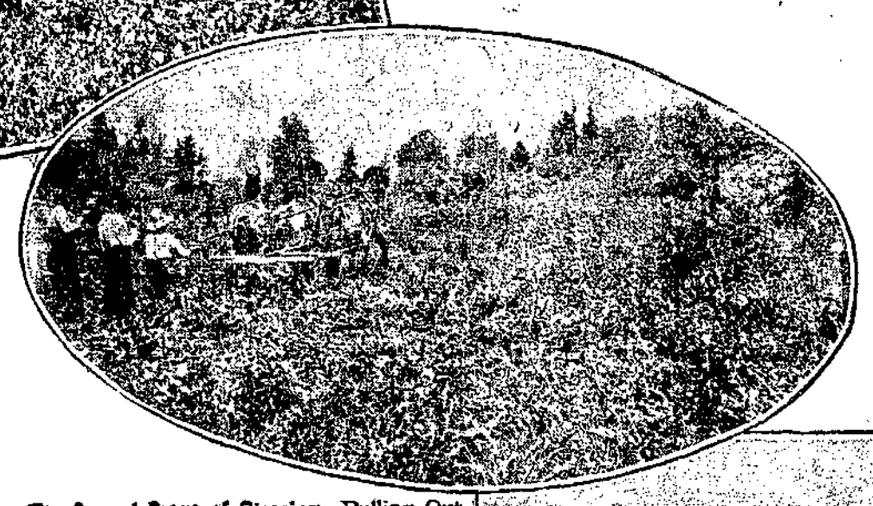
MAKING MUCK *into* MONEY

THE Transformation Scheme Which Is Developing Rich Truck Farms from Forbidding Looking Swamps and "Abandoned" Bogs

Harvesting Spinach on the Bonney and Ware Farm



The Swamp During First Stages of Clearing



The Second Stage of Clearing—Pulling Out the Stumps

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

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TO take solid acres of worthless land—bummock and weed and standing shallow water—and to convert it into acres of huge earning capacity, all of that comes very close to be creation. Moreover, it sounds the high text of modern intensive farming.

Eastern farmers—the men who have had to hear dinned into their ears that their farms are worthless and already beginning to be abandoned—are doing that very creative work. There are many thousands of acres of that sort of swamp in the great agricultural State of New York to-day, but every square foot of those acres has begun to show a new possibility. Drained and properly protected against reflooding, those swamps become muck, and any farmer who is even half a farmer will tell you that muck spells money. Upon muck garden truck—celery, onions, spinach, asparagus and the like—grows with tropical fervor.

So to drain and to keep drained those swamp lands a new specialty in the many sided profession of agriculture makes itself first known—farm engineering. Just as men have made a science of the construction of the railroad and the profession of railroad engineer one of no mean importance, so shall the farm engineer—the man who takes dry farms and by science, which in this case means nothing more than a little application of ordinary hard sense, by irrigation makes them moist and fertile; who takes the swamps and dries them far enough for practical and profitable vegetation—come into his own. Already that new profession offers unusual rewards for the man of practical mechanical aptitude, for the man who can see one thing and then in the clear perception of his far seeing mind see its possibilities under development. That is an engineer's business—to dream in practical realities.

The engineer that can dream these practical realities for the waste swamp lands within close striking distance of the great market cities of the North Atlantic seaboard will rank with the best man who ever ran the smooth bed of a trunk line railroad through a mountain range. That engineer—the first of the new profession of farm engineers that is bound to come—will blaze a great way for himself in the economic development of the land.

Take the case of Bonney & Ware, of Batavia. There is a concern that because of the development of its own idea already deserves the new title of farm engineer. Modestly those two partners disclaim that they have blazed a new path.

"There are other folk who are growing garden truck in the muck, and making a success of it, too," they told us when we went to see them.

Perhaps there are. But Bonney & Ware are at least typical, and, better than typical, they are an illuminating example, for they have led the way, at least in the great garden State of New York. Around Batavia are several swamps—an increasing number of them as you go north from that enterprising county seat. Bonney & Ware took one of the worst of these swamps, within two miles of the centre of the village, and in nine years they have done much to change the map of that particular part of Genesee county. The old "Ware farm marsh," with its almost impenetrable second growth of pine and elm, rising from a morass where stagnant water stood the year around, has almost disappeared. In its stead there has come a fine black farm, a farm where garden truck grows in a fashion such as the county of Genesee never before had known.

The Mechanical Tricks.

You ask the why and the wherefore of that transformation, what has become of that rank swamp that stood there unconquered in 1901, and whence came that rich truck farm, and Bonney will look at you unsmilingly and answer:—

"Just a few little mechanical tricks—that's all."

Ware supplements that, saying:—

"A little common sense and a lot of hard work."

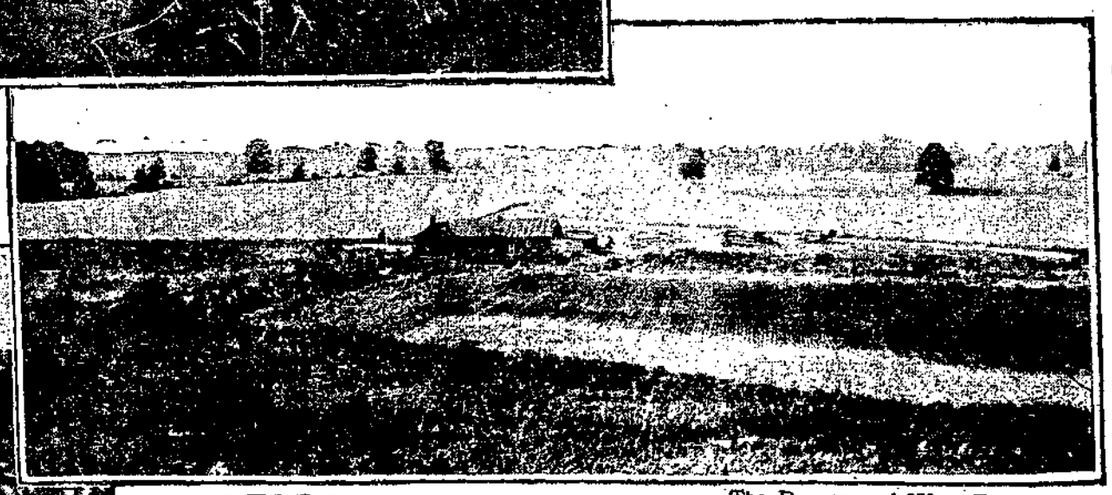
But you know differently. It is farm engineering—that new born science that is yet to revolutionize this land—which is to give to New York agriculture a new dignity and a new importance.

Go back in very recent history to the beginnings of this magic black farm.

W. W. Ware is a lifelong resident of Batavia. His father before him held and worked that big farm out on the Ellicott street road, a splendid big farm, barring, of course, that nasty eighty acre swamp at its back. The upland farm was more than ordinarily productive, and when W. W. Ware came into that farm as a matter of inheritance he had a good property, as ordinary New York farm properties go. He had been raised in all the traditions of honest, sensible farming, and for a good many years he kept those traditions in practical working form. He was a good farmer, a good citizen. He was prominent in the local grange, president of the county fair, a decent, God fearing man. But if that pestiferous swamp had not occasionally overflowed and spoiled one of his fine upland gardens this story would never have been written.

The last time that swamp went upon a rampage was ten years ago, and it will not happen again. After Mr. Ware had charged a good round sum off his books because of that overflow he took new notice of that damp sink-hole on the back of his property. He got a gang of men and built an earthen dam across the north end of the swamp, four feet high and thick and about a third of a mile long. After that the swamp began to flood again, but this time the nice upland garden was not ruined. Farm engineering on the Ware place had been a success in the very first instance.

The Finished Farm—Mr. Ware Viewing His Crops



The Bonney and Ware Farm

The Pumping Station on the Bonney and Ware Farm

So much of a success had it been that it set the farmer proprietor thinking. He had read of draining swamp land down south of Rochester, and he wondered if something of that sort would not be worth while on his own farm. He started on a small scale—just a few acres near the dam—and some of the Batavia folk wondered if Farmer Ware, a sensible, hard headed citizen, was going to make a big mistake for the first time in his life. One of them came and leaned over the road fence and discussed the matter in the frank and friendly fashion of the up-State folks.

"It won't do you any good to pump the water out there in the swamp," he told Ware. "It will still be standing under there all the way."

Ware was silent.

"And if you do get this piece of the muck drained," continued the sceptical neighbor, "you won't be better off than before. There's a swamp three-quarters of a mile off, and that other one two miles away, and they are all connected under surface. You'll have to be draining half the swamps in the township, Ware."

Ware was still silent. It might be true, every word of that grim assertion, but he was going to find out. And find out he did. It was discouraging work at first. The pumping itself was a deal of a problem for a man who was feeling his way in the dark, but finally that solved itself. Before the solution was reached, however, Mr. Ware found that he was on no piecemeal job. He had to have a plan, and he found himself in need of a mechanical expert. So he sent down to East Bethany and there he found W. L. Bonney. Bonney had had some experience in farming in muck. He is quite as fully a farm engineer to-day as if some smart technical school had created such a degree for his particular benefit. Bonney had the experience, Ware the land; the partnership was the natural result.

Looking After the Kinks.

"Mr. Bonney looks after the kinks," Mr. Ware will tell you. "I am only the financial man. That is the rough way in which we divide the work."

"You do the marketing?" you suggest.

He is puzzled for a moment, then breaks into a laugh.

"Marketing? Well, hardly marketing for us," he finally admits. "We do about all of our growing under contract."

That of itself pays full tribute to this science of modern farm engineering.

You are standing facing the black farm at the very point where the service road, coming down from the comfortable farm buildings, ceases to cut across the upland farm and passes through a break in that original dike of nine years ago.

Ahead of you the black farm rests in mathematical symmetry. It is eighty rods in width—perhaps twice as deep, for there are fifty-five acres of it under cultivation—and every ten rods there is a drainage canal. These eight parallel canals lead into a main canal, or ditch, which twists around the base of a low hill to a pumping station, where a twenty-horse power gasolene engine lifts surplus water over another dike to the waters of a creek, natural drainage. Bonney is apologizing for the canals.

"They are crude and only did as starters," he says. "When fall comes, our crops are harvested and we can spare the time we will begin to replace them with tile. That will be a big improvement. These canals are not satisfactory. They are expensive to keep in repair and the banks breed weeds and insects. But, worst of all, they steal too much valuable room away from us. We want to work almost every inch of our muck farm."

He speaks with the real enthusiasm of an engineer, a dreamer of big dreams, this Bonney. When he wants to find a machine to do his work and cannot find it he invents one. He wanted a machine to bank the earth to bleach the celery—the farm was too big to do it by hand—and when the agricultural implement people looked blank he went ahead and devised one, simple enough to be of easy adjustment, complicated enough to have required something of an inventor to think it out. But he does not talk of his machines, this Bonney. He is showing how the canals work.

At the back of the farm there is a tangle of bush and of second growth timber, where the exquisite regularity of the fine green rows of growing things lose themselves in a riot of underbrush; there are springs, the original trouble makers of the Ware farm, the sources of its troublesome swamp waters. Those springs have been turned to workmen on that place. When the weather grows dry they are turned over the black land to irrigate it. The canals form natural conductors. Earthen dams thrown across them here and there regulate the watering, section by section.

"We'll do that better another year," Bonney tells you. "For at the vital points on our tile lines we'll place small boxes of concrete with metal dams. We will radiate a few lines of tile from each and then we'll be able to regulate our irrigation pretty accurately."

You understand. The canals that are drainage in the wetness of the spring help dampen that rich, fine land in the dryness of the summer. Ware picks up a handful of that land, soft and black and moist and crumbling. He closes his hand hard upon it. The water exudes between his fingers. But when he opens his hand the earth is still moist and crumbling.

"That is the test," he tells you. "It wouldn't have the value if it had caked there under the pressure of my hand."

You start to ask a question, but he halts you. From the far off town, just showing itself over the trees of the Ware orchard by a group of tall brick chimneys from which the smoke rises almost straight in the windless air, comes a long whistle call. You wonder if Bonney & Ware belong to the Batavia Fire Department and are about to be called a long two miles into action. Ware must read your unspoken question, for he says:—

"There's our weather."

There is a pause, but the whistle spoke but once.

"Continued fair," says Bonney.

The Weather by Signal.

For ten miles about Batavia in the heart of that great farming country the farmers have stood still for that moment at eleven to get the Washington weather report. Ware's grange—Stafford No. 413—made the arrangement with the harvester works in the town to sound the signal. The report comes through by telegraph from Washington just before eleven o'clock in the morning on the even hour and the whistle sounds its warning note to a whole countryside—once for fair weather, twice for local rains, three times for a cold wave, and the like. You come back to the matter in hand. Ware takes you into his little wagon and you start toward the back of the farm, where a tiny strip of the swamp still remains undrained.

When you turn from the main service road to the left your eye is attracted by gay flower beds laid in symmetrical fashion, at the very centre of that rich black farm. Pansies already run riot; a little later the asters will begin to bloom. Your eye travels from the charm of the distant scene, the exquisite regularity of those rows of growing things, the hedge row of trees in the riot of early July foliage, the workers in the fields, great three horse farm wagons laden with produce clattering over the service roads, to the delicate flowers, to the hard headed Western New York farmer beside you in the buggy, the man who was responsible for those flowers. Once again he reads your thoughts.

"They kind of give a finish to the place," he says in half apology. "You like the idea?" he queries.

Of course you do. You tell him how big factories are doing the same thing, placing their huge commercial selves in the heart of open lawns and flower beds, growing green ivy over the hard brick walls of their buildings; how a big trolley road in New York floats the American flag every day over each of its barns and shops.

"That flag idea rather hit me, too," says Mr. Ware. He points with the butt of his whip and your eye follows. He has set out a great flag there, close to the roadside. It is set out in asters, and throughout August it will be radiant in living red, white and blue.

"I don't know," says Mr. Ware, "but I'd a lot rather have that big flag growing there than to be taking produce off that tract."

You drive right up to the edge of the original swamp—only twenty-five of the original eighty acres are left in it, and these twenty-five will all be bearing truck within the next five years. This spring has seen another tract cleared, trees cut and carted off to the farm's own shop to be cut into shipping crates, underbrush fired and refired. After that the plough teams come and root out the stumps. Then the reclaimed soil is ready for work.

"We cleared one tract back here during the first two weeks of April," Mr. Ware tells you, "and on the 12th of July we planted it to potatoes. That softens up the land and helps get it ready for the finer crops. We ought to get another crop from it this year."

"How many crops?" you venture.

"We ought to get three crops a year off this land," he says. "Say one of celery, with two of spinach or three of spinach. Your celery will never grow anywhere near as fast as your spinach."

All of which gives you quick contemplation of the value of this black farm. Ware is loath to give you the profits in his business, which is a right that is shared by most concerns, but the increase in land value speaks for itself. You could have bought the entire swampland ten years ago for less than $40 an acre, and Ware might have thanked you for taking it off his hands. To-day it is worth between $400 and $500 an acre, and not for sale at any price. That fifty acre black farm filled forty cars with lettuce last year, twenty-three more cars with celery, besides sending spinach, tons upon tons of it, into the canning factory in the village.

That sour swamp has redeemed itself.

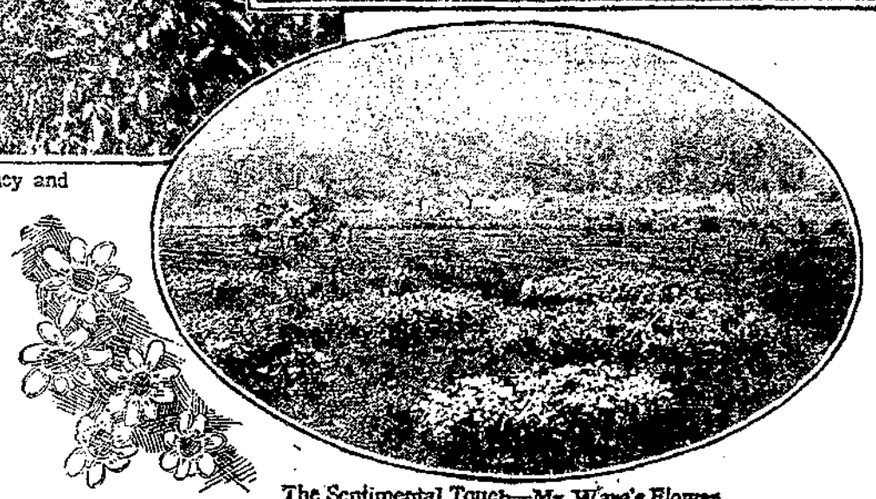
That thought obsesses you as you drive across that farm for the final time, past the clattering wagons gathering up the produce from the rich gardens, past the Polack men, women and boys working in the fields up to the main high road again.

That sour swamp has redeemed itself.

No.

You are wrong.

There is that new agricultural science—farm engineering—and you had forgotten that for a moment. Farm engineering has accomplished the transformation, redeemed the sour swamp and made the black truck farm take its economic place in the world.



The Sentimental Touch—Mr. Ware's Flower Garden

THE CARPENTRY of the MUSICAL SHOW

FROM the Inception of the Idea Until the Broadway Opening Night All Is Toil, Patient Effort and Building Up or Destroying

BY GARNET WARREN.

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NEW YORK, Saturday.

THERE is a glow of changing light upon the stage and the moving hosts of beauty divide. There are varieties of march and intricacies of formation, while over the scene flash the many colors of that mysterious stageland.

It moves very easily, this thing which Broadway endearingly terms "a musical show;" and it flutters its butterfly wings as if they had always worn their empire of sheen and had never known the chrysalis which once they were. Yet they were toilsomely constructed, indeed, and with patience one may even see them in the making.

Let me then induct you to the first preparatory scene. At a square desk covered with books and papers sits each day that sacred personage, the producer. Fill his parts in for yourselves. Many men come to that room, too, to see him, and all to defer. For he it is from whom salaries come and all the pleasant playthings in the game called life. He distributes orders and engagements and is a great man.

It is the star who frequently inspires the machinery of theatres to move. When you get to be very great at anything you induce potent theatrical managers to think concerning you—for you are an Attraction. So the producer often thinks of the star before he reflects upon the "show." The star having been selected, however, that removed carpenter, the librettist, is called upon the telephone. Shortly he presents himself. You may fill his picture in also.

At a Square Desk Covered with Books and Papers Sits Each Day That Sacred Personage the Producer

The Scenic Artist Engaged in Making the "Model"

So the producer briefly tells the playwright what he desires. "A show for so-and-so" the instructions run. So the writer departs to return in some days filled with those enlivening things, ideas. He states them, while the manager listens and makes suggestions.

"Wouldn't it be better to do such and such here, so and so there?" The librettist thereupon disappears again once more, to come this time with his "scenario" or brief description of the play, which after attentive examination receives managerial approval. "Get to work on it," says the producer, and the writer goes, to come in the course of some few weeks with lyrics, for sundry musical composers are hovering expectant.

The song words once received the 'phone comes into a further requisition and the composing gentlemen hover no longer. Seven or eight are summoned and given a lyric or two apiece. Another gentleman receives the order for what is termed "the ensemble," and the musical show is usually a harrowing example of the effects of "dividing up."

It is now the composers' time of energy. They evolve their melodies or ensemble according to their several methods. They try out upon the piano, or write the air with pencil first, if they are very conscious of the dignity of their art. They gather in the producer's office to sing their compositions to him, who listens and remarks, remarks and listens. "It should go like this," he will say, or "it should go like that."

"Hold hard there," he will say. "You've got to get more snap there. Try it over."

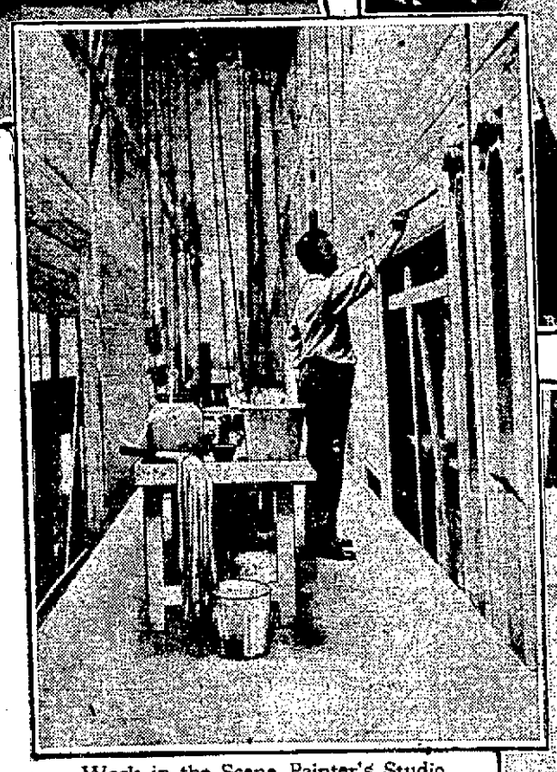
More compositions are played to accompanying criticism. This number could be a little brighter. There were two bright numbers coming together there; another one must be arranged.

Carpenters and Lyrics.

Thus the musical compositions are gone through from first to last, and one begins to understand the carpentry of lyrical production. So our composers filed out in their due order, to return from time to time with additions or variations which have been required.

The wheels are moving somewhat faster now, but yet have no great impetus. It is coming, though, for great spaces of canvas are waiting to be turned into scenes and events crowd hotly in. But the scenery comes next, so the frequent telephone whirs its call and the scene painter enters with expectant eye. He is promptly handed a typewritten scenario. "We have a three act play here," he is informed by the Man who Pays. "First act, so-and-so; second act, so-and-so. When can I see the models?"

The scene painter receives his scenario reflectively. "Say about a week," he ventures, whereupon the "models" were the next objects of the scenic artist's activities. The models are really minute reproductions of the actual scenes of the projected play. They are painted in water colors, the edges of their tiny folinge are cut delicately and they are set into a mimic stage—a minute representation of what may be. These are, in their time, approved.



Work in the Scene Painter's Studio

In the meantime the costume designer comes to the judgment seat and is shown the models, for color harmonies enter into consideration here. His costumes must harmonize with the sensitive sceneries, the sceneries with the costumes. He suggests changes. "I would rather have another color," says he of a scene, whereupon again the faithful scenic man appears for further consultations and final decisions by the Ultimate Personage. Then the costume designer is informed of the number of "people" who will appear.

Sometimes five hundred costumes are employed in a production. In order that they shall be made exactly one hundred and twenty of these gaudy, gilded, vivid little water color sketches must be made which we notice at the doors of theatrical vestibules. The designer does them very rapidly, finishing four each day. The material of every dress used upon the stage is further chosen by him, subject to that certain necessary approval. He designs the furniture used. It would seem almost insult to ask a man like this what he does with his spare time.

In the meantime the scenic artist's fellows are getting to work. There are five or six of them in overalls and aprons, and they stand in the narrow little corridors made by the stretched canvases. They keep in eye the small models they are reproducing on an infinitely greater scale. Strange smells are in the air here. There are paint cans in most places and unfinished scenes in the remaining ones. The fellows work surely, with broad strokes of vivid colors and an exact eye for appalling exaggerations of effect, all of which would appear, doubtless, most rich and proper upon The Night.

While this work is taking place, however, many things are occurring in the managerial sanctuary. Streams of the magnificent have been entrant there—men actor folk in striking designs, women actor folk bedecked in gay extremity. Engagements are being thought of. Each is introduced by the stage manager, to whom they have made application in the first instance. Only the "cream" reach the sanctuary. So each comes (nervous for once) and is regarded keenly and with appraising eyes by the Personage. In such fashion are engagements made.

During these days the stage manager has been active, too. Troops of "show" ladies and "chorus" ladies have been waiting in anterooms to be passed upon. Much proportion and many feathers are there. The stage manager knows most of these girls—knows their points and their singing and dancing qualities—for they have, perhaps, been through his hands before. So they are engaged or propitiated with requests for their present addresses.

With Axe and Saw.

Our musical or spectacular show is now humming with human activities. The scene models, the dress designs have been O. K.'d by the ubiquitous producer, to whom every detail goes. There have been conferences with the librettist, conferences with the musical director, who has long since been engaged in translating the orchestral parts of lyrics and ensemble. The gentleman of theatrical properties has also had pressed into his hands that universal scenario, with rough sketches of furniture by the scenic artist. The stage managers have been conferring, too, with the busy author as to the lists of properties required. Rough instructions are all that are sufficient for most of these.

So away goes the property man to his workshop among the dust and cobwebs. It is large and has rough, red bricked walls. Fifteen to eighteen men work here in the busy summer season—fellows in blue shirts and overalls and the clothing of toil. The floors are bare and loaded up with dust, shavings, paint, unfinished carpentry, finished chairs and statues. The practical property man would seem able to construct most things. He makes machines for wind effects; he paints the odds and ends of scenery; he builds furniture and electric light fixings, and makes rugs and carpets and door knobs and even papier maché statues from his own designs. In the six busy weeks before a production begins, too, his work is of a feverish description. About three thousand separate pieces are sometimes required. The busy bee would appear to come a disastrous second to the property man.

It is now about eight weeks before production, and the wheels of the spectacular are taking to themselves intensities of impetus. The first rehearsal of principals has been called. In another week perhaps the statuesque divinities of the chorus will assemble. The principals arrive to the characteristic accompaniment of patent leather or suede shoes. They sit side by side in the centre of the stage. They are the same divinities so often seen in the grandeur of their habit upon Broadway. With coat and collar off, at a little table upon the stage is the stage manager. The producer sits in the front row. The walls of the stage have their glory shorn from them now, and are bare, and bricked and white. There are iron rods suspended in midair by wires and ropes. They have supported many gorgeous things in their time.

There is a slight pause and the stage manager commences briskly. "Mary Ann, the maid," he calls out, lifting a typewritten book from a pile at his feet. A little dark girl looks receptive and it is handed to her. "Ned Brinton," he calls, and one of the waiting circle holds out his hand. And so, sitting in the circle, they read their parts. The stage manager corrects an inflection here, or explains the sentence there. Occasionally the producer will order a sentence out as inconsequent.

As the rehearsals go on, the habit grows, so that at the time of the production the original 189 pages of manuscript will have shrunk to ninety. The principals read laboriously at first, with but slight suggestion of spirit. They seem like the members of some painstaking class in a serious village school. In a week, however, some development is indicated. They read with more spirit. The comedians are beginning to indicate extremity of inflection, as is their custom. Some of the performers who know that they are not in immediate requisition walk about reading and gesticulating as they read. The librettist, sitting near the producer, whispers frequently, for the making of plays is the result of many suggestions.

The Many Rehearsals.

Thus for three hours daily, in the afternoon, the libretto becomes diminished and shaped. Till now one theatre has been sufficient for rehearsals. In a week, however, will the classic show girls, and those lesser luminaries, the chorus girls, be called to their rehearsals, all of which will necessitate another theatre's accommodations. So at ten o'clock upon a morning the smiling chorus throng meet elsewhere, and there, with discretionary eye are the dancing director, who directs the dances of the chorus, and the man who attends to the things of music. The girls, who are provided with the words of the songs, sit clustered about the piano in a circle, while the musical director plays the air for them. He sings first, they follow, till line by line the strains sink into that chorus comprehension. Thus for a week it goes till all the airs and many of the words have become memorized. The dance director that comes upon the active field of affairs.

From the morning of the first dancing rehearsal the chorus has become more workmanlike in appearance. Many of the trappings of grandeur are thrown off, skirts are pinned up in preparation for the dance. There are assumed, too, short, knee high, kimono like affairs called practising skirts. Most of these girls are pretty and all of them shapely. Then the dance director stands before them and trains them in the dancing ways they should go. It is his way to take small companies and placing himself in the midst emphasize each step by little exaggerations of pose. When these sections have been rehearsed separately he takes them together. He tries them again and again, repeating little words and phrases constantly. "Go back—Go back," are familiar words. When all have grasped a movement the piano is brought into requisition and the improving skill of the chorus is tried to that.

"How many vamps have you got there—how many bars?" he will say to the musical director, and being told, will try again. Then he teaches his chorus that which he has just evolved and in a few weeks more the chorus is marching about and dancing to the strains of the piano.

In the meantime the principals are working hard, at songs among other things. "Get more swing there," the stage manager will say to a lady soaring into song. To illustrate he sings a line himself. These activities are carried on with the rehearsals of the spoken parts. For the latter the stage manager goes upon the stage. He stands close to the actors and listens to each inflection, watches every expression.

It is three weeks before production. The chorus is at it all the time now. The principals rehearse in the afternoons. The producer is everywhere, directing the chorus here, the principals there, and already thinking of imminent ensemble rehearsals at night. More humble workers, also, have been moving. The wig maker has measured each performer for a wig, the costume man for suits and dresses, for the costume department will shortly be working with the full force of its two hundred and fifty dressmakers. There are dresses of the chorus which will cost $150 each. Every silk and satin which the designer selects must be matched and every dress individually fitted. The chrysalis is forming, the butterfly will soon be here.

But in all this time where is the star? Six weeks before the production she has arrived from Europe. She, darling of spectacular fates, exception to theatrical rules, practises at first by herself on the stage upon which the production is to be made. She comes from her dressing room in her pink tights and dancer's shoes.

Nearer the Day.

It is now two weeks before the production. At the rehearsals in the afternoon compression, compression, compression are the words. The iron handed producer is slaughtering the innocents. He sits in the back seats now, and the perspiring stage manager, coatless but not without his cigar, comes frequently for conference. Tirelessly the sentences are repeated, the songs resung, while the inactive principals of the moment sit about at the back of the stage waiting their turn.

Full rehearsals have come to be the order every evening. The first two acts are "paraded through, with many interruptions. The unfinished parts are practised separately in the morning. "Too long, too long!" is now heard often. The librettist and the composers are there, and at the word of change eliminate or adapt. The songs once sung by the composers are now sung alike by principals and chorus, and marched and danced by them, too.

It is a few days before the opening now. The costumes have been fitted, and one afternoon comes a dress parade. Everybody is arrayed in the costly raiment of the production and passes for inspection. A girl will venture "My tights are too tight here," and the order for alteration will come. Then comes a rehearsal of stage hands, when the manager, watch in hand, figures as to time. Each piece of scenery is carried on and off, just as will happen at the performance.

Making Costumes for a Musical Show
Photo by Byron

In all this time, however, no mention has been made of the orchestra. Yet this has been practising under its leader in some hall apart. However, the producer gives the word, and one fine day the performers find the orchestra in its place, and they sing their lays to its accompaniment. This is a few days before the initial performance. Nothing now remains but the dress rehearsal, of which there are possibly three before the first production of the play somewhere else. The scenery is in its place; the company is garbed in the splendors of its costumery. Every detail of the production now is gone through without interruption. The stage manager and the dancing directors are not seen before the curtain on that occasion. They are behind the scenes, marshalling their lines of chorus, gesticulating, exhorting harder than ever. Behind those freshly painted scenes, too, property men are rushing about, hauling, dismantling, replacing. In the auditorium sits the producer, immutable watch in hand; near him sits a secretary or clerk, note book in hand, ready to record further points for change—points for the electrician, for individual players, for the chorus, for everything bearing on the production. The ends of this complex skein are being gathered together.

At the next dress rehearsal on the following night much will be found changed. The man with the watch has conceived the whole finale of some scene to be less effective than he wished. In the morning it is changed. The time occupied has been, perhaps, twenty minutes too long. So next night it is diminished by that amount in those places where the sacrifices will seem most fit. Thus does the "book" decrease from 197 pages to one hundred ninety. And the man who holds the watch and who rehearses the chorus and the principals and the music and the songs and makes the engagements and pays the bills has fashioned it under his own hand.

The First Rehearsal of Principals
Photo by Byron

After the first dress rehearsal the company is transported to the "tryout" town of this theatrical occasion. The scenery has been packed and sent by train, the stage carpenter looking after it upon arrival. In the meantime the posters designed have been placarded, the advertisements written.

The night has come, the lights are low in the auditorium. Rehearsals are still called each morning and the work of change comes that another success may be made. The play, the star, the principals, the music, the scenery, the dances move alike in their respective grooves. And then one night, with the advantages of experience and time upon its head, we see it in New York. But the stage is not bare now. It is rich with scenery and gleaming with color. The lights are low in the auditorium. From the stage back, amid an opulence of sheen, advances a rich procession. The bright young ladies have no pinned up petticoats now. They are creatures of effulgence and fairyland. We see that the chrysalis has changed and is now a butterfly. She is fluttering her wings. The production has been made.

MISSY VIRGINIA

By Marguerite Merrington.

"What Is This She Carries in Her Locket Night and Day?"

The scene is laid in the attic of a Virginia mansion, somewhere about the year 1760. The quotations, rules for behavior and the like are taken from diaries of the period.

(In presenting this monologue either real scenery and properties or make-believe may be used.)

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VIRGINIA (*enters with a rush, as if pursued, closing and bolting the door; while doing so speaks to some person, or persons, outside*). No, you shall not follow me to spy on me! What do you want with me? Am I not ready for the sacrifice? Aye, sacrifice, I say! Oh, Colonel, think you I do not guess why you are marrying me off to a man old enough to be my great-grent-great-grandfather? (*Listens a moment, as if to those outside*). Eh? Oh, so, for my own good! Because for her pretty face the prosperous old merchant will take the penniless maid without a dower! A fine tale, forsooth, Colonel, and one that will read bravely in that diary you write so clerkly in your scholar's hand! But secrets will out over the canary, and the very echoes are buzzing with the bargain you are driving! Aye, bargain; giving me, your ward, your old comrade's orphan child, in payment of your losses at the gaming table! To pay a debt of honor! Honor? Heaven save the mark! What honor can there be in breaking a young girl's heart?

So now the cat is out o' the bag! (*Drums derisively on door while speaking*) I know, and you know that I know, and you may as well leave me this, my remaining hour of life, in peace.

What do I hear? Oh, fie, Colonel, what naughty language! But if 'till the coach is ready to take me to church you do not leave me alone, as I am a Christian I swear I will never go through the ceremony! I'll shame you! I'll bite, I'll scratch, I'll scream, I'll tear the bridegroom's wig from his bald pate and dash the prayerbook from the minister's hand, and—I will, I will, I will; so there!

(*Comes down and looks about with tender sadness.*) Oh, dear old attic, dear old playroom, goodby! (*Goes to window.*) Dear James River, how many toy ships have I sent freighted with dreams on your waters out to sea! Sweet spring, with your roses and lilies and flowering box trees and mock-bird's song, goodby! Oh, no doubt the world will roll on as wontedly when I am Madam Throckmorton; but, spring or snow, screech owl or mockbird, 'twill be all one to me! And that white monument yonder to Evelyn Byrd! My eyes are too swollen with weeping to read its record, but do I not know it from memory!—"Here in the Sleep of Peace Reposes the body of Mistress Evelyn Byrd." Peace, forsooth! Lying epitaph! These old walls have often whispered me how Evelyn sighed and pined because her cruel father forbade her marrying the true love of her heart! Sleep, forsooth! Those strange creakings and groanings that nurse always told me were but the uneasy pains in the woodwork of the house, do not I know that it is the click of Evelyn's little high heeled shoes, the rattle of the sticks of her fan, as her spirit comes back to dance a ghostly minuet! Poor, restless spirit, in death renewing the joyous hours when Mordaunt wooed her at King George's court! And of a dark, fearsome night, when the branches toss wildly in the wind, have we not seen something white glide by, moaning and wailing, "O-o-o-o-o!"

Oh, Evelyn, I wonder shall I, too, linger to be twenty-nine before I, too, decline into the Awful Tomb! Oh, Evelyn, did you never long to put an end to it by running down the secret stairway to the river (*indicating panel in wall*) or by leaping from the casement into the bottomless well to drown till you were dead? If only I had the courage! But, no; it looks so cold, so dark, so still! I'll live; that's it—live to torment my tormentors, a vixen, a termagant, a shrew! Oh, some one shall rue this day, I vow!

(*Moves about, comes upon old playthings, &c.*) Ah, my little workbox, my tambour frame, my sampler with the device I pricked my fingers to spell out:—"Virginia Shirley is my name; America my nation; Virginia is my dwelling place, and Christ is my salvation!" Laws me! we need salvation when we die, since we get none here. I have ever hated setting stitches, but I'd sooner hem dishclouts all my life than wear diamond rings as Madam Throckmorton!

And my toys that I laid aside but yesterday; my battledore and shuttlecock! That's what I am; a poor, helpless little shuttlecock! Will it be my fault if when I'm tossed willy-nilly from one man's hand to tother between them I fall into the mire?

(*Picks up old books.*) And my schoolbooks; my Accidence! How I have muddled up my brains over you! But all the pother you have given me I will pass on; you'll see! I'll conjugate the verb to tease in every mood! And my Book of Numbers; I'll warrant you I'll profit by your teaching! I'll turn the Golden Rule into the Rule of Three! I'll add trouble, subtract joy, and be a multiplication table of vexation to my husband! And you, what say ye, my little volume on Discreet Deportment for Young Females? "At table, after the blessing, ask for nothing; tarry 'till it be offered thee. Take salt only with a clean knife. Gaze not fixedly at any one who is eating. Sing not, hum not, wriggle not. Spit nowhere in the room but in the corners."

(*Throws book aside.*) I vow I will dip my fork with the meat on it into the salt; I will stare at my spouse 'till the bite and sup choke him; I'll hum, sing, wriggle, and, Heaven knows, I may e'en go so far as to spit wheresoe'er the fancy seizes me! Oh, they'll find they've caught a tartar in Missy Virginia!

(*Comes upon box of old dolls; lifts them one by one.*) Oh, my dear doll children! Quashabee, you ole niggah, most ladies only give away locks of hair for love tokens, but you have parted with your whole blessed wig! Belinda, you vain piece, your dress was peagreen taffety, with fine pink trimmings, but you got caught in the rain and nicely sonsed, and your hair a clod of powder and pomatum, while your fine gauze hat blew off into a pool of filthy water! I declare, Belinda, that shall be my revenge! I'll go walking in the rain when Daddy Throckmorton gives me grandy new clothes. When he takes me to the new Southwark Theatre to witness the edifying plays of Mr. Shakespeare or Mr. Congreve I'll shame him by my slovenliness; I'll be a monstrous, shocking, dirty lout, I will!

And you, Céleste, chérie, souvenez-vous des petites games que nous avons played si souvent together?

"La main, la main, jolie, petite,
Pour les amis, pour les amis!
Merci, merci, mes bons amis!

Le front, le front, le noble front,
Pour les pères et les frères! —
Mon cher papa! Mes frères chéris!

La joue, la joue, la rougeante joue,
Pour les douces mères et les soeurs!

La bouche, la bouche, si ravissante,
Pour les maris—mais seulement pour les maris!"

Oh, dear! oh, dear! as if I could ever kiss that old monster! Oh, dolly girls, be thankful you are but china, wax and sawdust, not human flesh and blood; for, dollies, your little mother's heart is breaking! Oh, my mother, I wonder do you know! I have a secret pain here, right underneath my brave breast knot. I'll tell you about it, dollies, but you promise not to betray me? Cross your heart and wish you may die? Good; then sit up and listen!

Behold Virginia Shirley, orphan, aged seventeen. God made her human, but to her guardian she is of no more account than were she this (*seizes bolster from old four post bed*), a thing of rags and stuffing! She must wear these clumsy engines (*takes old stays from clothespress*) to render her shapely, and these contrivances (*with old hoopskirt*), like Mr. Dante's nine circles of infernal torture, that she may be modish! This lutestring dress from Paris is not a bad investment (*taking clothes from press and bundling them on bolster*), and this face mask will protect the bloom of her complexion from the sun! A bonnet completes her charm. I dare swear had Eve found a gold piece in Eden she'd have spent it on a bonnet! Behold the result! Passable, eh? Has she a heart beneath her breastknot, this Missy Virginia? Ah, me! that's telling. What is this she carries in her locket night and day? (*Shows locket about her neck.*) She has a favorite schoolmate Sally Carter, and Sally has a brother Randolph! Randolph! A pretty name, methinks, and soft, like honey on the tongue!

His picture! Aye, they'll find it when they make me ready for the Awful Tomb! There! (*Shows the picture in the locket to dolls.*) Is he not the dearest, beautifulest! A perfect Ado—Ado—I can't recall the name, but you know whom I mean.

Randolph has met Virginia at routs, frolics and the like! Randolph is a poet; he indites his ladylove an ode! (*Takes paper from bosom.*) True, the spelling is not faultless, but who cares when the morning is so pleasant! (*Reads.*) "Come, then, and listen while I tell the beauties of this charming belle!" Charming belle! That's me, dollies; me! "Her eyes on which I gaze so oft are blue." Truth compels me to own they're only a sort of grayey blue, but I like him to term them outright blue, and of course in favoring lights they are blue—almost. "Are blue and languishingly soft!" H-m! well, perchance over the top of my hymn book, thus:—

"Heavens! with what grace she swims along,
The envy of the virgin throng!
Yould swear, so graceful is her motion,
Another Venus from the ocean!"

Venus! Venus! The idea of comparing me to a minx that goes in bathing that way! A lack of punctilio, I fear, in that! However, what comes next?

"Her lips, where all the graces stray,
Where all the loves delight to play,
Oh, how they lap my soul in bliss
With the ambrosia of their"——

Guess what rhymes with bliss! (*Kisses paper, replaces it.*) There, dollies, is not that a lovely ode? True, Mr. Pope may have turned his verses better and Mr. Homer was more of a scholar, since he wrote in Greek; but no one could have put more heart into words or extracted prettier sentiment from an inkhorn, I vow!

But what avails it! Young Randolph is but lightly blessed with this world's goods, so they've sent him off for a long journey, while his poor Missy Virginia is weighed, like so many hogsheads of tobacco, for the marriage market! Aye, they're sending her away to a strange place called Philadelphia, where, so travellers say, one meets nothing in the streets but Quakers and weeping willows! (*Crying.*) The bride of a toothless old ape of seventy and vantage, of unsound intellectuals, yet like to live forever! Oh, oh, oh, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! But what to do? Which way to turn for help? Randolph away! Sally sick a-bed of a fever, with split pigeons at her feet, blisters on her sides and doctors to cup and leech her all the time! Oh, could I but run away! But how?

The secret passage leads but to the river! The river, that's it! Better death than life with Gran'ther Throckmorton! Yet, my courage will surely ooze away. I might meet with a terrible monster, a water rat, or summat! The well! That's it (*running to window*); the bottomless well shall be my awful tomb! Oh, dollies, Randolph, life, goodby! (*About to jump from window; pauses.*) What's yon? A barge upon the river. The Carters' barge! And the flutter of a handkerchief among the bushes! Handkerchiefs look much alike, but there's something about the flutter that bespeaks Randolph! I'll wave a chancey answer! (*Waves handkerchief out of window.*) Aye, the answering flutter affirms my love, Randolph! What's this? (*Catches something thrown up from below.*) A note tied about a stone! His hand! Now, what says he! (*Reads note.*) Oh, joyful day! He has a minister waiting on the opposite shore, and a license, and Sally for bridesmaid. Sally, who wasn't sick at all, but just shamming to connive this. God bless you, Sally, and won't I do as much for you! (*Waves again from window.*) Yes, yes, yes, it is all right; I'm coming! But first I must disguise myself! Here's this old cape coat and this calash. (*Takes garments from clothespress and puts them on while speaking.*) My boxes of wedding bravery are gone to Philadelphia, but this nightrail will serve for trousseau! (*Seizes nightrail from press.*) But I need two maids to stand up with me; Sally's one, and you, Jerushy, love, shall serve for tother! (*Seizes doll by leg.*) Goodby, loveyducks! (*Kissing hand to other dolls.*) I'll come back for you when the knot is tied so tight no man can sever it! (*Runs toward panel, pausing at window to wave nightrail from it.*) Coming! All ready, dear love! Ah, Colonel, alack and welladay for all your schemes! Love laughs at locksmiths. Love and Randolph! And at cruel guardians, toothless bridegrooms, and—what's that! (*Stands still.*) A knock at the door! They've come for me! God have mercy on me, body and soul! They've knocked again! (*Goes toward door, speaks to those without; pausing for replies.*) Eh? The hour is come? Aye, the victim is ready for the executioner! But, first, before she opens to you, Colonel, she would ask one solemn question. Knowing that she hates, loathes, despises the fate to which you would doom her; learning, moreover, that she loves another and a better man, do you still persist? You do! Good! Then go seek your victim at the bottom of the bottomless well!

(*Throws bolster from window and runs off by panel, laughing.*)

CURTAIN.

SALLY PRUE CONSIDERS GOING on the STAGE

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"HELLO, dearie!"

Miss Lynden, the show girl of the latest Broadway hit, who was admiring herself in the hall mirror, glanced over her shoulder at me and smiled.

Miss Lynden's smile was a work of art. It had been brought to its present perfection only after weary hours of practice upon adoring small town youths during those not-to-be-remembered years when she was but a chorus lady on one night stands. Now that smile was a thing to be reckoned with. It was known on the Rialto, as the box office receipts could testify. But for once it failed to elicit even the ghost of a response.

Miss Lynden took in the situation.

"You didn't get no job, did you, dearie?"

"No, I didn't," I answered shortly. I was in a black mood. I had been out of work for two weeks. Because of illness I had lost the position I had held in the toy department of one of the big shops. It was midsummer, not exactly the season to find advertisements for extra help in the toy departments.

Trouble goes about in bunches. Madame Birot, the landlady, who had been a good, kind friend to me, had now returned to her beloved France. A new face appeared in Madame's place, and the expression of this one promised to be pleasant only so long as the rent was paid. Only that morning she had asked me for the three dollars due for the rent of my hall bedroom. I did not have it.

All day I had searched and searched and searched for work without avail. After twelve hours of fast I had had two stale soda crackers and a glass of tepid milk for my breakfast, and nothing since. It was now past seven in the evening.

"And now, dearie, that's a shame. But you mustn't think that you're not goin' to get nothing. Be Christian Science. But it sure does give you a empty house feelin', I know."

I wish she would not call me "dearie," I thought irritably.

Suddenly I became conscious of Miss Lynden gazing at me in a most extraordinary fashion, in a perfectly impersonal way, as if I were a new gown that she was on the eve of buying. It angered me. You see, my head was feeling light and queer from hunger. I was not myself. I opened my lips to make some sarcastic remark when she astounded me with:—

"Say, how tall are you?"

"Why—I think I'm about five feet four," I replied wonderingly.

"Um—short!" she observed, yet with her eyes upon me. "Still, French heels and a hat might do it. Say! Do you want a job in the chorus?"

"In the chorus?" I gasped.

"Yes; of course it don't pay much," she apologized, "but it will pay your board anyway, and you are lots freer than working anywhere else."

"Oh, but do you think I could get it?" I protested, remembering rebuffs of the last week.

"Well, now, that's what I can't say. Nobody knows what a manager is going to do. But we can try anyhow, if you want to."

I was bewildered. It was all so sudden and strange to me. I had never thought of the stage.

"Say! you are queer," she volunteered. "I know girls that would sell their rights to Kingdom Come for just the chanst I'm offerin' you."

Only Look the Part.

"Oh, I know," I cried hurriedly, "but I just hadn't ever thought of it. I can't sing, you know."

She appeared genuinely surprised at my ignorance.

"That don't make no difference, dearie, so long as you look the part."

"Oh!" I murmured. "I thought that perhaps in a musical comedy"——

"Well, do you want to try or not?" she demanded, a trifle impatiently.

"Yes, I do," I replied emphatically.

"You see, it's this way," she explained. "I'm going up town to a Dutch supper to-night and you come along. Ed Edwards is going to be there. He's putting on a show at the Casino. I know he wants a girl your type. I guess he'll give you a chanst if I ask him. He's a friend of mine. I used to know him when he was in the chorus."

"But what will your friend think?" I protested.

She stared.

"I mean the girl who's giving the party," I explained, "if I go without being invited."

"Oh! you mean Gracie! Why, Gracie won't care. She probably won't know you are there. You run along and get ready. We'll come for you after the show—and say, wear something with a train to make you tall, and the highest heels you have. It won't hurt to put false soles in."

I became the picture of woe.

"Oh, do I have to do that? Because I haven't any dress with a train and these are the highest heels I have." I did not add "and the only ones." But Miss Lynden doubtless understood.

"Aw, now, that's too bad! Say, look here, dearie. Come on up stairs and see if we got something you can wear."

We went to her room. She opened her trunk and flung out a pale green robe that looked like sea foam.

"Yes, ain't it a beauty! And such a bargain, too! I got it from a charity place where the society swells sends their clothes after they've worn 'em once or they don't fit or something. Let's try it on. It's been all fumigated. I guess you wouldn't catch nothing worse than extravagance, anyway."

We laughed, and without further protest I prepared for the adventure.

"Oh, say, ain't that a dream!" she exclaimed when I was finally arrayed. "You're the type, all right. If Eddie ain't already filled the place he will give it to you. Anyhow, maybe he can fix it up. I got to start my car now or I'll be late for the curtain. We'll be by for you about eleven. Goodby, dearie!"

And she left me to a contemplation of my charms in the mirror. It was weary waiting. I spent most of the time speculating as to what there would be to eat at the Dutch supper. It may not be the correct thing to go to a party hungry, but it is satisfying.

"Say, now, dearie, wipe off that just-got-my-notice look and smile if you're goin' in the chorus," whispered my fair adviser as we trailed down stairs to a waiting auto—I have never found out whose.

There were two men and a girl in the car. I have forgotten the men's names. The girl's name was Eustace, but they called her Peg.

I think that green dress I wore was accustomed to automobiles. It behaved that way, and I know that its erstwhile owner was possessed with the joy of life. The spirit of gayety lurked in the folds of it, despite the fumigating.

The Party.

"Gayety gems!" I thought. "That is a new one. I hope I can get out of it before I do catch extravagance."

We drove up Broadway to Ninety-sixth street and stopped before an apartment house over near Riverside.

Miss Lynden led the way to Gracie's apartment and opened the door without formality. Well might she say that Gracie probably wouldn't know that I was there. Some one was playing on a pianola; two or three men were singing, and one couple waltzing in the small unoccupied space in the centre of the room. It seemed like pandemonium at first, but I discovered that every one was doing just what impulse prompted in a harmless spirit of fun, just as children play. No one took time for introduction. I only discovered my hostess when I overheard some one call her "Gracie."

This was no mock Bohemia here. If there were occasionally things done and said that might offend the sensibilities of the clan of the formal, at least these things said and done were real—sprang from the moment's thought and impulse.

That green gown was a born Bohemian. I did not feel the least stiff nor awkward. Something reminded me of a good darky story—and I told it. That established me.

"What show are you with, Miss Prue?" asked Eddie, the Big Game I had come out to kill.

Before I could reply Miss Lynden spoke up.

"She ain't with any show yet, Eddie Boy, but if you know of a job running round looking for somebody to take it—well, I don't say anything."

That was a great expression among them all.

Eddie favored me with much the same impersonal kind of a glance that Miss Lynden had bestowed upon me earlier in the evening—only more so.

"If you are not busy, Miss Prue, you might drop in at the office about eleven in the morning," he told me. "Something might turn up."

"Why, yes, I will," I cried, my pulse beating fast. "Thank you."

Several of us were seated at table eating Swiss cheese sandwiches and drinking beer. There was a girl opposite me whose face seemed strangely familiar. She was a part of the scene, and yet not of it. Her eyes were filled with a kindly sympathy—a great understanding and acceptance of things and of people. They were often gay with the light of humor, but back and beneath all this lay a haunting look of memory. Tragedy was there.

She had overheard my conversation with Eddie, and she smiled at me—a little at my eagerness, I think, and yet she understood—I knew that.

"You're Making a Mistake to Go On For This. Don't Do It."

Just then a new comer arrived; a tall, stunning girl stood in the doorway, and framed so she made a charming picture, if perhaps a little bizarre. Upon her head an enormous black hat covered with gorgeous feathers.

"Oh, you hat!" called a laughing voice.

The girl in the doorway raised her eyebrows and her shoulders.

"I don't say anything," she said.

Every one shrieked. A young fellow whom they called "Maggie" seized the girl about the waist and waltzed her round the room.

"Look out, Maggie, you'll get blamed for the hat," some one cried.

"Oh, go on, you!" cried Maggie, imitating a feminine voice. "God knows us poor chorus girls don't get enough salary to give away bread to a starving baby."

Quick as a flash of light my eyes met those of the girl opposite. She knew now, and my vision, too, was clear. I saw her—a pitiful, half clad thing, with hopeless eyes—kneeling in a room bare, reeking with poverty, and hugging to her desperate breast a little starved baby, dead for want of food.

She gave no sign of recognition beyond the look, nor did I. But presently she rose and, coming to me, touched my arm.

"Will you come with me a moment?" she said.

I followed her down the narrow hallway into a small bedroom. She closed the door and turned to me—oh, so beautiful a look in her eyes! It was like light.

"I have found you," she said; "I have found you at last. Oh, I have looked for you always since that time!"

"I, too, have looked for you," I said, "but I did not know your name."

"Yes, yes," she interrupted quickly. "You see, I was ill with fever so long, and afterward I could not remember much. I had lost your address. My name is Mary Maxwell. To think that I did not recognize you at once! It was all of this that hid you."

The Sound Advice.

She touched the green gown that did not belong to me, and her voice indicated also the whole atmosphere of the place.

"This is why I wanted to speak to you," she cried eagerly. "I could not wait until to-morrow. I wanted to tell you to-night. You're making a mistake to go in for this. Don't do it. It'll all right for some girls, but you are different. I don't mean that you are better than they, but you are different—that's all. You can't go like they do on the surface. You're the kind that goes deep because you see things. This life would crucify you body and soul. The only thing that makes it worth while is the love of the work—a love that makes everything else seem like nothing. You may not understand now, but oh, you would come to! You can't play with art any more than you can play with love.

"Oh, try to understand what I mean," she pleaded. "You see, with me the work is all that matters now. It is the only real thing in my life. Everything else is shadow. I would sacrifice anything, anybody, for my work. It is my life. I have the love for it here." She put her hand against her heart.

"I do not believe that you have that real love. Oh! you do understand, don't you? It is because you were so good to me when—when—I want to help you if I can. You seemed so blind about it all. I could not let you go on without telling you—could I?"

She gazed at me with that haunting memory deep in her eyes.

"I have been through hell to learn what I have told you. I wanted to help you."

"And you have helped me," I cried, with my two hands upon her shoulders.

"It is a mistake. I haven't that great love. It was only because I needed the work," I confessed.

She smiled into my eyes, but looking far beyond me. Suddenly she started.

"You say—are you—do you?"—— She unclasped a linked purse at her belt.

"Oh, no!" I cried, flushing. "Please don't, I"——

She looked steadily into my eyes.

"I wasn't ashamed to take from you," she said simply.

I felt very small.

"I will come to you if I get desperately hard up, I promise you"——

"Nonsense! You'll do nothing of the sort!" she cried. "You'll take this now and then you'll come to me if you get hard up. Here, put this in your stocking."

She thrust a ten dollar bill into my hand. I protested, but in vain.

"We're going to be good friends," she declared, and then added, almost shyly, "and you're to be the one person I'll never sacrifice for my work, if you will promise to love me."

"It's a bargain," I declared.

Then we found Gracie's powder rag.

"What kind of work do you want?" she asked me.

"Oh, anything that I can do just now. Of course, I'd like something that I did not hate to do."

"Um—of course," she agreed absently. "Now, I was just thinking. I know a woman who has opened an exclusive shirt waist shop, and she is making good right along. Does her buying in Paris every summer. She wanted me to learn the business, so she could leave the shop with me when she goes away. But I wouldn't give up my work. Now, why don't you go in for that, and just begin at the bottom and work up?"

"Oh, could I? Would she take me, do you think?" I cried eagerly.

"You bet she will. She's the best sort in the world. I'll come for you in the morning and we'll go around to her shop. What's your address?"

"Oh, it will be so good of you!" I cried.

"Tweedle-de-de fiddlesticks!" she interrupted, and began searching for a pencil. "I shall expect you to sell me the prettiest waists in the shop for a perfect bargain when I become a leading lady."

She found the pencil and scribbled the address.

"Sarah."

"Now, come along, Sarah Prue," she cried, catching my hand. "We must go back to the others. I've always wanted a friend named Sarah, and no one could ever accommodate me. Oh, I know that your name is Sally—christened and blessed Sally, and it would never occur to you to change it. But I'm going to call you Sarah just because no one else does."

So, laughing and warm at heart, we returned to the others. No one had missed us. Eddie was giving an Italian's account of his first "bas ball game," and Peg in another room was playing the pianola.

At sight of Miss Lynden my conscience awoke. I remembered the green gown and why I was there. I felt as if I was taking something under false pretences, now that I had decided to refuse the job in the chorus. I supposed that I should speak to Eddie about it at once. It might cause him a great deal of inconvenience, after counting on me. But then I must talk the matter over first with Miss Lynden. Perhaps if I went promply at eleven in the morning and broke the news it would not inconvenience him much. It might just happen that he could find another girl who could take my place. Indeed, I truly hoped so, but my conscience was sorely troubled.

Just as we were leaving Miss Lynden mentioned to Gracie that she had "brought me along," and Gracie smiled a welcome and a goodby done up in one package and told me to come again whenever I felt like making the dash.

I was quiet on the drive home. I was thinking of Mary Maxwell and what she had said to me. I recognized the justice of it. I would not have been content with just the glitter and the lights. I would eventually have wished to become more than a chorus girl.

And to win to more than that meant what Mary Maxwell had said, a love for the work that made everything else seem as nothing. I did not have that great love. I did not even have the faith that I could attain to success. The girl's words recurred to me with clear meaning. "You can't play with art any more than you can play with love."

I was glad that Mary Maxwell was my friend.

I was recalled by the voice of Maggie shrieking that he had lost his hat. The car slowed down.

"You careless thing," he said to the chauffeur, assuming that absurd falsetto. "I paid $9.98 for my switch, and I know it's ruined for life, those hat pins tearin' it like that. Ain't it awful, Mabel, what we girls endures?"

Maggie rolled out and rescued his hat, and we continued the rest of the way without mishap.

When we arrived I went into Miss Lynden's room to be unhooked. I braced myself for the confession.

"She'll think me a prig and an ingrate," I wailed inwardly, "and I'm not. Oh, dear, I must tell her that I can't accept that position."

"Say, I'm real disappointed in Eddie!" she exclaimed.

I started—so near akin had been our thoughts.

"He's just like the rest," she continued. "Just let 'em get out of the chorus and they think they own the show, and when they get to be stage director—well!—the crowned heads ain't fit to run around with 'em. The idea of Eddie Edwards puttin' on airs with me!"

"What has he done?" I asked.

"Why, that show he was to put on has fell down a week ago, an' he is goin' on the road with 'The Stars and Stripes' to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?" I echoed. "Do you mean"——

"The show's off. Nothin' doin'," she snapped. "I'm awful sorry on your account. The idea of Eddie promisin' you that way when there wasn't no show. I guess Eddie Edwards thinks he's got to learn such tricks before he can be a regular director."

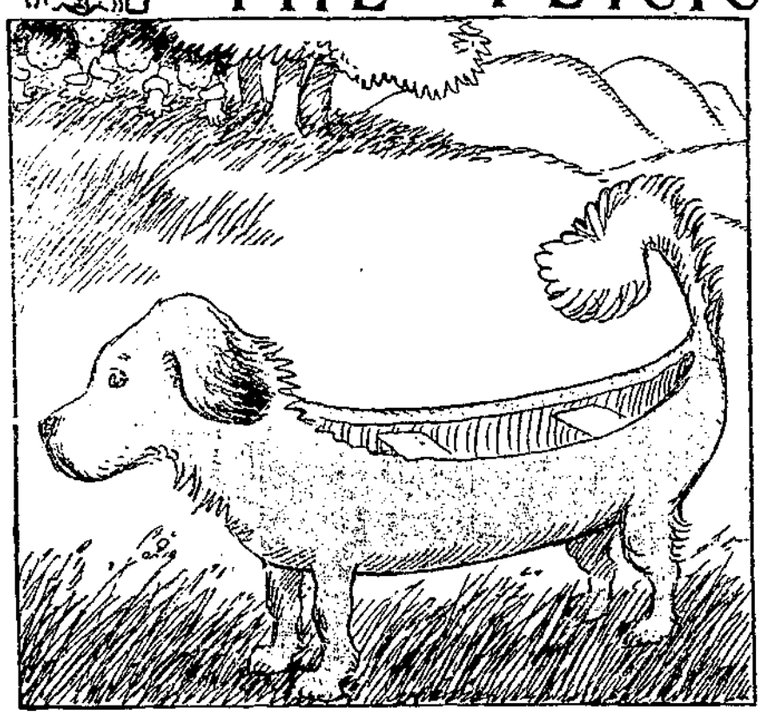
"Oh, well, don't mind on my account," I hastened to assure her. "I'll find something. It was awfully good of you to take me—I had such a good time."

"Well, you're real sweet, dearie, to take it that way, and if I hear of anything I certainly will put you next. Oh, must you go now? Well, good night, dearie! I hope you do understand." And Miss Lynden smiled.

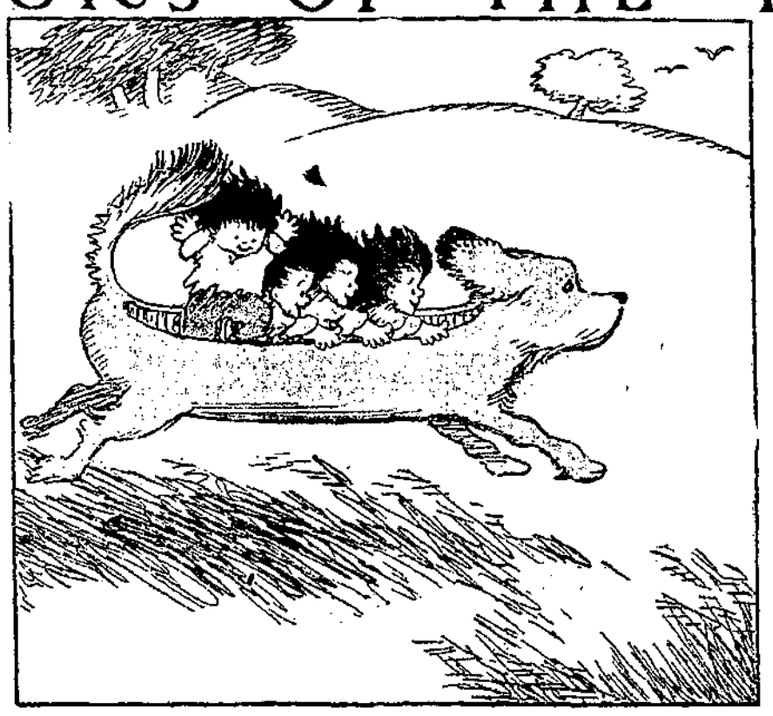
"You are right, Mary Maxwell," I thought as I went to my room. "You are a trump for showing me what I was too blind to see."

The shirt waist business for mine! And maybe some summer I will do my buying in Paris. Who knows?

THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS

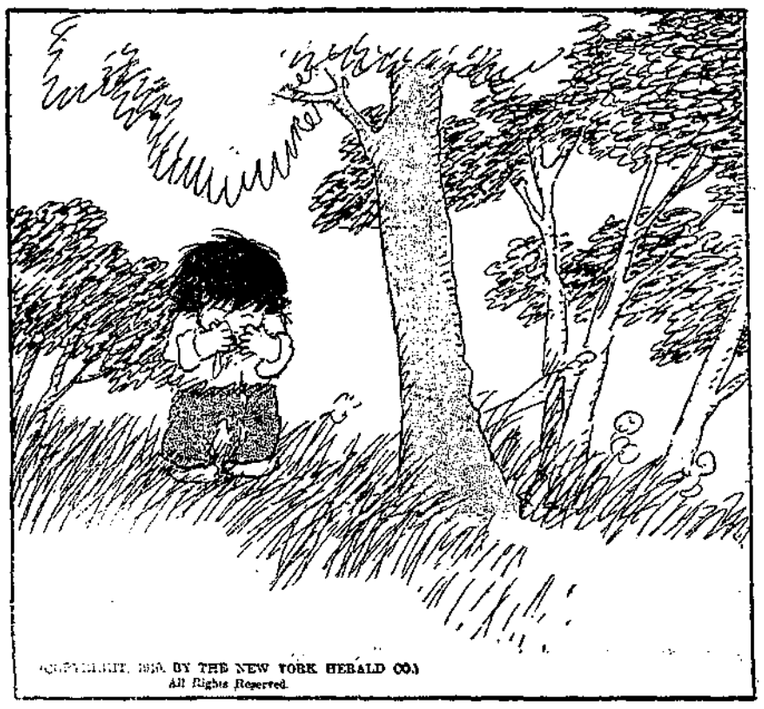


1.—Oh, see the old Canoofoundland, the Tads will get inside!
There isn't any water, but he'll take them for a ride.

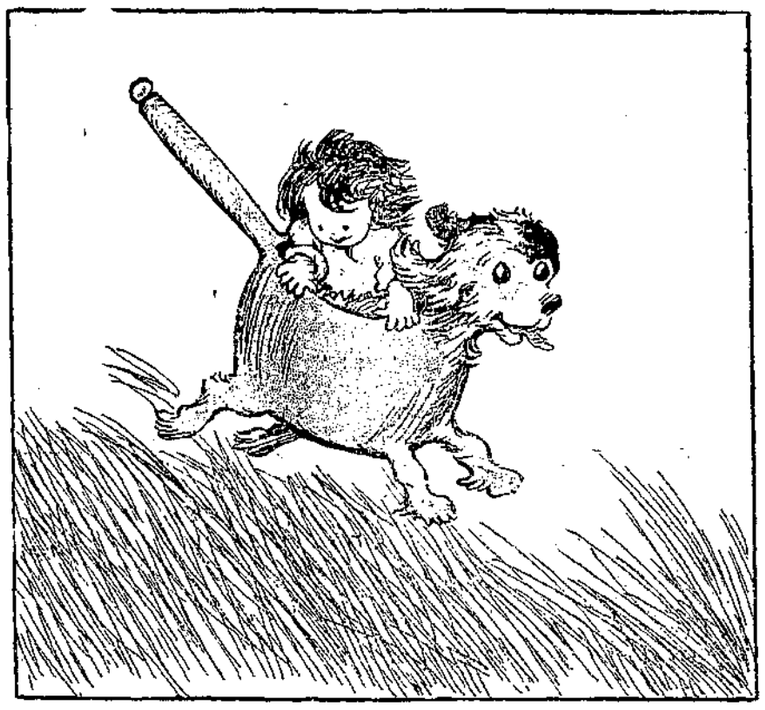


—He'll take them far across the fields; just see the way he goes!
Look out, you hindmost tiny Tad, don't tumble on your nose!

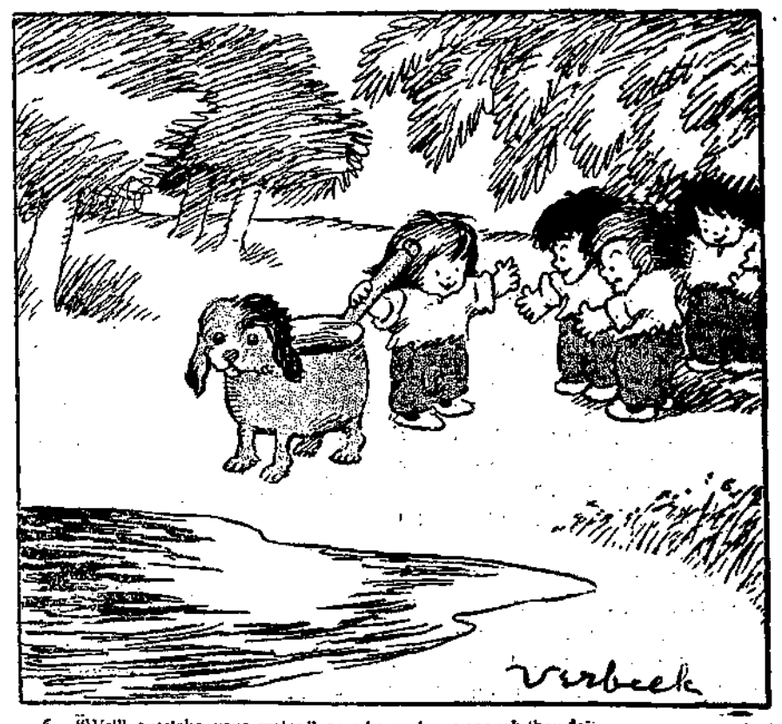
3.—He would not heed our warning and he's gone and tumbled out.
"Oh, stop!" his comrades wildly cry; "Oh, stop!" they vainly shout.



4.—Canoofoundlands don't like to stop, the Tad is left alone;
"I don't know what I'm going to do," you hear him wail and moan.

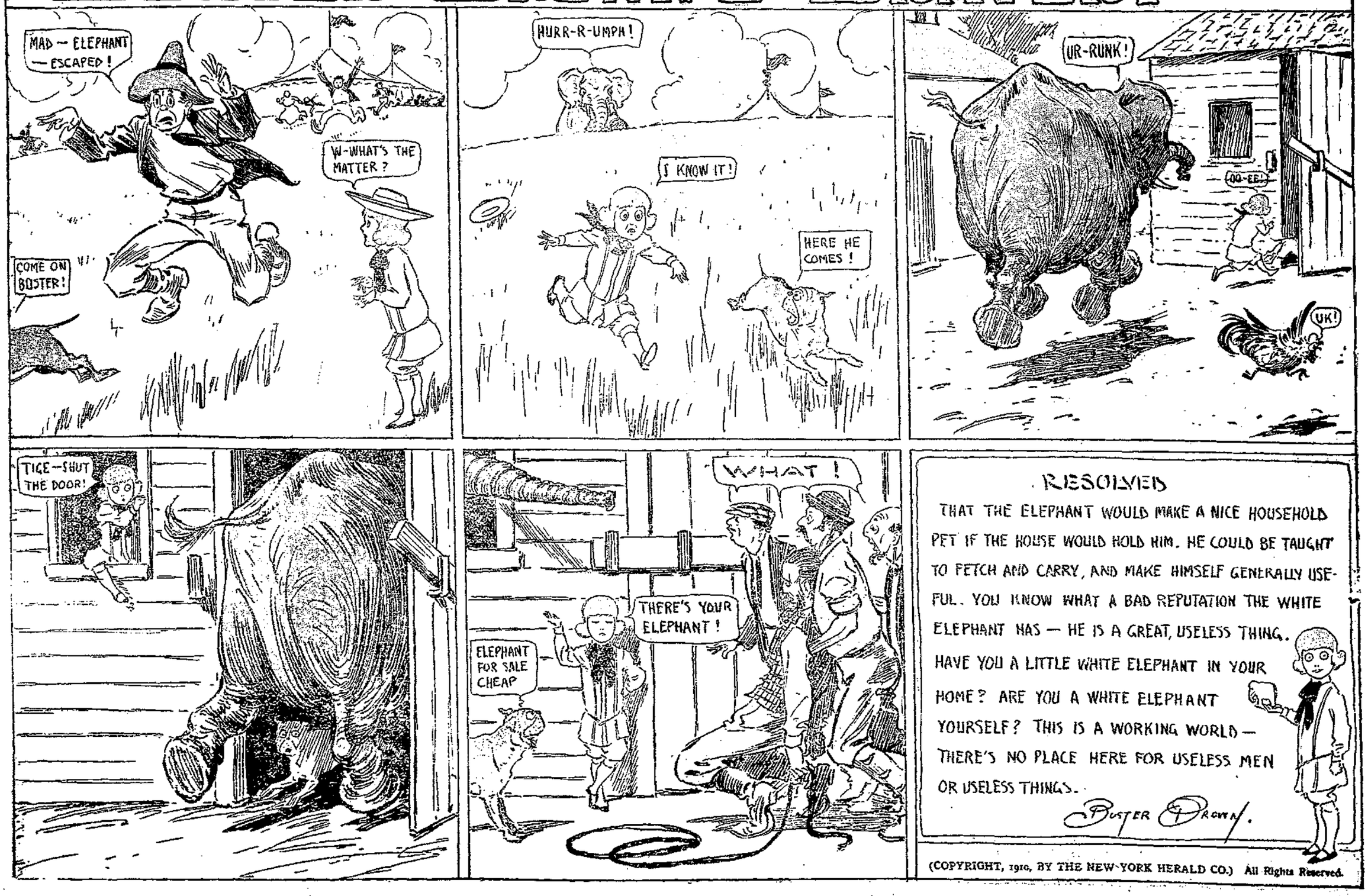


5.—But now a funny thing appears and tells him not to cry,
And lets him climb inside of him, and then away they fly



6.—"We'll overtake your mates," says he, and sure enough they do.
"That is a Sauce-paniel," they cry, "we want to ride him too."

BUSTER BROWN'S BRAVERY—


MAD — ELEPHANT — ESCAPED!
W-WHAT'S THE MATTER?
COME ON BUSTER!
HURR-R-UMPH!
I KNOW IT!
HERE HE COMES!
UR-RUNK!
OO-EE!
UK!
TIGE—SHUT THE DOOR!
WHAT!
THERE'S YOUR ELEPHANT!
ELEPHANT FOR SALE CHEAP
RESOLVED
THAT THE ELEPHANT WOULD MAKE A NICE HOUSEHOLD PET IF THE HOUSE WOULD HOLD HIM. HE COULD BE TAUGHT TO FETCH AND CARRY, AND MAKE HIMSELF GENERALLY USEFUL. YOU KNOW WHAT A BAD REPUTATION THE WHITE ELEPHANT HAS — HE IS A GREAT, USELESS THING. HAVE YOU A LITTLE WHITE ELEPHANT IN YOUR HOME? ARE YOU A WHITE ELEPHANT YOURSELF? THIS IS A WORKING WORLD — THERE'S NO PLACE HERE FOR USELESS MEN OR USELESS THINGS.
BUSTER BROWN.

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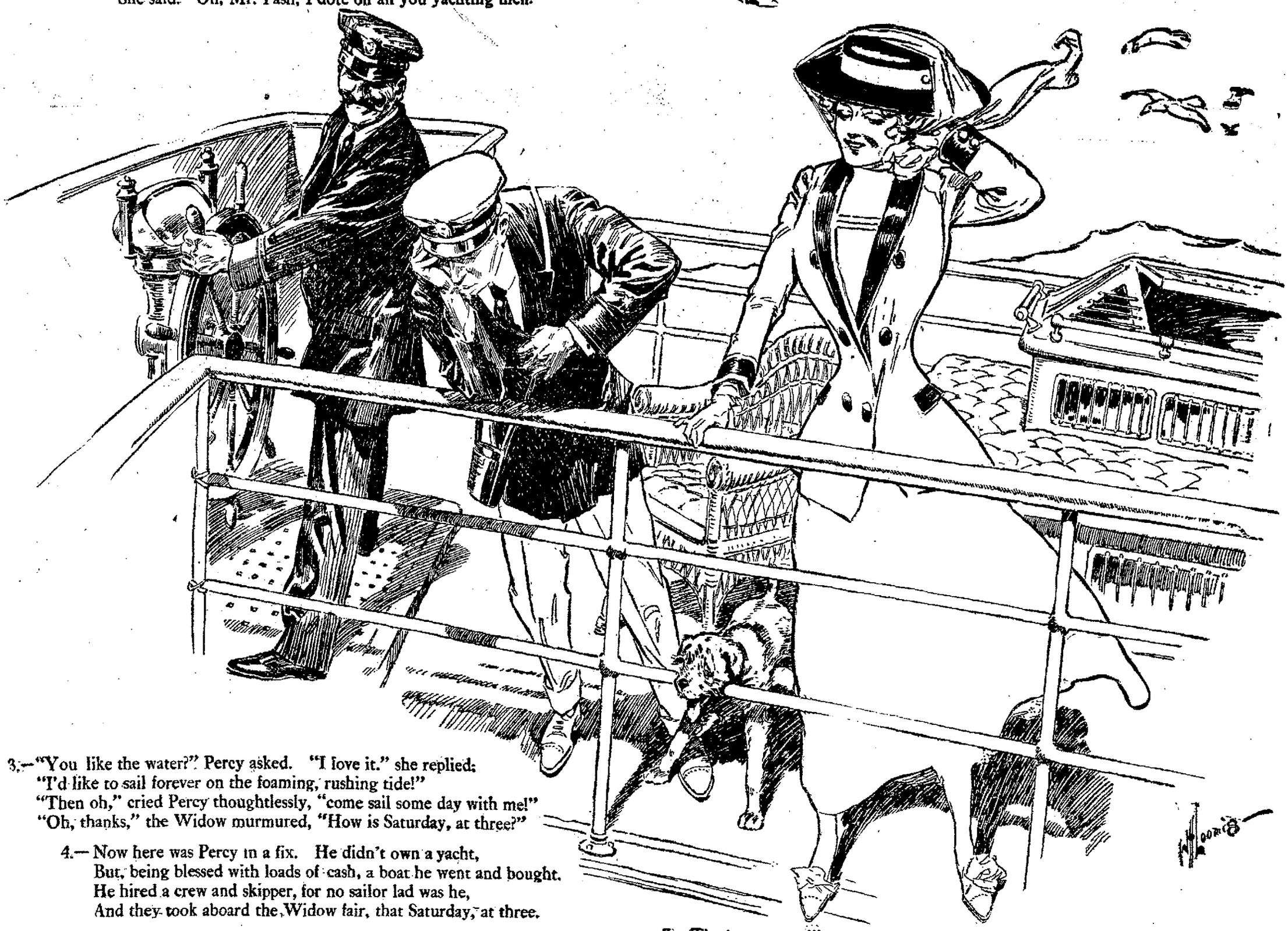
THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West ✦ Drawings by W. H. Loomis

1.—The "Front Porch Fleet" were members of our Yachting Club, you know,
Who never, never took a sail, but anchored in a row
Upon the Club House portico, arrayed in flannels neat,
And Percy Pash was Commodore of this amusing fleet.

2.—One moonlight evening, at a hop upon the club house lawn,
Young Percy saw the Widow Wise, and poof! his heart was gone!
And when they met, just fancy all his joy and rapture, when
She said: "Oh, Mr. Pash, I dote on all you yachting men!"



3.—"You like the water?" Percy asked. "I love it." she replied;
"I'd like to sail forever on the foaming, rushing tide!"
"Then oh," cried Percy thoughtlessly, "come sail some day with me!"
"Oh, thanks," the Widow murmured, "How is Saturday, at three?"

4.—Now here was Percy in a fix. He didn't own a yacht,
But, being blessed with loads of cash, a boat he went and bought.
He hired a crew and skipper, for no sailor lad was he,
And they took aboard the Widow fair, that Saturday, at three.

5.—The Widow raved about the yacht, and Percy lost his head.
"You like my boat? Ah, take it, then," he indiscreetly said.
"But take me, too—Oh, spurn me not. I'm rich, as you must know.
Come, think about your answer, as a sailing on we go!"

6.—The Widow blushed and stepped away, but fancies filled her head.
"He's rich, he's young, he's handsome—and his yacht's a dear," she said.
A honeymoon on summer seas would be a happy lot.
I mustn't answer him too soon, but—well, why not? Why not?"

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7.—The boat was rolling now a bit, the sea began to rise.
The romance of the ocean warmed the heart of Widow Wise.
She turned to speak to Percy, and she saw his face grow pale,
And then—he gave a groan and leaned so limply o'er the rail!

8.—The Widow smiled. She turned away from her poor, sea sick swain.
She sat beside the skipper till the boat reached port again,
And then she turned to Percy, with the laughter in her eyes—
"TRUE LOVE SHOULD LAUGH AT MAL DE MER," exclaimed the Widow Wise.

A WALL STREET SCOOP

By Arthur Reichman

JERDY simply gasped. Being a reporter, nothing should have surprised him, but this was too much for his training. Jerking the cigarette from his mouth with such violence that the ashes bespattered his clothes, he stared down the street after the departing couple. "Good Lord," he said softly.

The couple walked to the end of the street, where they turned the corner, and their disappearance brought him to his senses. Calmly pulling a cigarette box from his pocket he lit another cigarette, and turning his back on the newspaper office hurried toward Broadway. His present task was to interview a financier returning on the "Cedric," and nothing short of an earthquake would have made him miss the appointment.

When the financier was interviewed and the article turned in for next morning's edition, he boarded a subway train and rode uptown. He lived far up on the West Side with his sister and her husband, and with them he took his dinner. But after it was over he immediately left the house and hurried around the corner, where, arriving at the flat, he rang Lily Beach's bell.

Lily was alone. She was a pretty girl of twenty-two, with light hair and blue eyes, but to-night her manner was so quiet and serene that Ferdy was nettled. He, therefore, wasted no time in preliminaries. "If you had a date with fifty millions, why didn't you tell me?" he demanded.

Lily's room was small, and as she drew sketches for the newspapers, articles were scattered about it in artistic confusion. Perhaps it was this—the crampness of the room—that made Ferdy's voice sound loud. At any rate, she received him coldly and asked him to remember where he was. "Besides," she added, "when you speak of my friends, please be careful what you say."

"Friends!" Ferdy's gray eyes widened and he pushed back the clump of light brown hair that, in his excitement, had fallen across his forehead. "Good Lord, are you and Dudley Gilman friends?"

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Why not? Well, for one thing, I always thought friendships between financial kings and young newspaper women were confined to dime novels."

"I suppose you never heard of such things in high-class literature like yours?"

"In anything high-class, the girl wouldn't keep secrets from her fiance. Don't you suppose, if the Queen of England took me driving in the park I'd tell you about it?"

Lily had a gurgling laugh. "No fear of that," she said.

"That's it!" Ferdy's anger had passed, and in its place was an air of great dejection. "I'm not down on my luck enough, am I? You've got to rub it in."

Lily's laugh subsided. Women are not made of stone, despite numerous indications that they are, and she bent down and patted the young man on the back. "Don't be a fool, Ferdy," she said. "I met Dudley Gilman at Cherrington's studio, where his daughter is learning to paint. He knows all about my engagement to you and he only goes with me because he likes to talk about art."

Ferdy looked up a little shamefacedly. "So that's it," he said in a tone sufficiently low to pass for an apology. Then, as another thought came to him, he added fiercely: "Did you tell him the reason we can't marry, too? Did you tell him it's because men like him squeeze the very blood out of our veins?"

"Did you tell your rich uncle from Cleveland that you voted last year for Debs?" asked Lily with asperity. "I guess not. But I did something better than that."

"Something better!" As he looked at her, Lily was smiling contentedly and her mysterious air annoyed him. "What did you do?"

"I told him you were terribly bright and I've fixed it for you to meet him some time. Suppose he takes a fancy to you and gives you some information on the market?"

Out of Ferdy's deep distress came the shadow of a smile. "What'll I speculate with—air?"

"You don't have to, yourself; you can tell your brother-in-law."

"Newtown? He wouldn't take another tip from me if I gave him the money to buy with."

Lily, at this, was lost in thought. For a moment she was silent, then she suddenly cried: "Suppose he gives you information and you make it into an article?"

"Something big, you mean?"

"Something nobody else knew about—a scoop."

"By God!" The idea was so wonderful that Ferdy was lost for a moment in contemplation of it. But his thoughts, when they came, were tumultuous, and a moment later he was so excited that the clump of unruly hair swung back and forth like a pendulum. "If he did, you know what it would mean!" he shouted. "It'd mean that every paper in New York would try to get me. I wouldn't have to stick to a Wall Street paper with a few thousand circulation; I'd go with the Herald or a paper like that. Robinson, our editor, called me a 'dub' to-day. Well, let me pull off a scoop, that's all, He'd kow-tow in short order, I tell you!"

He kept on like this until his enthusiasm spending its force, Lily supplied her plan. On the following Friday Dudley Gilman was coming to the studio to examine her work and Ferdy must be there, too. To introduce them would be her part, but Ferdy must manage the rest.

"Leave it to me," said the young man. "I'll manage it to the Queen's taste."

The Friday arriving Ferdy came early. Mr. Gilman had not yet put in an appearance, but the sound of his automobile rose presently to the open window and a few minutes later he entered the room.

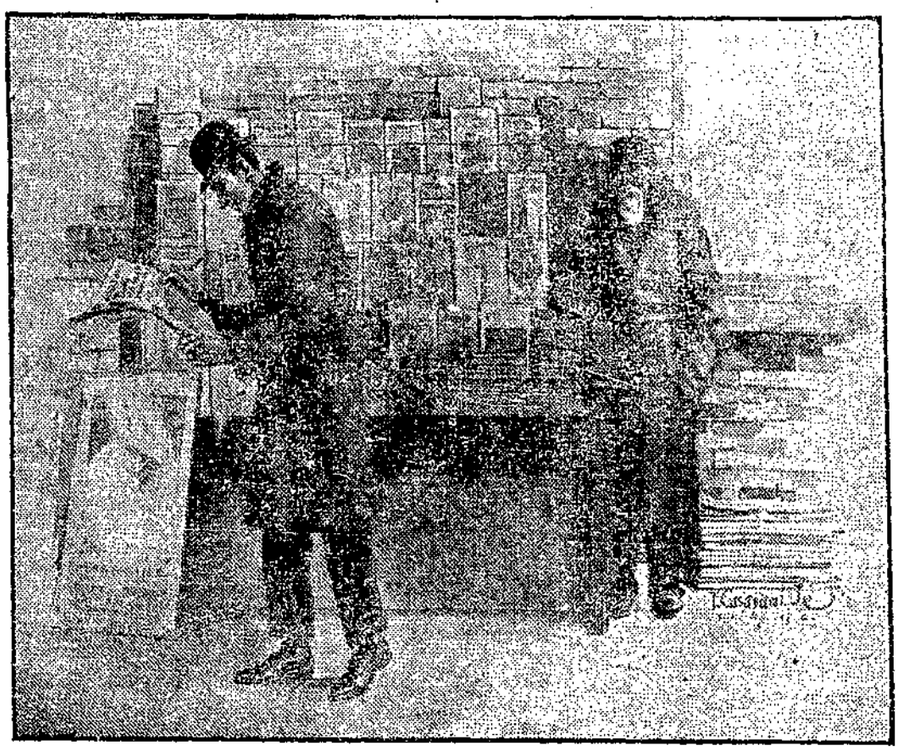
He was about sixty, very tall and thin, with iron-gray hair and a soldierly bearing, but, although he looked severe, his manner was exceedingly genial. He was glad to meet Ferdy, he said—men of the journalistic profession, although they were often annoying in their efforts to interview him, were useful and important factors in civic life. At the first opportunity Ferdy and Lily exchanged glances which said that the initial steps had been successfully taken.

The later steps were taken with equally good results. Not only did Dudley Gilman like Ferdy's company, but he immediately took him into his confidence, telling him how he began life as a grocery boy in Utica, how he saved his pennies, came to New York and rose by steady degrees. Ferdy said: "That would make a splendid article, Mr. Gilman. Would you mind if I used it?"

The old man laughed. "You reporters are wonderful chaps," he said. But he found no reason for refusing and the article was written. It appeared in one of the Sunday papers and Mr. Gilman, whom Ferdy again met a few days later at Lily's studio, praised him for it very highly. "You've true literary ability, Mr. Hicks," he said. "It won't be long. I'm sure, before your career as a mere reporter is ended."

Ferdy's bosom swelled, and encouraged alike by the speech and the confidence Mr. Gilman appeared to place in him, he arranged to meet the financier oftener. Once or twice a week he encountered him at Lily's, where the celebrated man indulged his interest in art, but this was not enough and Ferdy selected a spot in the street where he was likely to see him during the day.

Matters progressed even better than he expected. Despite the pressure of other affairs, Mr. Gilman always found time to talk to Ferdy, and being a man of democratic principles, he gave the young man, within two weeks of his introduction, his first information on the market. The value of a certain stock would change, he said, and Ferdy wrote an article giving the reasons for an expected drop. The paper being an exclusively financial one, Robinson was naturally cautious about printing prophecies of this kind, but Ferdy had an air of confidence that strangely impressed him and he printed the article as it stood. The prophecy being correct, Ferdy's importance rose. Then, within a few days, a similar opportunity occurred, with similar results.



THERE IN HEAVY TYPE STOOD THE GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT.

For another month this state of affairs continued. Carefully suppressing any detail that might reveal the source of his information, Ferdy wrote articles in increasingly authoritative vein, and was uniformly correct. When Consolidated rose, his information preceded the rise; when Erie dropped, it was merely a justification of his fears.

The paper's circulation, naturally enough, increased enormously. All Wall Street marvelled at the accuracy of the predictions, and it dribbled into offices further uptown, where business men, caught by the lure of speculation, came to regard its articles as almost the final word. The increasing circulation brought a corresponding increase in salary, and Robinson, who had seldom met his subordinate without hurling an epithet at him, treated Ferdy with constantly growing respect.

There was only one unpleasant feature to the situation. Lily, whose ingenuity had brought it about, had moral misgivings. She hinted at intervals that they were not behaving squarely to Mr. Gilman, and one evening framed her doubts in a definite reproach. "I feel ashamed whenever you meet him," she said to Ferdy. "It's terrible the way we take advantage of him."

Ferdy, whose increasing importance had given him a somewhat judicial air, assured her that their course was proper. "I admit Mr. Gilman is a pleasant man," he said, "but, my dear Lily, we must take a broader view of the situation. He's a man who's made his money off other men; we're only helping the other men to get some of it back."

This put an end to her remonstrance, for however superior Lily considered her judgment on other points, she was content that Ferdy should handle their moral ones.

The very next day he met Mr. Gilman on the street. The old gentleman, with his silk hat and fur overcoat, was moving toward his automobile, when Ferdy, who arranged to be passing, met him face to face.

"Ah, my young friend," said Mr. Gilman with his characteristic lack of constraint, "coming from lunch, I suppose."

"No," replied Ferdy, "I don't lunch for half an hour."

"That's fortunate, very fortunate indeed. You can come home with me."

Ferdy, blushing at the unexpected offer, hesitated. "The fact is," he said, after expressing his gratitude, "I've an appointment at two."

"Can't you postpone it? You'd be doing me a favor—a very great favor—if you did." Mr. Gilman glanced furtively about, as though fearing to be overheard, and his manner awoke vague suspicions in his companion's mind. "The fact is, I want company. There's something bothering me—something I can't talk about; and I want somebody to divert me."

Ferdy, his heart beating rapidly, looked at his companion's face. It had a troubled look. His eye then travelled downward to the hand that held the heavy-knobbed cane, and the sharpness of the veins attested the intensity of his grip. What was up he had no idea, but it was clearly his business to find out. Accordingly he hastened to a nearby pay-station, and emerging, joined Mr. Gilman in the automobile. "Home," said the old gentleman to the chauffeur.

They sped rapidly uptown. As they passed through the drifting crowd on Broadway, congested still more by the cars with their clanging bells and the vehicles with their crunching wheels, Ferdy planned his campaign. He would make no advance. To do so would show his hand, would arouse his companion's suspicions: he would, instead, let events take their own course and trust to Mr. Gilman's inclination to talk.

Mr. Gilman lived between Fifth and Madison avenues, in a mansion of white stone, the door of which was opened by a butler in livery. Leaving their coats and hats with this butler, th eold man immediately led him into the library, where he ordered luncheon to be served.

"Ah," he murmured as he sank wearily into a large cushioned chair, "here at last is peace and quiet. My dear friend, you don't know what it means to have you with me."

"I'm very glad to be here," said Ferdy nervously. He was looking at the sumptuous furnishings and wondering what use could be made of them in the socialistic tracts that he planned.

"You see," Mr. Gilman a little later pursued, "we rich men have our tribulations. No really big deal is ever pulled off without some nerves being snapped and some sleep being lost. But this," he added, as the butler appeared with the consomme, "is one of the things that give us strength."

He ate with relish, Ferdy doing the same; but the young man's heart was beating wildly. Mr. Gilman's last speech was a confession that some big deal was about to be made and he could scarcely contain himself, so fearful was he that the facts would never be told. Presently, however, his hopes were raised. When the meal was nearly ended Mr. Gilman turned to him and asked: "What is your opinion of P. and G.?"

Ferdy, passing the napkin meditatively across his mouth, replied that nobody seemed to know.

"That's it, that's what I noticed all along," said Mr. Gilman.

"That's why there's been so little trading in it—nobody knew which way it would go."

"Precisely—until now. But yesterday——" The troubled look returned to Mr. Gilman's face and his voice dropped to a confidential tone. "Yesterday I got the information I wanted."

Ferdy averted his eyes. "Indeed?" he said with an assumption of nonchalance.

"I learned that the stock of which everybody is seeking control is worthless."

"What!"

"Absolutely. The buying that has been done is merely their way of throwing sand in people's eyes. As a matter of fact, they'll get rid of it as soon as they can." Ferdy, the time for indifference having passed, stared across the table. "Yes, my friend, it's worthless. And that's why my holdings will be thrown on the market the moment it opens to-morrow morning."

"You mean——"

"I mean that I am going to sell out. Thousands of dollars of my money are invested, and it's my last chance before the crash. Everybody is eager to buy, because there's a notion that it's going up, and it's that eagerness that I'll take advantage of. To-morrow at this time I won't have a stock of P. and G. to my name."

He ended dramatically, bringing his fist down on the arm of his chair, and Ferdy, whose eyes were popping out of his head, could not find words to speak. But while he was silent, Mr. Gilman's calmer manner returned and he thanked the younger man again for having lunched with him. "For the last week I've scarcely slept a wink," he said, "and it's due to you that I'm able to eat my first full meal in all that time. Are you ready? Then we'll get into the machine and go down town again."

Ferdy, rushing into Robinson's office with his forehead bathed in perspiration, almost collided with the editor.

"What's the matter with you, you damn little donkey?" cried the irritated Robinson.

"Never mind; save your kicks till afterwards. I've got a 'peach'!"

"Bet she quits you. If I had a daughter——"

"Never mind your family troubles." Ferdy's excitement made him forget diplomacy. "I've got a story that's so hot it'll set this office on fire. Sit down there and begin."

"Begin what?"

"Begin to write; I'll dictate."

Silently ,with the scent of a "beat" in the air, Robinson returned to his desk. "Fire away," he commanded.

Ferdy began. His first words were unimportant; then he mentioned Y. and G., after that the words came more rapidly and Robinson whistled. The typewriter clicked furiously, the climax was reached, and as he ended Ferdy lit a cigarette and tried to look unconcerned.

"You're sure?" asked Robinson, his little eyes glistening and his hand trembling.

"Sure as I am that my name's Hicks."

"Who's your authority?"

"That I can't tell you. Let the story go as it is—that a powerful financier is going to sell out. I know what I'm talking about."

He took a chair and fingered some papers on the desk. One would have thought, to look at him, that scoops were a daily occurrence. But actually, his nerves were tingling, and he lost no time, the moment he was sure of his story, in seeking the street and looking for Lily. He found her in the Park Row newspaper office, turning in her drawings of "Paris Fashions in Chiffons," which were to appear in the Sunday paper. Hastily he told her what had happened and she paled as he spoke. "Well," was her comment, "this'll 'make' you for fair."

They talked a little longer over one plan and another, and he left her. So agitated was he that he wanted to be entirely alone, to wait for morning.

That night he walked about the streets. His head full of the great event, he wouldn't trust himself to talk to anybody, and when he lay down it was hours before he fell asleep.

On his way down town he read all the papers he could procure: there was no emotion of the expected drop. But when he got out of the Subway he bought his own and there, in heavy type, stood the great announcement.

"P. AND G. WILL DROP.
"ENORMOUS HOLDINGS TO BE SOLD WHEN MARKET OPENS.
"IT CAN BE STATED ON BEST AUTHORITY THAT STOCK IS WORTHLESS."

He hugged the paper, reading it over as he hastened to a ticker. he market had not yet opened, but the moment it did the drop began. First one point, then another, then three points, and the end was not yet in sight. He found Robinson watching the quotations in a nearby banking house and asked him what he thought of it.

"All the stockholders," was the reply, "are trying to get rid of it. Our paper's had the proper effect and everybody's taken the warning."

Ferdy gloated. At last his chance had come, at last his star was in the ascendant! But in the midst of his joy Robinson sent for him and told him he must go to Trenton. A bank cashier having absconded in that city the night before, Ferdy was detailed to the story. A look of infinite disgust on his face, he consoled himself with the reflection that Robinson was filled with jealousy, and hurried away.

That day, in Trenton, Ferdy behaved like a madman. He interviewed all the people he was supposed to, gathering, however, only a slight amount of data, and taking so little interest in the matter that he was conscious, as his train pulled out, that Robinson would have good cause to complain. But what did it matter? His other story, which henceforth would be known in the history of journalism as the "P. and G. Scoop," made up for everything else!

When, at 4 o'clock, he reached the New York side, he dashed out of the ferry house and boarded an elevated train. Although it was winter, he had continually to wipe his forehead, so heated was he from agitation. Arriving at his station he sped down the steps, crazy to learn how the market had closed.

In the office he met Robinson. The editor's face was crimson, and as he opened the door he was greeted with an epithet. Astonished, he stopped short.

"Why, what's the matter?" he stammered in his bewilderment.

"The matter, you fool! Look at the ticker, that's what's the matter."

Dazedly, Ferdy did as he was bidden. P. and G. had risen two points over the opening.

"There's some mistake!" Ferdy gulped hard and sat down with staring eyes. "It was down three when I left."

"It dropped seven more." Robinson's words were carefully spoken, so that no iota of their effect might be lost on the reporter. "It dropped ten in all, but it gained twelve when Gilman began to buy."

"Buy! You mean sell."

"Buy, you champion idiot!" Robinson was unable to maintain his evenness of tone and the words fell tumultuously from his lips. "Gilman waited till our article scared everybody into selling and then he began to buy it in. D'ye know what he's done, thanks to us! He's gained control of a stock that everybody's been trying to get his hands on for months, and it's all your fault!"

Ferdy gasped. As the realization of what had happened came to him, the room began to reel and he rose unsteadily and staggered out of the door.

How he got home he never distinctly remembered. Like a whipped dog he slunk along the streets and skulked in a corner of the car. Arriving, he locked himself in his room, refusing to talk to anybody. In vain his sister implored him to eat some dinner, his response being that she shouldn't bother him. And when his brother-in-law, returning home at seven, called to him that P. and G. had closed strong, he answered with a growl.

At 8 o'clock he issued forth. Jamming his hat upon his head, he spoke not a word to the others, but hurried around to Lily's.

The girl, who was pale, greeted him in silence. She knew all. Robinson, whom she had met in the street, told her, adding that Ferdy would lose his job. His head dropped in his hands and Lily turned away.

At this moment the bell rang. Raising his head, Ferdy went to the door and opened it. A boy stood there, asking if this was Miss Beach's apartment.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"I've got a letter for Mr. Hicks, care of Miss Beach. Are you Mr. Hicks?"

"I am Mr. Hicks," replied Ferdy wonderingly.

"Den sign here"; and handing him a letter the boy thrust out a pad, on which Ferdy wrote his name.

When the door closed Ferdy tore open the letter. As he did so a piece of paper fell out, fluttering to the floor and Ferdy picked it up.

"Five thousand dollars!" he cried.

"What!" shouted Lily.

"A check for five thousand. What can it mean?" He straightened the letter and read:

"My Dear Mr. Hicks:

"Enclosed you'll find a check for five thousand. The little favor you did me will be worth in the neighborhood of two millions to me, and this is your share. Marry Miss Beach, although she's too good for you, and when you return from your honeymoon open a barber-shop. You'd make a splendid barber. Yours truly,

DUDLEY GILMAN."

They both stared at the letter in blank amazement, but Lily was the first to find her voice. "You deserve it," she said.

Ferdy, pocketing the check, nodded in silence. Then he glanced again at the letter and a look of perplexity crossed his face. "I deserve it, all right," he said mechanically, but what does he mean about the barber-

P. AND G. HAD RISEN TWO POINTS OVER THE OPENING.

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NEXT WEEK THE STONE OF SUCCESS By Mary E. Mitchell

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FARMER

HANDLING THE MUSKMELON

By John W. Lloyd, Illinois.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the exact stage of maturity at which melons should be picked for shipment. If allowed to become too ripe before picking, they become soft by the time they have reached the market, and often must be sacrificed in order to effect an immediate sale.

If picked too green, the melons reach the market in firm condition but are lacking in flavor, and not desired by the best trade. It is a nice point to pick melons at such a degree of ripeness that they will reach the market in firm condition, and yet possess the requisite flavor.

The rapidity of softening after picking varies with the temperature to which the melons are subjected. The cooler they can be kept after picking, the longer they can be allowed to remain on the vines and the better flavor they will have. It is, therefore, essential that the melons be placed in the shade as soon as possible after picking, and be kept shaded until they are loaded into the car.

For the same reason, riper melons can be shipped under refrigeration than in ventilated cars.

The condition of the vines and the rapidity of ripening of the melons in the field will also have a bearing upon the stage of maturity at which they should be picked.

While it is true that no rule can be given for picking melons that will apply under all conditions, and that the grower must exercise judgment in reference to each day's picking, the ideal will be attained when the conditions are such that the melons will reach the market in the best condition if picked as soon as the fruit will part readily from the stem when the latter is pressed with the thumb and finger.

There is a tendency among growers to pick considerably before this point has been reached, in order to run no risk of the melons becoming soft in transit.

That proper grading results in the securing of better prices than indiscriminate packing is evidenced by the experience of certain growers who have departed from the usual custom, and practice a regular system of grading whereby three distinct grades of marketable melons are made, and shipped under three different brands.

SHIPPING MILK IN TANKS.

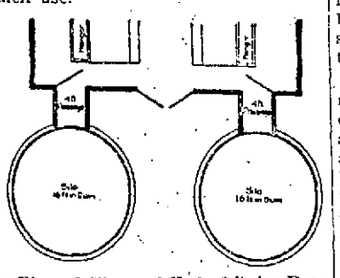
Why not transport milk in a sanitary tank? Denmark has been doing it for months and milk has been shipped long distances and recently all the way to Berlin in such cars. The tanks are not boiler plate cylinders, but wooden casks each of 210 cubic feet capacity, two of which are fastened to the floor of the covered freight car. We all know how the old-fashioned tin cans are cumbersome, expensive and subject to damage. By the use of tank cars for milk the cost of handling can be greatly reduced and the unsightly and unsanitary old milk can be banished from the landscape.

When the heifer calves are to be raised for dairy calves there is absolutely no business or reason on earth for a dairy farmer to keep a mongrel bull.

SILOS OF HOLLOW CLAY BUILDING BLOCKS

The Iowa, Thus Constructed, Presents a Pleasing Appearance of Solidity, Durability and Permanency

The use of hollow clay building blocks properly reinforced for silo construction have proven extremely satisfactory in every particular, and after extensive and thorough investigation and the building and testing of numerous silos, the Agricultural Engineering Department of the Iowa experiment station, heartily recommend their use.



Plan of Silos and End of Dairy Barn Showing a Convenient Arrangement.

The fundamental principle involved in preservation of silage is the retention of moisture within the silage and the exclusion of air. For this reason, the silo wall must be non-porous. Moisture must be prevented from passing out and air from passing in.

Hard burned hollow clay building blocks will not absorb a large amount of water. Moisture is not readily transferred through a wall of such material. It is recommended that only blocks which have a low absorption be used for silo construction. Blocks of this kind are more durable, and a silo built of them will preserve silage better.

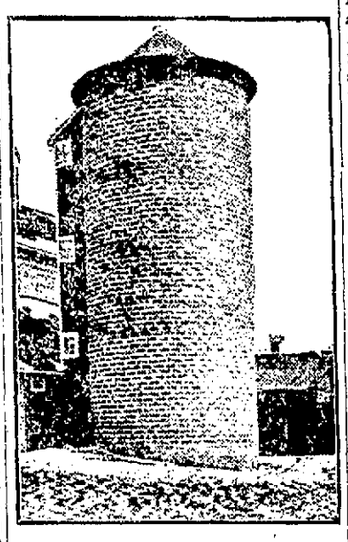
After due consideration to all other points of merit to be found in silos, the most desirable silo is the one that is the most durable and will give the longest term of service. The durability of a silo depends, first upon its strength, and second, the durability of the material used in its construction.

To be durable, any material must resist the action of the weather, the constant wetting and drying, freezing and thawing in the winter season, and any disintegrating action which may be due to the silage itself. Some material will disintegrate with age, and other materials suffer from rapid decay when subject to the warm, moist conditions which exist in the silo.

The walls of the Iowa silo are constructed of hollow, vitrified clay building blocks which, as far as weather resistance is concerned, are as durable as any building material which can be obtained. This does not mean that all hollow building blocks are durable, for there are good and bad blocks on the market. Good blocks are so plentiful that no one need make the mistake of selecting blocks of questionable merit.

The roof of the Iowa silo, like the walls, is made of durable material. A cheaper roof may be used if desired, but it is strongly advised that the concrete roof be used where possible.

One common mistake met with in silo construction is that the door frame is made of material which will



Iowa Silo, Rock Valley, Iowa.

soon decay or rust and have to be replaced. The door frame of the Iowa silo is made of reinforced concrete which, when properly constructed, should be as durable as the walls themselves.

The materials used in the Iowa silo will resist decay, disintegration, the action of frost, and any implied or real action of the acidity of the silage. Even the steel which is placed in the mortar joints and concrete door frame as reinforcement, is thoroughly protected from rust. So carefully has the matter of durability been considered in the design of the Iowa silo that it would be difficult to estimate its life. When carefully built it ought to last for several generations.

The doors of the Iowa silo are designed to be made of wood. They will decay and must be replaced after several years. The convenience and low cost of the wooden doors, which may be easily replaced, justifies their use.

The Iowa silo when properly constructed is practically free from any expense for repair and maintenance. The only possible expense may be the occasional washing of the inside of the walls at intervals of not less than five years, with a cement wash and the replacement of the doors after they have become rotten from use.

An ideal silo must have rigid walls. It must be strong enough to resist the bursting pressure of the silage. This acts outward in all directions as the silage settles. The friction of the silage against the wall, and the weight of the wall produce a crushing action which is great near the bottom of the silo. A silo when empty should be heavy enough to stand against heavy winds. The inside of a silo wall should be reasonably smooth to permit the silage to settle freely. If the wall is not smooth or if there are shoulders or offsets on the inside surface air pockets will be formed and a considerable loss of silage will result.

The Iowa silo is rigid enough and heavy enough so that it is not effected by wind. Enough steel reinforcement is laid in the mortar joints to carry the entire bursting pressure of the

Form For Making Concrete Foundation.

silage with a reasonable amount of safety.

The silo built of hollow blocks is perfectly fireproof. It is hard to see how it could be even slightly damaged by a fire. Silage was fed from one of the Iowa silos within twenty-four hours after all the adjoining buildings had been burned from around it, leaving it unharmed and containing the only feed stuff saved from the fire. Hollow, vitrified clay building blocks are widely used for fireproofing purposes.

TREATING OVER-HEATED HORSES

By A. S. Alexander, Wisconsin.

When during the hot weather the hard worked horse suddenly stops sweating, lags, weakens, pants and has hot dry skin and extremely reddened membranes of the eyes, nose and mouth he is suffering from heat exhaustion and by using the thermometer it would be found that his temperature is over 106 degrees.

Unless a horse in this condition is immediately rested, put in a cool shady, breezy place and there cooled off he will be likely to fall and die of heat apoplexy or "sun stroke."

It therefore is well to know and look out for the symptoms here outlined and then be able to treat them intelligently. In the first place it is important to remember that heat exhaustion may be largely prevented:

By keeping the horse's stable clean, airy, perfectly ventilated, darkened and screened in summer time.

Feeding the best of foods in adequate but not extreme quantities.

Making no sudden changes of food.

Allowing plenty of cool, pure drinking water.

Permitting ample time for rest at noon.

Removing the harness during such rest periods.

Not overworking any horse and always changing frequently the middle horse of a three horse team, as he suffers fearfully from the direct rays of the sun. Also shade the pulse of horses at work and in such a way that air can pass under the shading mat or other cover.

When a horse shows symptoms of heat exhaustion [illegible] in the shade under a tree [illegible] breeze. show [illegible] water from a sprinkling [illegible] packs to the pit [illegible] him large [illegible] stimulants such as whi [illegible] coffee.

Do not [illegible] aconite or [illegible] Repeat the [illegible] half hour at first [illegible] two as he gains [illegible] fever abates.

A good stimulant [illegible] by mixing together one [illegible] aromatic spirits of amonia and two parts each of alcohol and sweet spirits of nitre. Of this give two ounces in a pint of water or cold coffee as one dose.

Dissolve an ounce of salt peter in half a pailful of water and allow him to drink a little of it often.

If he is bloated give four ounces of hyposulphite of soda dissolved in water and inject soapy cold water and glycerine into the rectum once an hour until relieved. In case of sunstroke call in the graduate veterinarian as soon as possible.

THE HEAD OF THE FLOCK

In selecting a ram two classes of breeding should be avoided: The common scrub that has no good characteristics to fix, and the "purebred scrub" without individuality, whose purity of breeding only gives him greater power to work ruin in the flock. Good individuality, backed by several generations of good ancestry, will insure prepotency with almost unfailing certainty, where the ewes are suitable and the management is correct.

Great attention should be paid to the ram's general contour. His structure should be firm and massive, with a broad, capacious breast, no disproportionate length of legs, and well-formed and fully developed quarters, especially the hind quarters. His loin should be stout and well knit, his features bold and masculine. A firm and muscular neck is desirable; a bold and courageous eye and carriage are indicative of spirit and vigor. His head should be long, but rather small and well molded.

KILL THE WEEDS.

Weeds take up moisture the crops need and prevent the circulation of air thus encouraging the spread of plant diseases. They shade the ground and keep the soil from absorbing heat—an important factor in corn growth.

DORSET (HORNED) SHEEP

TO HAVE FINE ASTORS

Keep watch of your asters, for "in such an hour as ye know not" the maggot may attack them. It is better, however, to act on the belief that this enemy is sure to come, and take measures to head him off. Work wood ashes into the soil about the plants, and remove a little soil immediately about the base of each plant and scatter tobacco dust there liberally. This will not injure the plant, but it may discourage the pest in his effort to get at the stalk of it. Of late, many collections of Asters in the West have been ruined by this grub. The plant will look perfectly healthy today; tomorrow it will have a withered appearance and the next day it will be yellow and if you take hold of its top and give a slight pull off it will come close to the ground. Examination will show that it has been eaten into at that point. Wood ashes are the best preventant of its attacks of anything I have used, and I would change the location of the bed yearly. B. L. E.

Bull thistles, common in pastures, cannot always be killed by mowing. Mowing tends to prevent maturity of seed. Cutting off the thistles just below the surface of the ground, two or three times a year, will effectually eradicate them. Working the ground in rotation of grass, grain and corn is a very sure way of eradicating weeds.

A GOOD CORN RECIPE.

When cutting sweet corn from the cob cut lengthwise through the center of each row of kernels with a sharp knife then cut off the tips of the kernels without cutting into the cob and scrape the milk from the cob. Put into a well buttered pan with salt, pepper and butter and steam three quarters of an hour over a quick fire, keeping plenty of water under the steamer. Cooked in this way the corn retains all the juices and will be found delicious.

WATERING THE MILK COWS

By Isaac Motes.

Milk cows need water frequently during hot days, just as a man does best if he drinks a few sups of water occasionally, before he gets very thirsty, rather than drink great sluices once or twice during the day.

A cow requires water often to properly digest the food she eats, so it is better to give it to her frequently than in large quantities once or twice a day.

If the pasture is provided with a stream of clear water running through it, or a wind mill and well, the cows will of course take care of the water problem to suit themselves, and if you watch them long enough you will see them drinking several times a day.

If there is no stream or wind mill, and the well or spring is not in the pasture, try the following plan of watering them and watch the milk returns and see if the labor involved is not well paid for.

Take a number of half barrels and place them at convenient spots in the pasture, sinking them into the ground six or eight inches, under trees if there is such shade.

If there are no trees then build on the sunny side of each barrel a lean-to shed to make a shade, high enough to permit the cows to come under and drink.

Twice a day fill a barrel or two with water from your well or spring, place them on a sled and fill up the pasture barrels. See that the barrels are kept clean, and do not allow the water to remain in any of them long enough to get stagnant.

This makes extra work, but if you have no running water in your pasture you will find it better to do this than water your cows once or twice a day, possibly at milking time. You will get good returns for the extra work in the increased quantity of milk, and in the contented, placid disposition of your cows.

A USEFUL LESSON LEARNED

I learned a lesson from a woman farmer a couple of years ago and it cost me a bit of money too, but it was well worth the price. I took a big wagon load of apples, about 30 bushels, to town and they were pretty good apples too, but I did not sort or pack them in barrels. They were carefully placed in the wagon box which was lined with straw and they looked very good to me. I held out for $1.00 a bushel all around but could not get it and rather than cut the price, and being a bit sore beside, I started back home with the load. A mile out of town I was overtaken by a woman neighbor and who had sold out clean before noon and on telling her my troubles, she looked the apples over carefully and offered me 90 cents a bushel which I accepted. We changed wagons and she drove off home.

The next day I went to town with some curiosity to see how she disposed of the fruit and I must say I not only had my curiosity satisfied but was greatly surprised and somewhat chagrined as well. My neighbor had sorted the apples into three classes; the prime ones she had polished with a cloth and wrapped in paper and packed in boxes each holding a bushel; the seconds were packed in boxes without paper and the culls were packed in barrels; the top layers being carefully assorted. She had no difficulty in disposing of the entire lot before two o'clock in the afternoon. As she climbed into her wagon to start home I casually inquired "how did you come out on the apples?" "Oh, pretty well," she replied, and then after a moments' hesitation she added, "I don't mind telling you just what I got for them; the entire lot brought $38.50. You know they are the same apples you sold me last night and I only improved them with a little elbow grease and some care in packing. See the point?" and she drove off with a twinkle in her eye.

As I drove home it didn't take much figuring to tell me that this woman had made a net profit of $11.50 over night on my load of apples by methods which were as open to me as to her or anybody else. I made up my mind then, that hereafter I would spare no pains to put my apples and everything else I sell in the most attractive shape possible before taking it to market. My wife laughed at me when I told her the story but she took the lesson just as I did and now instead of sending her eggs to town in a tin pail, they go packed in paper boxes holding two dozen each and every egg is stamped with the date on which it was laid. She gets an average of 3 cents a dozen more than she did before. Her butter instead of being sent to market in rolls is now made into molded bricks wrapped in paper bearing the name of our farm. The last lot she sold actually brought 5 cents per pound over the market. All of our potatoes and vegetables of every kind are now sent to market in neat clean boxes and the better price we obtain pays handsomely for the time and work expended.

COLLECTING FLOWER SEEDS

By W. H. Gilbert.

It is desirable to save one's seeds not only as a matter of economy but as a means of improving the variety. In a collection of annual plants all from the same stock of seed there will be considerable variety presented. Some may vary from the general stock in the size or color of the flower and others in the habit of the plant.

These peculiarities are not certain to be reproduced but the probabilities are that some of the seeds from such plants will show them and by following a course of selection one can in a few years so establish a variety that it will come constantly true from seed.

It has been found in practice that though a peculiarity may not show itself very strongly the first year, yet it will manifest itself the next year if the grower perseveres. It is well to mark those plants, the seeds of which are to be saved, while the plants are in full bloom and not trust to memory.

In a bed of plants from which seeds are to be saved promiscously and when it is desirable to have all of one color, those of a different shade from the required must be pulled out as soon as they show themselves.

Some seed pods open with a jerk as soon as ripe and scatter the contents for a distance. Some open by a hole or crack and as the plant is swayed by the wind the seeds are gradually sifted out. In other cases there is no provision for the scattering of the seeds, but the fruit of seed vessel must decay before they can be liberated.

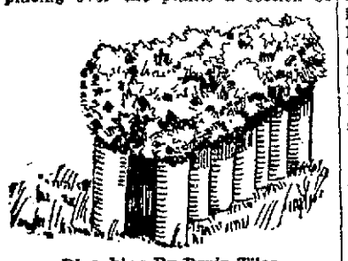
It is not necessary to wait until seeds are dead ripe before collecting them. A little experience teaches one to know the point at which it is safe to gather. Those seed vessels, which in breaking scatter the seed, should be gathered just before they open and be allowed to pop under some convenient cover. As soon as seeds are gathered put a label with them and when they are thoroughly dry, clean and store them away.

The manner of cleaning seed is varied according to circumstances, sifting, gently winnowing, rubbing between the hands being resorted to according to the kind of seed. A series of small sizes of mesh will accomplish most of the work.

BLANCHING CELERY.

Blanching is a very important part of producing good celery; because, unless the plants are white, firm, and tender, they are not only unpalatable for the farmer's family, but are of course unsalable. Excluding the light induces a solid growth in the heart of the plant and this growth is very rapid. It also turns a plant from green to pure white.

Some growers blanch their celery by placing over the plants a section of



Blanching By Drain Tiles.

drain tile and covering up the top with a coarse cloth or litter.

Persons contemplating growing celery for the market should not attempt to do so until they have visited one of the large commercial celery gardens and learned from observation exactly how the work of seeding, transplanting, cultivating and marketing is done. But the farmer who simply desires to grow enough celery for his family use, may if he follows instructions, grow good crops, always providing that his soil is very rich and well drained.

FABRICS FROM NETTLE FIBER.

Consul Augustus E. Ingram, of Bradford, quotes from a Yorkshire paper an interesting statement that a Vienna firm had apparently succeeded in obtaining from nettles a snowwhite pliant bulk of fiber, with merits halfway between those of cotton and linen, with the further great merit that it should be cheaper than either because of the limitless quantity of nettles that can be grown, with slight encouragement, in many regions. Fabric made of nettle fiber is nothing new—indeed it is stated that formerly housewives made their best sheets out of it—but hitherto no way has been found of separating the valuable fiber from the accompanying gums and waste on a commercial scale. It is said that the Austrian Government is undertaking the supervision of investigations and experiments on a decisive scale.

IN THE POULTRY YARD.

The youngsters should be examined frequently now for signs of the big head lice because unless they are disposed of they will kill the chicks.

The only thing necessary is to rub the heads and under parts very gently with a tiny bit of lard.

The red lice are even worse than the big fellows and must be continually fought. They will quickly sap the vitality of a flock and so weaken it that it is practically useless.

The interior of the chicken house should be thoroughly sprayed over every square inch with kerosene into a gallon of which two tablespoonfuls of carbolic acid should be mixed.

WORTH THINKING OVER.

One single swearing, vile-minded hired man will soon corrupt the boys of an entire neighborhood.

The city boy whose eyes open every morning on the blank wall of a flat building and who has never seen the sun rise or the clouds gather and the storm break as the country boy does cannot know the sense of freedom and joy and power which they convey.

If we would help ourselves we can do no better than to be helping others.

Maybe one reason why boys leave the farm is because their standpoint of work is set at that of a full grown man—let up on the boy.

We cannot hew close to the line if we have a private axe to grind.

The man who does his duty best never thinks of it as a duty.

WORKING NOTES.

Get the colt ready for the Fair.

A lump of copperas, size of a hazelnut in the drinking water will keep the fowls healthy.

Squabs hatched this month will breed next spring. Better keep those you want.

This is the month in which to turn old cows dry for the Fall market.

Clean the weeds out of the fence corners this month before they go to seed.

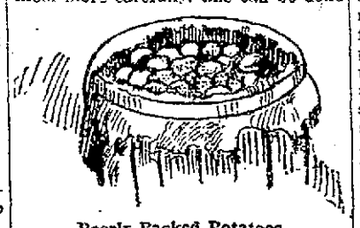
Do not cultivate the orchard now or the wood will not be seasoned for winter.

Better look the grain bags over and repair them.

MARKETING POTATOES.

Potatoes, although one of the most important of our truck crops, are usually badly handled by the average grower. Instead of being sent to market in bulk by the wagon load, potatoes should be graded and packed in barrels. The packing should be done as soon as possible after they are dug, for if exposed too much to the sun they will become soft and the skin will turn green.

It is a very good plan to grade and pack potatoes in the field as they are lifted, although when very large crops are grown and it is desirable to grade them more carefully, this can be done



Poorly Packed Potatoes.

better by first sending them to the packing shed, where they can be run through graders and the work done more rapidly. It is just as important to grade potatoes as fruit or any other vegetables.

Don't "trust to luck" too much. There is lots of that done on the average farm. Have a system and follow it in farming the same as any other business.

A WOMAN GAME WARDEN.

Mrs. B. H. Buffhan, of Chervis, New Mexico, has been appointed Game Warden. She is a farmer and spends nearly all of her time in the fields along the streams and in the woods protecting game from the hunters who sneak into the country to shoot out of season.

She is a fine shot and kills many hawks and other predatory birds. Game birds in that part of the country are in great demand by orchard owners, as partridges and quail and pheasants are found to be excellent means of keeping the orchard free from insect pests. An effort is being made to amend the law to allow farmers to produce game birds for profit. The native Bob White can be raised in confinement and hunters are always ready to pay liberal rent for shooting over the land. Mrs. Buffhan says that New Mexico needs pure laws and more game and she has done much toward preventing the indiscriminate slaughter of game birds in that state.

ABOUT HORSES.

It is pretty hard on the mare to compel her to suckle the colt and do her share of the farm work during the hot season without first having prepared her by good feed and extra care.

Never comb the hay from the horses locks with a curry comb. It makes them nervous.

Keep the hoe going among the cabbages during August.

HOW THE SEPARATOR SEPARATES.

Cream rises from milk by gravity. The fat in the milk is lighter and rises to the surface but it takes a long time to do it.

The separator pulls the milk away from the cream as it is whirled around the bowl. It acts just as a stone tied to a string and swung around the head. The faster it is swung the harder the pull.

When the milk is placed in the bowl and the latter is whirled around at a tremendous speed the heavier portions of the milk are drawn to the bottom and the fat and lighter portions to the top. The whole volume in the bowl becomes arranged in layers, the pure milk separated from the fat goes to the very bottom, that not perfectly separated rising toward the top and the fat or cream slipping off the surface.

Now, the faster the bowl is revolved the cleaner the milk will be "skimmed" because the centrifugal force is greater. The slower the bowl is revolved the more fat there will be left in the milk. Simple, isn't it?

Opportunity may come to a man but once in a lifetime, but there is no limit to the number of visits a man can make to opportunity.

A FINE PONY.

In buying a pony one should understand the points that go to make a perfect animal. A study of the pony shown here will give you a pretty clear idea of what is necessary. You will see that she has a clean head, well held up, a full, round eye and a body almost as round as a barrel, well

Belle of Bressay.

muscled shoulders and hind quarters, and clean, bony, flat legs.

This little mare was raised in England and took the first premium at the Royal Show at Gloucester. The show is equal to one of our best State fairs, and in fact, as a stock show it is on a much larger scale.

SKIBBY AND THE STOVEPIPE SPUDS

By William Chester Estabrook

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What He Saw Brought an Exclamation of Amazement and Revelation.

MR. VOLNEY NIVIN, senior member of Nivin & Stark, wholesale potatoes, was forever "peeved" over something or other, and on this particular afternoon he seemed to be nursing an unusually vindictive grouch. Johnny Clark, the office boy, was painfully aware of that grouch; indeed, his three months' stay in the establishment had taught him pretty nearly every vagary of Volney Nivin's exceedingly vagarious temper.

But the thing had to be done and Johnny, waiting till his employer had hung up his hat and lit his post-luncheon cigar, plunged into his disagreeable task.

"You know that Van Sicklen kid's trial, Mr. Nivin," he began, hurrying to get the ordeal over. "Well, I want to get off this afternoon. I gotta go down to Juvenile Court as a witness at two o'clock."

Nivin eyed the boy sarcastically over two long puffs of his cigar, then turned to his desk and consulted a memorandum pad.

"I see you've already attended that trial three times in the last six weeks—always on baseball afternoons," he remarked, the sarcasm still in his eyes.

Johnny Clark flushed at the insinuation. "The trial has been postponed three times," he replied, a bit hotly, "and each time I've hiked right back here to the office just as soon as I found it out."

"It's wonderful, the prevarication a boy'll stoop to just to attend a game of ball," Nivin went on, completely ignoring Johnny's explanation. "The boy we tried out before you came buried seven relatives in less than three weeks—that is, he tried to bury 'em—all on baseball afternoons, too. Anyhow, Johnny, you deserve some credit for springing something new."

He reached his telephone and called up the Juvenile Court. "Is there a Van Sickle boy to be tried in your court this afternoon at two o'clock?" he asked.—"Oh, tried a month ago!—I see—Thought so—Thanks—Goodby."

"Yes, you may go," he said, turning back to Johnny with a dangerous amiability in his big face, "you may go—for good. I hope you'll get a chance to revel in a trial every day for a month, Johnny. You're a very good boy in other ways, but I can never stand for a spiel like this—Oh, Smithers!" he called to the inner office, "make out Johnny Clark's time!"

Johnny Clark stood dazed. He had often heard of Nivin's brusque way of "firing" employes, but he had been utterly unprepared for anything like that—utterly unprepared, indeed, for any trouble at all. At first he was more outraged by Nivin's charge of deceit than by the loss of his position, but that feeling lasted only a moment. His job was of vastly more importance than the salving of his pride. Although the place was worth only four dollars and a half a week, it had successfully pieced out the earnings of his mother and sister, earnings that had been discouragingly small since the garment workers' strike. "As long as Johnny can bring his four and a half home every Saturday night we'll manage somehow," his mother frequently had said during their present financial crisis. And now it had slipped out of his grasp, and through absolutely no fault of his own!

"Mr. Nivin, what I told you was on the square," he protested pleadingly. "If they told you different over the 'phone"——

But Nivin's broad back was already disappearing through the inner office door.

Appalled at the loss of the job and outraged that Nivin should believe him trying to shirk or deceive, Johnny waited for his envelope. When the clerk at last handed it to him he went stumbling out of the big commission house where he had worked hard to make good and where he had planned great things for himself.

Out in the street, his dazed faculties began to deal with the details of his decapitation. Who at the Juvenile Court had blundered over the telephone? Who had told Nivin that the Van Sickle boy had been tried a month ago? Why had they told him—Johnny—that the trial was at two o'clock that afternoon if it had already been held? Why had they put him to the trouble of getting excused three times from the office, telling him each time of the date to which the trial had been postponed? Whoever had done it was responsible for the losing of his job. He determined to find out who was at the bottom of it. Undone, outraged and discouraged, he went hurrying down town in the direction of the Juvenile Court.

He arrived at the Olive street entrance of the Court House just in time to see the Van Sickle boy and his parents ascend the stairs. Evidently the trial was to be held after all. It puzzled him more than ever why such contradictory word had come to Nivin over the 'phone.

He followed the defendant upstairs to the court room, where were assembled those who he could tell at a glance were connected with the Van Sickle case. It lacked twenty minutes of two and he sat down with the others and waited. Judge Clews, who was holding forth in the Juvenile Court during Judge Dugane's absence, came in at last and the afternoon's grind began.

His Rage Splendid.

Johnny's testimony wasn't vastly important nor was he particularly interested in the Van Sickle kid. When he had been excused, after a half dozen questions, a bitter rage filled him that a trial which had concerned him so little should have cost him so much! The defendant was put on probation and that portion of the crowd interested in him soon filed out.

Johnny was determined to stay till he had learned who was responsible for his undoing. Judge Clews was not a man whose appearance inspired confidence, and the lad looked around for some one else in authority, his glance falling at last on the pale, kindly face of Miss Wellman, the deputy clerk.

He went over to her desk while the Judge was busy with some detail of the next trial and in a boy's awkward way introduced himself. His story followed in a disjointed, gusty fashion, and Miss Wellman showed genuine distress the moment she caught the import of it.

"It's my fault, every bit my fault!" she cried, in self-condemnation. "I know now just how it happened. I've been out of court the past month because of illness and I had returned to my work the moment I got the 'phone about the Van Sickle case. I knew it had been scheduled for a month ago, and I supposed, of course, that it had been tried. I didn't think it worth while to consult the docket. There's where I blundered. I 'phoned back that it had been tried a month ago. And to think my mistake has cost you your job! But wait! Nivin, of Nivin & Stark, you say? I'll try to get him this instant. He must take you back; he simply must!"

Johnny stood and listened with his heart in his ears at the one-sided conversation which followed. He saw Miss Wellman's pale face crimson, and her voice was shaky when she hung up the 'phone.

"What an ogre!" she said, biting her lips to keep them steady. "He says he doesn't care to take the matter up again; that he never reconsiders any one he has dismissed. It's outrageous to treat you like that! But it's my fault, all my fault!"

She reached across the desk and took Johnny Clark's skinny fists in her soft hands. "I'll do all I can to make it good," she said. "I'll begin right now. I'm sure I can find you another job. Don't you get discouraged now!" and the smile she gave him, Johnny thought, was almost worth losing the place.

"I want you to leave me your address so I can let you know the minute I hear of anything," she went on, and Johnny gave her the address and was ready to go when a boy about his own age approached the desk, a big bouquet in his hand.

Miss Wellman seemed mighty glad to see the newcomer, at least she told him so, and thanked him a dozen times in a single breath for the flowers he had brought her.

"It was very good of you and your mother to remember me, Walter," she said. "Yes, I'm all right now, although you wouldn't think it from the blunder I've just made. Johnny Clark, this is Walter Skibbons. I want you to know him."

She started to tell Skibby the plight she had put Johnny in, when the next case was called and she was compelled to let the boys go. Johnny, however, completed her story out in the corridor.

"It's sure bum luck!" Skibby commented at the finish. "I knows another kid wot was fired onct by dat ole spud

"It's pretty hard when the whole family's out of work," Johnny said mournfully.

Skibby comforted him as best he could while they walked slowly away from the court house. "I've been some on de hog myself, kid," he said, "and it ain't no merry whirl. But it all comes out right if ye jest keep on apluggin' away. When ye quit pluggin', den de game's up."

"Oh, I can plug all right," Johnny declared, "but what's a feller going to do when he ain't got nothing to plug at?"

"Dat's wot I mean," said Skibby; "keep pluggin' fer somethin' to plug!"

Hunting the Job.

He encouraged Johnny all he could before they parted and promised he'd help Miss Wellman in her search for a job.

"Laddie," his mother said that evening, "here's an advertisement that looks nice. I wonder if it mightn't be a chanst for that Johnny Clark boy you do be tellin' me about to-day?"

She reached him the evening paper, indicating an advertisement which read as follows:—

Wanted, at once, twenty-five city boys to pick potatoes; easy work, easy hours, good pay; parents need not be afraid to send boys out alone; splendid man in charge; tent life and best country board; take Rochdale Interurban to Henry Bruff's Farm. Reference, M. L. Dimmick, Sec. Humane Association.

"De rube's sure picked a rotten reference, all right," Skibby said at once. Only the week before Dimmick, backed by the machine, had made that desperate effort in the District Court to discredit Judge Dugane's good work—had tried it in the Judge's absence, when he couldn't defend himself!

"I wouldn't let that prejudice me ag'in the farmer, laddie," his mother said. "Mebbe he don't know Dimmick as well as some of the rest of us here in town do!"

"Well, I'll get word to de kid about it to-morrer," Skibby said, after further consideration. "He can try it if he wants to."

Johnny Clark was delighted the next morning when Skibby, after a long tramp, located him and showed him the advertisement. He was ready to go right then and there! All he needed to do was to bundle up some clothes. So elated was he at the prospect of earning money while living in a tent and eating good country "grub" that he soon inspired Skibby with a desire to go along. Indeed, since his visit to Uncle Jerry Wayman that time little Mary was kidnapped Skibby had been anxious to see more of the country. With nobody to look out for but himself, he believed he'd have a bully time.

He hurried home to consult his mother about it. It'd be the very thing for him, she thought, and within an hour he had hastily bundled together a change of clothes and was on his way to the Interurban Depot to meet Johnny Clark.

It was great sport, that trip out to Henry Bruff's farm, and when the boys arrived there and saw the big white house and the big red barns and the big striped tent in the corner of the big potato field they were mightily pleased that they had come.

The "splendid man in charge" met them and took them in tow. Skibby wasn't very favorably impressed with him. He was a thin, hatchet faced fellow, with sandy hair and sandier whiskers. The boys liked Henry Bruff immediately. He was so fat and roly-poly, his eyes were so wide and innocent, his face so smooth, his overalls so blue, his wide hat so flabby, his sleeves so high rolled and the timothy straw he chewed on so ever present.

"He's got all dem stage rubes beat to a frazzle!" was Skibby's enthusiastic comment. "Say, he's so easy dat he makes dem fer sure jays like Uncle Jerry Wayman look like swell con men!"

The boys were shown the cots they were to sleep in and the places they were to occupy at the long dining table in the tent. Everything seemed clean and well kept.

Ten or twelve boys had already arrived and had been put to work. For the most part they were pale, spindling chaps who were evidently not used to the farm.

Skibby and Johnny went immediately to work. It didn't seem very hard at first, but they were perfectly willing when the noon hour came to take advantage of the rest allotted them. Skibby couldn't tell whether he enjoyed the dinner because it was so good or because he was so hungry. There was a great deal of good milk, good cheese and good butter. Indeed, the lacteal qualities of the meal seemed to predominate overwhelmingly. It was the same way at supper.

"I feels like a milk shake already!" Skibby said.

It was a pretty tired lot of boys who went to bed in the tent that night, and they could scarcely believe they had been asleep at all when the "splendid man" shook them out of their dreams the next morning at five o'clock.

Johnny Clark declared that his back was so stiff that it squeaked every time he stooped. All of them got out of their cots stiffly.

They had a good breakfast, although there was only milk to drink, a fact that moved a little ex-newsy who sat opposite Skibby to remark, "I wush I'se down to ole Joe Pandin's at de Loop abuckin' a coffee growler wid a brace o' sinkers!"

In the middle of the forenoon, when the boys had got "limbered up" and were bending to their work, Henry Bruff came down the field to where his man was overseeing them. His innocent face fairly exuded gleeful excitement.

"You'll have to hustle 'em up, Ezra!" he said to his sandy helper. "Nivin & Stark jest wrote us they'd take five carload of them Early Rose at two fifty if we could grade 'em all up to No. 1 fancy."

He extended the letter to Ezra, but the envelope fluttered from his pudgy, awkward fingers and sifted along in the breeze toward Skibby, who picked it up and returned it. He couldn't help seeing that it was addressed not to Henry Bruff alone but to Bruff & Dimmick! It was the first intimation Skibby had that the wily secretary was Bruff's partner in the pastoral business of growing spuds.

Work Is Not Hard.

"It's a rush order, you see," Bruff continued, after Ezra had finished reading, "so you'd better hustle. Send a couple husky kids over to me at the dugout to run the sorter."

The dugout was a half underground building with a driveway through the centre and long potato bins on each side. Skibby and Johnny were tremendously tickled when Ezra chose them to run the sorter. It was cool in the dugout and the work was not backbreaking. Besides, there ought to be a genuine pleasure in the mere presence of a jolly, innocent soul like Farmer Bruff!

The sorter was a screen jiggled back and forth by a hand crank. The large potatoes went over the screen to a sack which was hung on hooks. The smaller ones dropped through the meshes into a separate pile. It was Skibby's task to scoop the potatoes on to the screen while Johnny turned the crank. When the sack was full Farmer Bruff took it off the hooks, sewed its top together with twine and a long wooden needle, put it on a truck and wheeled it to the door to await the wagon which took it to the switch, a half mile away.

They hadn't been working more than an hour when an outbound Interurban stopped at the little shelter that served as a station and a man alighted and started across Bruff's fields in the direction of the dugout. As he approached, Skibby, who could see out the nearby door, recognized him as Dimmick.

Bruff went out to meet him and took him into an ell of the dugout somewhat removed from the long straight central passage. The boys could hear them only occasionally. When they came out Bruff was chuckling.

"It's the best price in twenty years and we're got to make the most of it," Dimmick was saying. "It's been pinching me like the devil for the past six months and we ought to turn fifteen hundred velvet on the Nivin order alone. That's half our rent for the entire place. It's perfectly safe and"——

Bruff nudged him and what else he said was lost to the boys. He spent some time with Bruff in the fields and then took a city bound car.

Bruff went to the house before returning to the dugout. When he did come he was carrying a good sized piece of stove pipe, which he took into the ell.

He jokingly asked the boys if they were going to "dock" him for loafing and then fell to work. What a jovial soul he was! And what a pity he didn't own that farm after all, that he was only a renter, and, worst of all, a renter with a partner like Dimmick!

One thing immediately excited the boys' curiosity. Bruff had heretofore allowed each sack to remain on the hooks till it was full. Now, after Dimmick's visit, he removed alternate sacks when they were only a fifth full. The partly filled sacks he would carry to the ell, returning always a little late for the full sack. The boys wondered what he did with the partly filled sacks. That it was eventually wheeled to the door with the others they knew, because he always brought it out of the ell—full! Why did he finish filling it in there? they asked. And why every other sack?

Once, when Skibby went down the far end of the gloomy driveway for another scoop he caught a glimpse of Farmer Bruff in the ell. He was pulling a joint of stovepipe from a sack of potatoes! What was he doing with the stovepipe in the sack? Skibby was not suspicious; he was merely curious—one couldn't be suspicious with Farmer Bruff.

He was a veritable old King Cole. Every time he came for a sack he cracked some quaint joke. He inquired at length about the boys, their families and their fortunes. He was sure Johnny and Skibby would "flesh right up in his tater field." Didn't they like the milk? They must drink all they wanted—he had plenty. Skibby groaned inwardly at the milk, but just the same he wished there were more Farmer Bruffs in the world. It would make things easier for the poor kids that had to work. And then he was so innocent! Why, he as was easy as little Marry Cady! Johnny was willing to bet that he couldn't take a street car ride without being "done" by somebody. To think of a man like that with Dimmick as a partner!

But why did he take the alternate sacks of potatoes into the ell and what did he do with the stovepipe? Skibby's curiosity could stand the pressure no longer and he asked the rural gentleman "plain out."

"I have to pack half of 'em a little different. They're for two kinds of trade," Bruff replied. "That stovepipe—oh, that belonged to an old stove in the dugout that was used to keep the frost out."

Skibby, looking over the sacks that were later loaded on the wagon, couldn't for the life of him see any difference in their external appearance.

Just before noon Ezra called to Bruff and the latter, leaving the boys at the sorting, struck hastily across the fields.

When the boys filled the next sack they lifted it from the hooks and set it to one side. Only one other remained, and, filling it partly, they looked about the dugout for more empty sacks.

They found two bales of them in the ell. The bins of the ell contained small, culled potatoes. Leaning against one of the bales was a sack which Farmer Bruff had evidently been filling when he was interrupted by Ezra.

Skibby opened its collapsed top and peered in. What he saw brought an exclamation of amazement and revelation. He called Johnny and Johnny peered in and was also amazed.

"Not a word now!" Skibby commanded. "Let's get a few empties and hike right back to de sorter. Don't let on dat ye're wise to nuttin'!"

When the cook sounded the dinner call from the tent Farmer Bruff came back to the dugout, finished filling the sack in the ell and wheeled it to the door.

"Your grub's ready now, so I guess I'll go home and eat, too," he said, and started across the fields to the big house.

For ten minutes after he was gone the boys remained in the dugout, their heads close together, their voices lowered. Skibby did most of the talking, however.

"And if old streaked whiskers asts where am I, tell 'im I couldn't stand for de milk works!" he said.

Then, while Johnny took his way to the tent, Skibby scuttled across the fields to the little depot, arriving there just in time for an in-bound car.

A "Rube" Named Bruff.

It was two hours later when the new boy at Nivin & Stark's gingerly opened the door and let Skibby scrooge into Nivin's private office.

For the first time in many years Volney Nivin sat silent while a small boy talked. From that first startling sentence, "Say, Mr. Nivin, I'm wise to a skin game on ye wot's wort' fifteen hundred plunks," to the very last word of explanation concerning Johnny's dismissal Volney Nivin listened.

"And what is it you want for telling me the names of these parties?" he asked.

"Nuttin' fer me," Skibby replied. "All I asts is fer Johnny. Take 'im back. Ye t'rowed 'im down on a bum hunch and ye ort to take 'im back on a good one. Promise me dat and I'll put ye wise. If I ain't givin' it to ye straight ye don't need to keep yer promise. Say, ain't dat fair?"

There was something about Skibby's tremendous earnestness that convinced Nivin in spite of himself, in spite of all his disinclination to accept wisdom from the mouths of babes.

"I promise," he said promptly.

"It's Dimmick and a rube named Bruff," Skibby said.

Nivin suddenly leaned forward. "We ordered a five car lot from them this morning. Go ahead," he said eagerly.

Skibby quickly told him of their trip to Bruff's, their work in the dugout and Dimmick's visit.

"When Dimmick goes back home den Bruff he chases out and fetches back a jiint o' stovepipe," he continued. "After while dat Ezra guy calls him to de field and Johnny and me takes a hunt fer more sacks. We goes to de place where Bruff finished fillin' half of de sacks. Dey was a lot of bum little spuds in dere and a few good spuds, and dere was one sack wot Bruff ain't finished. I opens her up and dere, in de centre of de sack, is dat stovepipe filled wid bum spuds. Ye see, Mr. Nivin, Johnny and me puts de good spuds on de bottom of de sack wid de sorter. Den Bruff he comes and takes de sack away, puts de stovepipe in it, fills de stovepipe wid bum spuds, den fills around de stovepipe wid good spuds, den pulls de stovepipe out and finishes de sack wid good spuds on top. Dere ye are! A sack of good spuds wid a lot of bum spuds in de centre. Even when ye pours de spuds out, de little ones wouldn't show. It's a dead cinch dat nobody'd get wise to it but de feller wot buys de spuds to eat. Johnny and me finds de stovepipe all ready to pull out. I guess dey t'ought dat it's too raw to work every sack like dat, so dey fixes every odder one."

It was a moment before Nivin said anything. He'd been in the potato business a long time, but the stovepipe trick was new to him.

"I'll send a man out to inspect them immediately," he said, "and if he corroborates what you've told me, Johnny Clark can have his place, you may rest assured."

In just three days Johnny was back at Nivin's. In less than a fortnight Dimmick suddenly resigned the secretaryship of the Humane Society. In certain circles it was intimated that he resigned under powerful pressure brought by business men in the wealthy wholesale district.

The day after Dimmick's decapitation, Nivin, coming into the office, handed Johnny two tickets.

"I'm not much on baseball myself," he said grimly, "but Stark says to-day's game ought to be a whale. By the way, I thought maybe you'd like to take that Skib—what's his name?—along with you."

Picking the Winner.

MR. FINNIKIN had spoken so much and in so laudatory terms of his bachelor friend Knox that Mrs. Finnikin, who failed to see that a bachelor had any part in the great scheme of things, became rather resentful. It is tiresome when one is a wife of many virtues to hear your obtuse husband lauding some selfish man who so lacked whole hearted social consciousness that he avoided marriage, exemplifying the smallest and most selfish spirit of his sex.

But Mr. Finnikin was an insistent press agent, and finally his wife, with some reluctance, consented to his bringing home Knox one evening for dinner.

"I don't know how to express it," said Mrs. Finnikin, "but I have a foreboding, Marmaduke, that something awful is going to happen when you bring that man into this house."

"I'll bring along an accident insurance policy with him," laughed Finnikin. "But I'll bet you a new frock against a red necktie that nothing awful happens."

"All right," said she, "I'll take the bet. But mark my words just the same."

The dinner, however, passed off most agreeably. Knox was a delightful companion and sustained a flow of talk that was witty and instructive, for he had travelled extensively and rubbed elbows with all sorts of people. Mrs. Finnikin was beginning to feel conscience stricken because she had made such an erroneous estimate of him. He was such a good listener, too, and displayed a lively interest in all that was told him. So it was that Mrs. Finnikin dilated on a variety of subjects herself, most of them having to do with the affairs of the folk of her immediate circle. She, in fact, preached a little sermon, in which she repeated "Life is a game of win and lose," and in illustrating it with the story of the misfortunes of Hezekiah Brown and his wife she remarked with moisture in her eyes:—

"Poor man! He has been released from his sufferings at last."

Knox quizzically wriukled his brow and, in response to a look of inquiry from Mrs. Finnikin, said:—

"It is so perplexing to be told that a married man has been released from his sufferings at last—you can never tell whether it is the man himself who has died or his wife. Who won or who lost?"

There was no reply to this sally, and into the abysmal silence there swept a chill as if some one had opened the doors of a cold storage plant. The situation was relieved when Finnikin remarked most casually to his wife, "You win."

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

HOW THE TWINS CELEBRATED

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL.

THEY were twins, and their real names were Marian and Stanley Howard. But nick-names are such sticky things—like cockle-burrs. I think they must be called *nicked names, because* they are only real ones hacked up and then stuck onto you so you can never get rid of them. You never would have recognized the word "brother" unless you saw sister's tiny pointing finger and watched her little rosy lips all pursed up into a tight rosebud with the struggle to get the word out; then when it finally came, it was made over into "Bobba"—and Bobba the boy-twin remains to this day.

Not to be outdone in glory by a mere girl and desiring, as usual to divert some of this stream of praise to his own small person, "Bobba," the newly Christened, inserted in turn a fat forefinger and exploded *his* name, "Bobba-*loo!*" And such she remains to this

[illegible] passed quite properly into family history [illegible] future. Also was it typical of their [illegible] thereafter—she was always first on the [illegible] much the quicker in wits, but he in- [illegible] up the rear lumberingly. She was [illegible] "get-there-ative" that it spurred him to [illegible] worst—endeavors just to keep up with her, while to get ahead required master-strokes of brilliancy that amounted to genius—which he never knew he possessed till put to the test by her initiative. So it was quite apparent, even to the most casual observer, that being a twin made life very exciting to each of them—sometimes also to their doting parents and guardians at all times.

Competition was their watchword. Hence arose the complications centering about a certain Fourth-of-July celebration early in the history of the Howard twins—and which very nearly resulted in a dearth of subsequent twin-history, because of a conspicuous threatened lack of twin-material wherewith to make annals of any sort. They were clothed in brand-new habiliments, "in honor of the Nation's birthday," as mamma had gravely explained, desiring to inculcate patriotism into her offspring at an early age—Bobba in white "Buster Browns" about the size of clothes-pin, and Bobbaty in spotless white pinafore of butterfly dimensions and filminess. During this painful process of dressing, they fired off a whole broadside of questions, like so many popping fire-crackers.

"What's Force-a-July?" was the first one in unison, each twin having vague ideas of breakfast food in connection with the name. "Is it dood to eat?"

"No, it's the Nation's birthday," reiterated mamma.

"How old's Nathan?" from Bobba.

Mamma smiled faintly. "About a hundred and twenty years old," she replied.

"Will Rosy bake a birfday cvake for Nathan?" asked Bobbaty. "Wiv a hundred an' twenty candles on it?" followed up Bobba quickly, capping his little interrogation as usual.

Mamma laughed aloud. Twins were certainly a [illegible] reflected, but wonderfully entertaining as an [illegible]. Seeing these evidences of parental leniency, the twins opened up the real siege.

"Can't we have some fire-trackers, too, p'ease, [illegible]—like Johnny Smif in de nex' yard?" begged Bobbaty.

"His father divved him a whole dollar to buy 'em wiv—we did saw him do so fru de back fence," averred Bobba.

"No, dears." Mamma's tone was discouragingly firm. You know papa expressly forbade any fire-works at all to-day—wait till next year—you're too little yet."

"We're free years old apiece," cried Bobbaty eagerly, wiggling her hair-ribbons out of the maternal fingers poised at that moment with tying her rebellious curls, as she squirmed around to face the attack, "an' free an' free is six—you told me so," this very accusingly.

"Johnny Smif is only five, an' we's six," Bobba clinched the argument for the prosecution of their plans.

But mamma remained hard-hearted. "Papa said no," she replied firmly—which ended the matter. "But when he comes home to-night he will set off some fireworks on the lawn after dark—won't that be nice?"

But the twins stared in tearful gloom out of the pen with low. To-night was a very long time off, hours and hours—and the enticingly fizzy noises which sounded up from the street outside, were very present, indeed.

"Now put on your hats and take your pails and shovels out to the sand-pile, and play like good children. I expect company to-day and shall be very busy. Nurse has a holiday, so you must help me by being nice and obedient."

The pair of tots marched downstairs and out into the inclosed backyard, their usual playground, in gloomy silence. But the pretty pails and the building of sand-castles which only yesterday had been such sources of joy, paled into boredom in the strong light of this new and unreachable desire, like lamplight in the dawn of a new day.

The twins sat themselves down on the hot sand and lamented. All around them in other yards little boys and girls were reveling in lovely, snappy crackers, and their merry shouts only added to the twins' misery.

Out in all the lawns along the street fluttering flags proclaimed the day to be a gala occasion. It did seem hard to be so very miserable when every known law required one—or more properly speaking two—to rejoice and be glad. So Bobba and Bobbaty mourned and refused to be comforted, till Bobbaty had one of her bright ideas; she believed in enduring only what was past curing.

"Let's det de dwums, an' pound 'em wiv de pails an' dat'll make noises," she proposed suddenly, jumping up to suit the action to the word, and running back into the house.

While she was gone, Bobba sat still and ruminated. His slow little brain was at work very laboriously. At last it evolved its brilliant climax—a "Force-a-July" that would surpass Bobbaty's drum celebration, and be even better than the longed-for, forbidden fire-crackers. For had he not with his very own ears heard Rosy, the cook, tell a wonderful creepy story about the gasolene to the meat-boy only the day before?

"I was just ready to fill the tank," she had related with the gusto of one who has had a narrow escape, "an' set the can down to uncork it, when bst! went the match I'd stepped on an' flew right up onto the can, lighted an' all as it was! It came in an inch o' the uncovered hole. Land! It makes me tremble now to think o' the explosion that would have happened if that match had gone into that hole!"

"You'd had Fourth-o'-July fireworks sure!" the meat-boy exclaimed as he wrote down the order and went away.

Fourth of July fireworks were exactly what he and Bobbaty wanted just then more than anything else in the world. Papa had never forbidden them to touch the gasolene can—for the very good reason that he had never dreamed it to be necessary. He should have known better, of course, but this was his first pair of twins, you see, so he was inexperienced.

It would be hard to get at, for Rosy had an inconvenient way of putting things out of reach, but if they pushed the old stool in the corner of the store-room close up to the shelf, together they might be able to get it down.

But the match? Rosy had seemed to think that necessary to make gasolene into fireworks—Rosy was a scary thing, he thought, to be frightened of big noises—she even put her fingers into her ears every time the cannon boomed.

But matches, he knew were strictly outside the pale of permissable commodities—fathers could be very disagreeable if they were disobeyed—besides he couldn't possibly get to the match-box on the kitchen wall, anyway. What was it the boys next door lighted their fire-crackers with?

At this point in his meditations, Bobbaty returned with the drums slung over her shoulders and a smile of triumph on her cherubic countenance which decided him to carry out his plan at all hazards. One's Force-a-July couldn't be run altogether by a girl—one must be the leader at all costs. So to her proffer of his drum he returned only a scornful glance that promptly had the desired effect of squelching her pride. She dropped her drum and a tin pail in the sand and followed him into the storeroom, a detached small building in the rear of the house. Rosy was busy with her baking, grandma had fled to the country for the day to be rid of the racket, she said—a queer reason, the twins thought—and mamma's callers had come, so no one interfered with their proceedings as they tugged and hauled at the big canful of danger that sat on the storeroom shelf. By dint of much exertion they got it down, and worked and twisted at the cork till they got it out. It was only half-filled—a fact which made the danger greater.

'Make big noises," said Bobba eagerly, his eyes ashine with excitement, "Besser'n dwums—or fire-trackers!"

"But where'll we det a match?" questioned the practical Bobbaty, "Papa'll whip!"

"Me fix 'sm," was the non-committal reply, delivered in an offensively superior manner, as Bobba ran into the yard.

In a few moments he returned, carrying aloft in great glee a long stick of punk with one end smouldering redly.

"Where'd you det it?" asked his little sister.

"Ho! 'At's easy! was the lordly reply, "I buyed it o' Johnny Smif fru de back yard fence. He was lightin' his trackers wiv it."

"What'd you buyed it wiv?" she inquired.

"Wiv our dwums!" he announced with a sweep of his hand as who would say—"The price is no object to me!"

"Bobba 'Tanley Howard!" The little girl rose wrathfully above him as he squatted by the gasolene can. "You ain't *never* divved away my dwum 'at Santa Claus brang me?" He nodded guiltily.

"You nassy, awful boy!" The enormity of his iniquity was too great for words—she began to cry and started for the door. "I'm goin' tell mamma on you —oo—hoo!"

A bothersmoe lump came into Bobba's throat and a frown of annoyance to his brow. Girls were very troublesome, he thought, why couldn't God have sent him a boy-twin, anyway? He intimated as much to her as he called her back. This was one way to meet emergencies, as he had long ago found out—she had long secretly cherished a like wonderment, though not for worlds would she own to him that being a girl wasn't ever so much nicer. But she paused in the doorway to argue the old question.

"Dirls is besser'n boys anyhow," she affirmed, wiping her eyes carefully, on the butterfly pinafore.

"Boys don't try over nossin'," he answered quite firmly and scornfully. And he turned towrd the can of contention with the lighted punk.

"Children! What were you quarrelling about? Didn't I hear Bobbaty crying?" came a voice outside.

The apparition of his mother in the doorway startled the little boy so that he dropped the punk into the open hole over which he had it suspended. Mrs. Howard's horrified glance took in the dreadful situation in one awful second. With one long bound she reached him as a sheet of flame burst from the can—seized him and ran out to the walk where the little girl was screaming in terror.

"Fire! Fire!" Mamma screamed too, at the top of her voice, rushing with both babies in her arms to the street. The alarm brought the fire-engine and a great mob of people, almost quicker than it takes to tell it. The yard was filled with smoke, hose, firemen, and excitement, while the storeroom was belching forth black puffs streaked with terrifying red. Small boys kept swarming to the scene out of the ground apparently, all other celebrating forgotten in this greater entertainment. The twins, in the shelter of mother's arms, stared too horror-struck even to scream.

But the gallant fire-laddies soon had the flames under control—the day being windless and the storeroom being some yards from the house saved much danger in that direction. In the space of a few moments, the building was a drenched, charred image of itself, with a gaping hole in the north wall. The fire was out.

The fire-chief, who had come clanging up in his fire-buggy, walked through the respectfully divided crowd to inquire into the whyfores of the conflagration. Mrs. Howard excitedly explained.

"'Gasolene?" inquired the great official thunderstruck. "Then why in the mischief wasn't there an explosion? Can must have been left open and let all the gas escape."

"No, sir, 'twasn't," Rosy put in, "I corked it tight, sir, when I put it back yesterday."

Further questioning elicited from the twins themselves the information that some time had elapsed after the uncorking process, owing to Bobba's errand after the punk and the subsequent difference of opinion.

"Mighty good thing, too," grunted the chief, "Saved an explosion and probably these youngsters' lives—it's the gas that accumulates and explodes—not the gasolene, as lots of folks think. For once, a kid-squabble was a good thing."

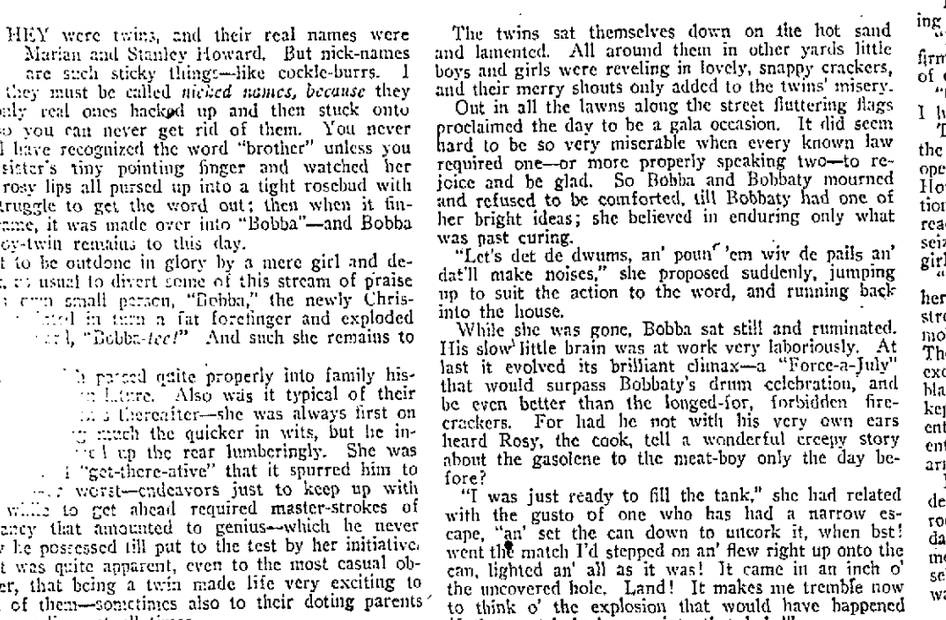
And he took his departure ringing his gong like mad as his big, black fire-horse galloped down the street.

"But kids keepin' out o' mischief is better still," declared Rosy, frowning mightily at the twins.

In the midst of the turmoil and excitement, Mrs. Howard had not noticed that she was scorched and burned all about the face and hands, from that first sheet of flame, though her two naughty darlings were quite safe with all their inflammable finery intact. But when the puffing engine was gone, and the crowd melted away, she came back to a realization of all that happened and the worst that had almost happened—then she quietly fainted away.

When, after Rosy's liberal application of water and smelling salts mamma came to herself again, she went to bed with a sick headache; the twins were also sent up to bed, though they hadn't fainted at all, and when papa came home—but why dwell on horrors any longer? I will draw a veil over the doubly painful scene that ensued and only add that always thereafter whenever Mrs. Howard found her children growing obstreperous, all she had to do was to brush back the soft, thick hair from her forehead and show a long, red scar that always stayed there and never went away.

"An' it never 'sploded, either, after all," said the twins, disconsolately.



A Bold Young Hunter

FREDDY'S FIRST RESCUE

By G. E. WALSH

FREDDY RAY was big for his age, wearing a seven-year suit on a six-year-old body. But he thought he was older, much older than he was, and big—well, wasn't he almost big as his father? At least he would be some day, and meanwhile he was growing!

The Ray family—father, mother, and Freddy, six years old, going on seven—lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or, at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall light-house on the rock, and at the base of this white tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was home, the only home Freddy ever knew.

The lighting of the great lamp of the light-house had always been a great attraction to Freddy. One day, when his father carried him up, up the winding stairs and showed him how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddy felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any boy could imagine. Think of the hundred steps up the tall tower and the magnificent view from the top!

But as time added another year to Freddy's age, his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddy at first was content to watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his father in the life-boat to pick up the shipwrecked people.

"Some day, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered this request.

After that Freddy asked every little while, "Am I big enough now to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet—not quite yet," had always been the response.

So Freddy had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at his figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit he felt surely that he was almost big enough to help save ship-wrecked people.

As chance would have it, his opportunity did come a few days after this important event. There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea pretty rough off the shoals. The day after the storm, the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telescope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its crew.

Mr. Ray quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelict when Freddy's lips faltered:

"Papa, I *am* big enough to go!"

There was a smile on the light-keeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea, he said:

"Yes, Freddy, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

Now there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddy Ray at that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly in the stern of the life-boat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Wasn't he going to a real wreck?

The row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. Ray pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in no time. When they reached the sloop Freddy gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the life-boat?

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the stern until I come back," cautioned his father.

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop and then nimbly climed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddy got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father? Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?

He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. Ray appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddy. She's been deserted for a long time. We'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasing to our little mariner. What a disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody, and not even go aboard the wreck!

"But, papa, there might be somebody in—in—"

His father shook his head.

"No, lad, I've been everywhere."

Then, noticing the disappointment on the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look I'll let you. I forgot this was your first shipwreck. Here, now hold fast to my hand and I'll pull you up."

Freddy climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed him the awful desolation of the wave-swept craft. Mast, spars, sail and rigging were tumbled about in a confused mass, and part of the cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man, and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I'll take you to the cabin, and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddy seemed to come naturally into the use of his sea-legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss of the boat, but walked steadily forward. When they came to the cabin, Mr. Ray threw open the door, and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something moved inside, and then there was a mild cry of some frightened animal. Out of the darkness a bundle of white appeared. It came directly toward Freddy and mewed.

"It's a pussy-cat, papa—a white pussy!"

Freddy took the frightened creature in his arms and stroked its soft fur. The kitten mewed and rubbed its nose in his face.

"Do you suppose he belongs to somebody, papa?" asked Freddy anxiously.

"It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home, Freddy held the kitten in his arms, and stroked and patted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his [illegible]. He wanted a playmate—a kitten or dog—and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.

THE PIPE AND THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

By KATHARINE PYLE.

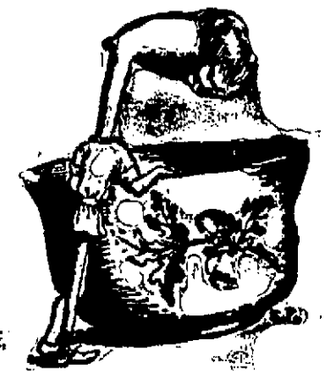
"I AM LITTLE," the soap-bubble said, "Just now;
Oh, yes, I am small, I know";
(This is what it said to the penny pipe);
"But watch and see me grow.

"Now look! and reflected in me you'll see
The windows, the chairs, and door.
I'm a whole little world; did you ever know
Such a wonderful thing before?

"And only look at my colors bright,
Crimson and green and blue.
You could hardly hope such a lovely thing
Would ever stay here with you.

"And I feel so light!" the bubble cried;
"I am going now; good-by!
I shall float and float away from here,
Out under the shining sky;

"I shall float——" But, puff! the bubble broke.
The pipe near the nursery floor
Never looked nor spoke, but went on with its work,
And blew a great many more.



WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE.

BY ED. GRINHAM

I'VE COME TO COLLECT FOR THE PIANO, YOU ARE THREE MONTHS BEHIND IN THE PAYMENTS!
I'LL TELL MR. SMITH WHEN HE COMES HOME!
JOHN, THE MAN WAS HERE TO COLLECT FOR THE PIANO, HE SAID WE OWE FOR THREE MONTHS!
WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE. I CAN USE THAT MONEY FOR SOMETHING ELSE!
BUT HE MAY TAKE IT AWAY!
JOHN, HERE'S THAT MAN TO COLLECT FOR THE PIANO, ARE YOU GOING TO PAY HIM?
WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE!
JOHN DEAR, PLEASE BUY ME ANOTHER PIANO, I'M SO LONESOME WITHOUT ONE!
WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE!
ED. GRINHAM

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A Page for Misses

All About Dogs That Are the Best Companions and May Be Petted and Loved in the Home and Out

For a Devoted Gentle Friend the English Collie Is a Most Lovable Creature

French Poodle

Toy Pomeranians

Yorkshire Terrier

Boston Bull Terrier

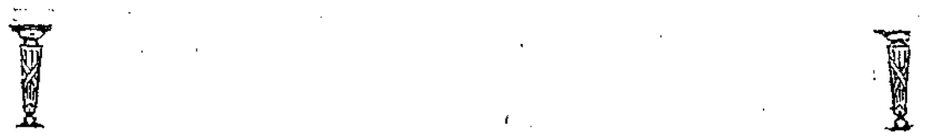
Japanese Poodle

Wire-Fox Terrier

Greyhound

Some Girls Keep Little Handbags for Doggies' Belongings

English Sheep Dog



Most Dogs Love a Motor Ride

HE mistress who loves her little dog loves him only for the dear confiding heart which beats within him, and not because of the prizes he wins at the bench shows or because he happens to belong to the fashionable breed of the moment.

She does not care for the passing, ever changing fads and fashions. What if a greyhound, with its slender, graceful lines, be the popular dog of the moment? If she owns a Scotch or Airedale terrier she will want him with her when she wears her grand clothes in the afternoon just as much as on her morning tramp when she is attired in her rough tweed walking dress. With some people also it may be thought necessary to be accompanied by a French poodle during a period of deep mourning and to change to a fox terrier when the correct period for black and white has come.

But the true dog lover only smiles at such vain foibles and hugs the closer her little brown mongrel or her prize French bull, as the case may be, and wonders how she could ever live without him.

Once settled in a new home doggie immediately makes such a prim place for himself in all hearts that soon a member of the family could better be parted with than he. When kindly treated he will never forget his friend, which is more than can be said of many a human being, and the girl who has never won the love of a dog, be it a great St. Bernard or a tiny Maltese terrier, has forfeited a devotion that might have meant much to her.

It is said that much of the character of the mistress can be told from her dog. Certainly the girl who loves outdoor life and the country will prefer a collie or greyhound to any smaller pet. If this girl lives in a city she will compromise on a fox terrier, in whom the love of excitement and out of doors is never quenched. The type of girl who loves most the small, delicate but affectionate King Charles is a different being from the other city girl who is never quite happy unless she has by her side her bright, saucy little Pomeranian, who loves her so devotedly yet has little use for the outside world.

And then there is the girl who loves more than anything in the world her smart, bold little Boston bull, with his air of a conquering hero, a trifle superior to the rest of the world and quite capable of guarding his mistress' jewel box, which she leaves in his care on the carriage seat. He really prefers to drive in an open victoria, does the little Boston bull, but is becoming accustomed now to an automobile, and his supercilious air as, sitting proudly in the front seat, he passes by an ordinary horse and carriage is delightfully human.

OFTEN one's dog is received as a gift from some friend, and he so soon makes his place that all his kind become the favorites among canines. Especially if the dog come into a home as a puppy, with all his life before him and nothing to look back upon, he will create his niche in the hearts of all. At this age tricks can be taught him, he can learn quickly to pick out his true friends, and, if well treated, he will then attach himself to the one who is most kind to him, who feeds him and guards him, in other words, and upon her he will lavish the great affection of his trusting little heart. She who cannot spare the time to feed her dog or take him out with her often on her walks loses much in return.

A girl who has passed her life so far without owning a dog and has made up her mind at last that whatever else may be sacrificed she can exist no longer without a canine friend must take a great deal into consideration before deciding just what kind to choose. Of course if her home is in the country, with plenty of ground about the house, the matter is an easy one. She may have any kind she likes or can procure. If a large dog it can sleep in the stable or its own kennel, and simply spend its days with her in the fields and woods. Living in the city, however, is a different proposition entirely. Many even of the smaller dogs require more exercise than it is possible for one person to give them. In an apartment, with no yard for the dog to enjoy the open air for hours at a time, only a few of the lap dogs can keep in health.

Of all other dogs a fox terrier is so bright and so affectionate that he is loved at first sight by the most stony hearted, and with his untiring energy and unfailing good spirits is a truly enjoyable companion. For apartment or hotel life, however, a fox terrier is too buoyant of nature, and the enforced restraint and confinement will inevitably either kill his spirit, or he will one day determine that he can no longer stand the life he is leading, and at the first opportunity he will slip through an open door into the outside world. After exploring the neighboring streets happily for a time until he is completely turned about and lost he will then with his indomitable cheerfulness set himself the task of charming the first prepossessing person that happens along. The last ever to be discovered of Teddy is that a little white dog with black markings about the ears and tail was seen following a butcher's boy across the street or perhaps was noticed in a state of careless abandonment and delight chasing a cat up the avenue. Sure of making friends wherever he goes, Teddy does not bother overmuch with the caste of the company he chooses, and if he does not like one home he moves on to another.

A FOX terrier really should not be kept in the city unless under exceptionally good conditions and with the firm promise of at least four months out of the year to be spent in the country, where rabbits and field mice can be chased instead of cats and where for exercise he can have acres of his own to roam in and not be forced to walk always sedately and with enforced dignity at the end of an ignominious leash. The girl who so loves her little fox terrier that she cannot leave him alone in the country during the long winter months must also love him enough to be willing to give up much of her time in feeding, exercising and guarding him carefully. In Paris the fox terrier is much in demand.

It is because of his sprightly and interested manner and air of suppressed excitement and anticipation, like one just escaped from a life of utter quiet and dulness, combined with his white coat slightly marked with black, that makes a fox terrier the accepted dog for a widow just about to cast her black aside.

FOR the qualities of a much larger dog—that is, great faithfulness, real courage and keen intelligence—the little Boston bull is a charming companion. He is healthy, too, and stands city life well, while he does not demand the great care of the more delicate lap dogs. A descendant of the orginal English bulldog, practically all of the ferocity and also the heavy stupidity of his ancestor have been lost, but he retains enough of the fierce expression to make him respected wherever he goes, and a Boston bull is less likely than any other small dog to be picked up and carried off.

But for true faithfulness to its owner no small dog can compare with the tiny Pomeranian. His manners may be so perfect that he will make no sound of dissent when fondled unexpectedly by a stranger, but his eyes will give his thoughts away quicker and more effectually than any words. Possiveness does not mean content. If his adored mistress apparently wants him to be good he will try, but, "please, must he stay there long?" Many Pomeranians are not so tractable, and they will resist all advances until after months of persistent effort some stranger has proved his or her worth. With a young puppy its owner should always try to overcome the tendency of snapping at strangers, for there need be no fear of a "Pom" becoming over affectionate to outsiders or of his ever making friends promiscuously.

Of the toy dogs the Maltese terrier must not be forgotten. Although when full grown he seldom weighs more than six pounds, he is a delightful friend, with his affectionate, confiding manner and his quick, bright little mind. This terrier from Malta has a long, silky, snow white coat, which is a real pleasure to keep brushed out and in good condition. Added to his other charms, he learns tricks quickly and is at the same time an unusually brave little creature.

The ambition of every girl who has her own country place is now to possess one of the great snow white Russian wolf hounds. A wolf hound is not an over intelligent animal, but for grace and beauty of coat he cannot be surpassed, and, like any other dog, he will reciprocate generously all affection given him.

For a devoted, gentle friend an English collie or sheep dog is a most lovable creature, and though he may not be in the list of the fashionable dogs of the moment, a girl who selects one of these intelligent, confiding collies for her friend will be glad of it always.

ABOUT a greyhound there is an air so distinctly high bred that no wonder he remains always a favorite. A wonderful combination of strength and grace, the English greyhound, like the Russian wolf hound, has an air of superiority and aloofness to the world about him that one sees only in the thoroughbreds of a race. A girl who likes to go off on long tramps through the woods and across the fields could not choose a more beautiful and charming guide, nor one who would enter more delightedly into the spirit of the walk than a tall, untiring, graceful greyhound.

For bench shows the different Scotch, Irish and Airedale terriers have lately become great favorites, and while not pretty dogs in one sense, with their rough, shaggy coats, they are nevertheless handsome of their kind and return intelligence and deep devotion for all good treatment.

Consideration, common sense, kindness, these are the three essentials in bringing up a puppy. Like a small child, he must be taught strict obedience, and should never be allowed to whine or be teased. He should be rewarded for good behavior and punished in reason for his transgressions. He should be fed regularly, once or twice a day, and not given constant little tidbits between meals. He should have his own playthings—an old slipper or a rubber ball will keep a toy dog happy for hours at a time—but he can and should be taught not to destroy. There is no greater nuisance than the dog who chews up a glove or rubber if it inadvertently is let fall to the floor, but if trained with strictness while he is still little a dog can be taught to let alone any object, however tempting, which is not his own personal property.

In training a dog he must never be punished for an offence one day and the same misdemeanor passed over unheeded the next time it occurs. Nor should he be whipped over severely for a slight offence. This only makes him fear and distrust his master. As with a child, no fault should be punished in anger, for it is impossible to punish in reason when temper is the guiding motive.

Of all cruelties which the city dog suffers that of lack of sufficient exercise is the worst, and the girl who cannot spare time to give her dog a good run or a long walk at least once every day should certainly give him away to some one who will assure him better care.

Goggles, and even dust coats of pongee are now included among the necessary accessories for all small dogs. Rubber shoes have long been found most useful for a lap dog who comes straight in from his romp in the damp grass to cuddle down among the cushions of the dainty chintz covered sofa. Most dogs love a motor ride, and a long haired dog really needs the protection of a dust coat, else his hair will become hopelessly matted. Raincoats are also to be had, and they, too, are essential in the outfit of a dog who is accustomed to fare forth with his mistress in all kinds of weather. Some girls keep special little handbags for doggie's belongings—his brush and comb, handkerchief to wipe out his eyes, his coats, the bottles for his tonics and a box for his biscuits, which at all costs he must have at definite hours.

For a very tiny dog there is a travelling bag in which he himself is carried. This bag is smaller than the average handbag and has a convenient handle at the top with an opening at one end for the dog's head to be left out to look on at the passing show and not be kept in the old darkness and terror of his former travelling basket. A dog is nearer human than, perhaps, any other animal, and the more this fact is taken into consideration in dealing with him, whether it be a question of his feeding, his exercise or his care in travelling, the more likely is he to thrive and to enjoy a long life and a gay one.

NEW LINGERIE HATS.

AMONG this summer's lingerie hats are many of dotted Swiss, some of them having the tiny colored dots on the white grounds. A very dainty hat of this kind was in white and green, tiny green dots showing on the white thin fabric. The hat was trimmed with roses made of the green dotted mull with artificial flower centres and green leaves. This hat had a full crown of the mull and a medium width mushroom brim, which was covered with plain material.

Another lingerie hat also with a mushroom brim covered with shirred ecru point d'esprit had a full crown of embroidered batiste. This material was brought down to the brim and allowed to extend over the brim in a pleated ruffle. It reached about half way to the edge of the brim. The hat was trimmed with a large pink rose and a twisted ribbon in the same color pink.

Another lingerie hat which would not be difficult for an amateur to make was of the finest quality of batiste, almost as thin as chiffon. The crown was daintily embroidered, but the brim, which was fairly large, was of the plain batiste laid in fine pleats.

Black lace hats have returned to popularity this year and are made in shapes which the home milliner might follow successfully. They are in very large, very small and medium shapes, some of the most attractive being made on a small mushroom foundation, the crown quite high and the brim very drooping. The lace is put on so full that the original outline of the hat is not noticeable. A mass of lace in gathers or folds forms the crown, and the brim is either of the shirred lace or of soft ruffles, one or two of these being used, according to what is becoming. Two or three loops of the lace almost at the back stand up above the crown, and a large rose, two or three poppies or a bunch of sweet peas fasten the loops at the bottom.

"AN ideal day for scalp ventilating!" exclaimed the April Grandmother as she stood on the veranda and allowed the wind to ruffle her thick, fine white tresses. "That expression does not sound pretty, but I shall not apologize for having made use of it, as the practice of airing the scalp makes for luxuriant hair. Moreover, that sort of treatment is especially important at this time, when hat crowns press the hair so closely to the head that there can be no recoil and not a breath of air can penetrate to the roots of the locks."

Distaste clouded the April Grandmother's eyes as they ranged over the elaborately arranged coiffures of her three granddaughters. "Were you three girls to discard those silly looking side puffs and absurd little wire caps for today and spend most of the time in running about the gardens with your loosened locks flying in the wind an immense amount of benefit would accrue to your scalps and no great harm come to your characters. The nearest cottagers might remark to each other that the April Grandchildren are silly young things and carelessly chaperoned, and our servants' faces might suggest dignified disapproval, but your hair would get a reprieve from baldness.

"Ventilating the scalp in the open air helps to brighten the color of the hair, growing upon it, for wind and sun work in unison, and the more the locks are tossed about the better can Phoebus' rays reach them and add warmth of tone to dull brown tresses or emphasize every strand of gold in ashen blond ringlets. It is a much better method than that of producing red tones with henna paint or golden hues with diluted peroxide, and in addition to looking vulgar artificially colored hair is readily detected by the wise, while the ignorant usually are suspicious.

"Every day of the year, in sickness or in health, the scalp should be ventilated," continued the April Grandmother. "If possible favor it with a five minutes' airing on a veranda or a roof top, in a garden or a city back yard, but, in any event, take out all of the pins and accessories, rub the scalp with the finger tips and brush each lock until every hair seems to stand on end. That is the way to wake up the roots and set them to work. Like the brain, hair roots become inert unless regularly forced into activity.

"There is always something for any pair of hands to do," suggested the April Grandmother, "but some kinds of employment should not be pursued in the presence of another person. For instance, massaging the scalp about the hair line. Yet when reading in your own room with your loosened locks flowing over a negligee, you can thoroughly enjoy your magazine or book and at the same time aid nature by massaging the scalp about the brow, the nape of the neck and behind the ears. That is where the hair sooner begins to become permanently thin, and the absence of a little fuzzy bang outline indicates that something is radically wrong with the scalp's health. The girl who realizes such a condition and does not immediately take steps to alter it is wilfully hastening the period when the hair, made stubborn by neglect, will refuse to respond to any sort of treatment.

"Hats are the greatest enemies with which the hair has to contend, since they keep the air from the roots and must be fastened on with evil looking pins, which scrape and irritate the scalp. I believe," concluded the April Grandmother as solemnly as though she were reciting her creed, "that Mother Nature never intended that her daughters should cover their heads at any time or season and that milliners are Satan's emissaries, sent to earth for the purpose of robbing women of their crowning glory and to tempt them into extravagances liable to lead to domestic dissensions and divorce courts."